# THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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MAY 21, 1927

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*Beginning* **CROOKED—By Maximilian Foster**

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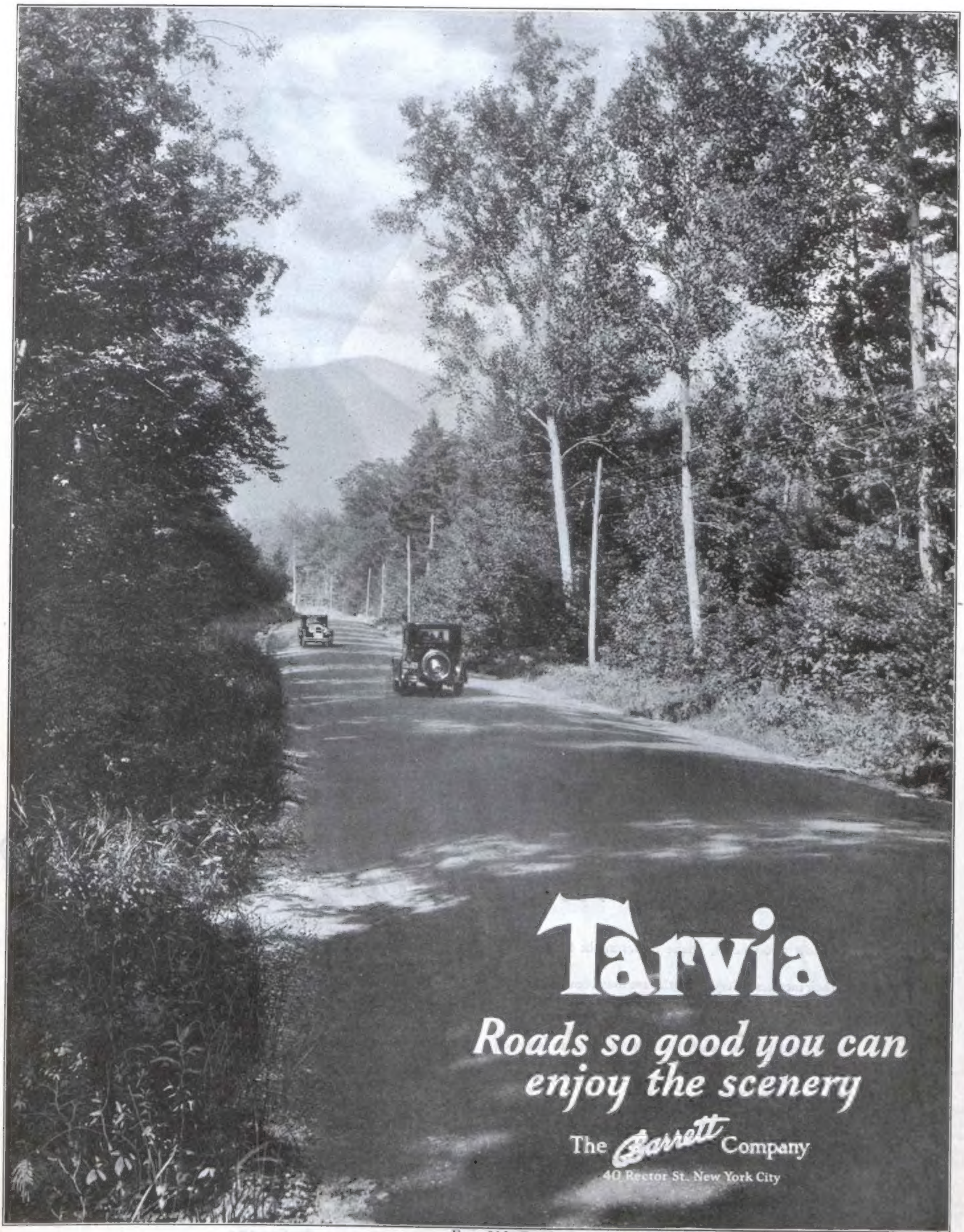


*East Side Road, Route No. 16, Pinkham Notch, near Gorham, N. H. Tarvia*

PHOTO BY ELLIS

# Was Beauty's ransom ever so modest?

We know two cousins, whose names might be Joan and Elsie.

Their incomes are equal. Both have long been accustomed to the best that life affords. But Joan's hats, which cost all the way from nothing to five dollars apiece, are always as smart as Elsie's at twenty-five dollars. Joan's complexion, smooth and pink as peach blossoms, happens to cost her only a few cents a week, whereas Elsie positively refuses to tell how many dollars she spends on beauty-treatments, lotions, creams and imported soaps.

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IT FLOATS

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# CROOKED

## By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

*"You Never in the World Could Wear a Dress Like This. Can't You See You Couldn't? You're Too Stout, for One Thing—Too Fat. For Another, You're Much Too Old. I Wouldn't Fuss So if I Were You"*

FOUR O'CLOCK had struck when Mrs. Hodge's landaulet picked its way out of the traffic in Fifth Avenue and headed down a side street. The change of direction, though, meant no change in Mrs. Hodge's plans. Halfway along the block was still another shop, one of the many in that afternoon's long list; and as the car drew up at the bronze glass-topped portico, with its liveried doorman in attendance, Mrs. Hodge rose impulsively. Other shops might be costly—to put it bluntly, extortionate; but this was Papillon's, Modes et Manteaux, a shop quite in a class by itself.

Women with money are its only customers; they or—what amounts to the same thing—women whose husbands have it; and her face aglow, Mrs. Hodge turned brightly to the other woman in the car, her guest for the afternoon.

"Well, here we are, my dear!" she exclaimed.

Her tone was jubilant. In effect it was as if the shop represented the crowning object of the day's round of shops, its goal. Somehow, though, Mrs. Hodge's companion hardly seemed to share her satisfaction. A slighter, somewhat younger woman, she was leaning back in a corner of the upholstered seat, her eyes fixed absently on the distance. Mrs. Hodge was in fact compelled to speak again, this time a little sharply, before the guest awoke; and even then she still seemed vague.

"What say?" she inquired.

Mrs. Hodge had alighted. Glancing back over her ample shoulder, she drew her brows together. "I said get out," she repeated. "Didn't I tell you this was Papillon's?"

"Is it?" her companion murmured.

She still made no movement to rise; and obviously vexed at this indifference, Mrs. Hodge was about to speak again, when she was interrupted. "Don't bother about

*"I'm Writing a Check, if You Insist on Knowing"*

me," said the guest. "You do your shopping. I'll wait here till you are finished." A bright friendly smile accompanied the words. "You don't mind, do you?" she asked.

Mrs. Hodge evidently did. Her brows, at any rate, drew themselves more tightly together, and with a tart "Nonsense!"—that and an equally brusque wave of the hand—she again directed her guest to alight.

Silently, with a barely perceptible shrug, the guest did so. After that, briefly adjusting the silver-fox fur piece about her shoulders, Mrs. Hodge headed for the shop door.

Hurrying, a visible purpose in her haste, she swept on into the shop, her features assuming on the way the look of indolent, insolent indifference women of a certain type seem to affect. Carriage women, the shops term them. Had Mrs. Hodge, however, glanced behind her at the instant she might have lost some of her air of importance and sufficiency. At her heels was her guest; and as the younger woman caught a glimpse of her own slighter figure imaged in the show window's polished glass, her face underwent a swift, somewhat unexpected transformation. The revolt and resentment in her face waned abruptly. A laugh leaped into her eyes. Grinning, she bobbed her head at her reflected image. Then, as if at some quick decision, a purpose, her lithe figure stiffened sharply and she gave her hat a jab. Mrs. Hodge had just passed through the doorway, unconcernedly letting the door swing to in the face of her guest, but the guest seemed somehow not to mind. Two paces or so in the rear, she trailed along demurely in Mrs. Hodge's wake, her eyes dancing with mocking merriment.

Mrs. Hodge halted. A shop attendant hurried obsequiously toward her. "Send me someone who knows all your stock," she said imperiously; and again the eyes of the younger woman leaped. "Yes, send two," she murmured *sotto voce*, speaking as if to herself; but Mrs. Hodge did not hear her. A dinner dress was what she sought, and again her voice rose commandingly. "Let me see your most expensive," said Mrs. Hodge.

A moment afterward a floor manager, with a little flock of assistants in his train, was deferently bowing her into a private dressing room. Behind her still trailed her guest. Slight, her figure almost girlish, she went on eying Mrs. Hodge. Her look now was as if she waited.

Carriage women! The glib phrase of the shops seems apt enough; though, as it happens, in this instance the lady in question had not always enjoyed such high distinction. Not so long before, in fact, there had been a time when the amount Sarah Hodge now idly expended in an afternoon would have served her for a season—a couple of seasons, perhaps; though let that go. Hodge, the head partner of the Pine Street firm of Hodge & Peters, was her husband; and for six years now, following the quick upturn in city realty values, Mrs. Hodge's landaulet had been daily a familiar picture in the shopping district.

Today was an example. Also the day was a fair illustration of how Mrs. Hodge daily employed her leisure. At ten she awoke, rang for breakfast, then ate the breakfast in bed. At eleven, having glanced over the morning paper, her attention centered on the social news, she rose, bathed and sent downstairs for a hairdresser. The apartment was in a hotel, the neighborhood Park Avenue, and the hairdresser, in passing, was an essential part of the service.

Formerly Mrs. Hodge and her husband had lived in a four-room flat off Riverside Drive, the flat of the walk-up type, a drowsy colored boy attending the door; and there for years Mrs. Hodge had done her own housework. Later, times having improved, Mrs. Hodge was enabled to hire a maid of all work, though now all this was far in the past. Hodge having made a ten-strike, the Hodges had moved directly to the apartment hotel, though this is of course merely detail. At half-past twelve the landaulet, an imported job, drew up at the apartment-hotel door, and the doorman having sent up word, Mrs. Hodge emerged presently all furred, hatted and gloved, and gave a direction to the chauffeur: "Sylvestre's, Harrigan." The place, one of the small, select restaurants of the neighborhood, was not more than two blocks away, yet not on any account would Mrs. Hodge have walked to it. To use her own idiom, it would not have been class. For another reason, to walk would have required exertion.

Curious, this. She still was young—hardly above forty, and about her square-set figure and the somewhat mannish line of her determined mouth and jaw was little that seemed slack, seemed soft. But then maybe she was making up for arrears of leisure in former times, the days when she had sewed her own dresses, made her own hats, done her housework too. If so, however, that arid interval seemed to have faded nowadays far distant into the past. She never referred to it, at any rate; neither did she refer to that ten-strike by which Hodge had lifted both himself and her out of their one-time limbo. Downtown, it's true, one heard whispers of it often enough—the story of the manner and method by which Hodge had made the money—made it suddenly. Having reached Sylvestre's, and the obsequious head waiter having seated her at a table in the window, Mrs. Hodge ordered luncheon.

Hors d'œuvres, a cup of bouillon, an entrée, a bit of salad, a sweet and a demi-tasse made the meal. As she ate she gazed about her serenely, her eyes taking in the other women—their gowns, their hats, the air they wore, and so on. None seemed known to her—her only acquaintance apparently the head waiter, who hovered solicitously about her table. Hodge, it seems, often dined in the place, and like all the newly rich, Hodge was lavish with his tips. If this, however—the tips—was the cause of the head waiter's solicitude, Mrs. Hodge, it is certain, got full return from Hodge's gratuities. "The shade, Bastide—raise it." Bastide raised it. "More butter, Bastide." Bastide hastened to provide it. "My motor, Bastide." Hurriedly Bastide relayed the order to the door that Mrs. Hodge's car be called. So forth, so on.

At each command she glanced about her. Evidently in bossing the head waiter about she relished both the ability to do so and the effect it created on the other women. The check, including a tip to Bastide as well as one to his helper, was six dollars and seventy-five cents, an amount that at one time would have provided, not one meal only in her household but meals for a day—even longer. "*Au 'voir, madame,*" murmured Bastide when she rose, and Mrs. Hodge negligently nodded. As negligently, perhaps so that

the other women might see, she adjusted the rich silver-fox fur piece about her shoulders, then slowly sauntered to the door.

Outside, the landaulet stood in waiting at the awning, and Mrs. Hodge glanced at her platinum wrist watch. The time was half-past one.

Afternoons were no problem to Mrs. Hodge. There were theater matinées or the moving pictures; and recently she had joined a club. Then, besides, there were the shops; and the shops alone were enough. She had, of course, no children, nor had she cared to have them. Yes, there were the shops. They did for Mrs. Hodge.

Mostly she drove downtown alone. In fact, as she lolled back in her landaulet it was as if she rigidly begrudged sharing with another even a corner of the upholstered seat. It was her car. Her money had paid for it. She hadn't bought the car to give other women free rides. All this, anyway, was what her air conveyed; though occasionally—as, for example, today—she was to take someone with her; and now, having assured herself of the time, she gave an address to the chauffeur, Harrigan. Twenty minutes later the smart trim landaulet with Mrs. Hodge in it emerged from a side entrance of Central Park and rolled westward across the car tracks.

A long street stretched away toward the river. Flat houses, one after the other, lined it. On the sidewalks knots of children romped, while here and there in a doorway lurked a negro in seedy uniform. Mrs. Hodge's look, a leer, somehow was reminiscent. She knew that sort of street. She knew, too, that type of flat house. The flat, her former dwelling, had been exactly like these flats; the street was exactly like the street in which the flat had been. Homes. Pigeonholes. A dark crack of a hall, three dark living rooms, a drab, dark kitchen. Odors—the smell of cookery. Noises—squawking children and shrill-tongued women. Once a month the rent—that lurking threat.

What an escape! Mrs. Hodge shook herself, ousting the sensation; then again she leered. As if the lid had lifted off each of the flats, she could picture in her mind's eye their tenants. She knew. Hadn't she been one herself? So she had.

There was this couple, the pair living in the flat to which she now was heading. The woman—she was young, girlish almost—was the wife of one of Hodge's office men downtown. "Take her out, Sal—give her a jolly," Hodge had ordered, and Mrs. Hodge had known what that meant. The husband was one Hodge meant to use; some simpleton of a hired man, but of course valuable if used.

Once already Mrs. Hodge had followed orders. Now she again was taking her to drive. However, it was not just to jolly her, as directed—not quite—that Mrs. Hodge was doing it. Instead ——

Never mind that now. Women—some, anyway—made Mrs. Hodge laugh. This one was from out of town, she and her husband. Together they had come to New York dead set to get on. Mrs. Hodge was, in fact, familiar with the phrase; she was familiar, too, with what it involved. Slave and save! As if slaving, saving, got anyone anywhere! No. She herself had had to tell Hodge finally a thing or two. Afterward she'd kept on digging it into him. She hadn't married to become a drudge, a day laborer; not for any man. Life meant something more than merely laying up enough to pay the rent—that, or, if you were lucky, putting by a couple of dollars weekly in the savings. Hodge would have to do better. If he didn't ——

Well, Hodge had done better. No matter, too, if how he'd done it were better left unsaid. The main thing was that money finally had come rolling in—much money, riches all of a sudden. And no matter, either, that the money, or rather the way the money had been made, had seemed to raise a breach somehow betwixt her and Hodge. At least he had been made to show her he was something better than a boob.

Boobs, in Mrs. Hodge's classification, were fellows, for instance, like the husband of this woman she was taking to drive. They punched time clocks and sat at desks. They got their salary in an envelope and they took the envelope home. When they had a raise—if they did—the wife got herself a new hat—sometimes. Or they went downtown and had oysters, taking in a show afterward—a movie, likely. Later, when they put out the light at home and the near-by air well raised its nightly obbligato of snores, crying babies, and so on, they lay awake and planned. A house across the ferry. A vegetable garden, flowers. A lawn or sand pile for the little tots. Near at hand, perhaps, would be a hay field masquerading as a golf course—that and a ginger-pop country club. Good fellows for neighbors. "Meet th' wife, boys!" To top this off would be the season's culminating social event, a rabbit party or a bridge. Prizes for the winners. Conversation. "If you've heard this one, stop me." "Say, this prewar, or make it yourself?" "What say if we and the girls take in a show in town some night?"

As Mrs. Hodge's landaulet drew up at the door of the flat house, Mrs. Hodge murmured "God!" Her tone was pious.

There was no hall boy. A set of bell buttons and mail boxes, each with a name tacked above it, was embedded in the entry wall, and dismounting, the chauffeur pushed at one.

A muffled voice responded, and, his look ironic, the man laid his ear to the tube. Afterward, he looked back to the landaulet. "She says come up," he reported.

Not for worlds. There were three flights, for one thing, to be negotiated, after which the wheezing visitor would suffer other pains. One, beyond doubt, would be an enforced inspection of the premises, the proud mistress conducting this expectantly. "This, of course, is our living room. Sunny, isn't it? The bedroom is here. Lots of closets, don't you think? Here's where I do the cooking—such fun!" Then—"Of course, some day ——"

Mrs. Hodge scowled at the chauffeur. "Tell her to hurry," she ordered brusquely.

(Continued on Page 119)

"Let Me Come Back Later, Mr. Baroney," Suggested Charley

# HE RIDES ALONE

## By Richard Washburn Child

THIS is what they say: "What about that man Borah?" And I who have known him ever since I was a recruit in the Progressive movement of 1912, which somehow spread a lifelong fraternity among men and women, have often answered even from the platform in this way:

"Borah is a rogue elephant. He charges through the jungle of falsities toward the truth. He may miss it and he may hit it. But there are power and weight in his charges. He can be depended on to represent special interests. The special interests he represents are the interests of the citizens of the United States and their consciences. He charges without much consideration for political machinery, and some day he may pull the china off the shelves. But in the main he is great gain to our national political life. He may do harm to good things sometimes, but really bad ones do not get by without disembowelment by Borah."

But it remained for one who has worked near him and for him to give the right title to this analysis of the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. I was asking whether Borah still had his one pal and conversational and chatty companion—the horse called Jester, who spends the early morning hours with Borah. And I said, "Doesn't the senator ride with anyone?"

"No," said the other, "he rides alone."

Borah rides alone.

William E. Borah, in terms of debate and forcefulness and independence, doubtless is the most sizable figure today in the Senate. But he rides alone. No one, even among those who know him best, knows what factors of blood, training and experience have made Borah so intense an individualist, nor just which way his individualism will jump.

The purpose in writing this article is to analyze just what effect such an individualist as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee is going to have upon the foreign policies of the United States. He comes at a time—at the precise moment—when three profound problems of our national policy are certain to affect our national future.

The first is the problem of the relation of the Foreign Relations Committee to the President and the Secretary of State. Is the relative power of the committee to grow, and how?

The second is the problem of keeping some medium of information always ready within reason and within the limitations which the confidences of other nations prescribe or the needs of calm require, for the instruction of the American people in facts about their foreign affairs. We have the treasure of an extensive democratic control of our really vital foreign affairs. Let's keep it by not abusing it on trivial and hasty occasions.

### Custodian of the Democratic System

THE third problem is how to prevent organized propaganda minorities from continually upsetting the course of discretion and the constancy of policy. These organized minorities multiply these days, spring up from all corners and are classified as follows:

1. The hurried sentimentalists and liberals who make out a technical case for alarm on few facts or upon unseasoned thought plus a modicum of book learning plus a magnificent professional or clerical inexperience in dealing with things as they are.

2. The foreign propagandists who have the ear of the American people. No foreign invaders of thought ever before in the history of the world have dared to intervene in the affairs and discussions of a people as they now do in our affairs.

3. Those who want our foreign policy to be shaped for their own ends, such as international bankers who want us to serve their desire for new commissions or to save their investments by canceling ours.

4. The subversive, revolutionary and red and pink group which observation discloses is always glad to find in Group 1, 2 or 3 any aid and comfort. As time goes by it will be interesting to note how many of the attempts to bellwether the United States into foreign pitfalls are guided and egged on by men and women born abroad, especially in Russia, who think in terms of international class warfare. I am not an alarmist about communist propaganda and the Red Peril, but any loyal American is little short of a fool who does not recognize that much of the humanitarianistic clamor of these days is egged on by those who seek only confusion and disruption all over the world.

The chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee has to deal with every one of these problems. After the President and the Secretary of State, he has more to do with these problems than any other man. Perhaps more than anyone, he must be depended upon as the custodian of our democratic system of making foreign policy. That democratic system is a failure if organized minorities can capture it or subvert it or make it the means by which we become so awkward and blabbing and inconsistent and timid in our foreign affairs that no nation with any backbone can do business with us.

I am looking toward Borah. I want to know.

*Senator Borah, From an Unpublished Photograph Taken Before He Was in Politics*

### No High Lights

IN PASSING it may be well to look at the Borah background and become a little familiar with a man who has no familiars. No one has written a life of Borah so far as I know. When the newspaper men ask him about the high lights of his life, which began in 1865, sixty-two years ago, he says, "There weren't any." His friends say that his ancestry was a mixture of Irish and German, and on the German side flowed the blood of Martin Luther, who was considered, by those who were for things as they were, a pesky dissenter. Common schools, Southern Illinois Academy and then out to Kansas State University. That was not near the seaboard. It was long before and far away from the center of the Associated Wall Street and Shocked Ladies Foreign Relations Clubs. He was admitted to the practice of law in Kansas in 1890, and then he was impelled, as memory has it, to go to Seattle. He stopped off at Boise, Idaho, in the state where they elected him to the Senate in 1907, 1913, 1918 and in 1924 for the present term, which expires in March, 1931.

I once asked why he did not go on to Seattle. One of his associates spoke up and said, "No more money to go beyond Boise."

Another said, "He married the daughter of Governor McConnell, of Idaho."

Anecdotes drift back, some from his law-practice days in Boise. He rode alone then; he had no law partner until he stepped out of that vehicle called private life into the Senate. He has not changed a great deal in fundamental characteristics. He is still human, simple and direct, but at times almost shy, and he still rides alone. Though wholly friendly and though having friends, he has almost never a companion.

William Hard, a veteran in journalistic endeavor to tell the truth, especially for the under dog, knows him as well as anyone. Borah still has the fight that is suggested by a square jaw with cleft chin around which the flesh has grown heavy and in folds, but without bitterness, and without the tartness of others who had learned how to be in the minority—like La Follette—he is molded quite differently; nevertheless his skin and many motions of hand and head are like Roosevelt's. His hair is not so thick as it was when I first knew him, but it still inclines backward from his forehead in a way to suggest that he is standing foursquare to the wind.

When I said this to one of his senatorial colleagues the answer was: "Some winds—most winds, thank heaven—are good winds. It might be better if sometimes Borah's mane was blown forward and not backward."

While the fight is on, Borah is a fighter. No one doubts that. There is plenty of courage there. But Borah is not a fanatic—mark this down—in the sense that when the fight is over and it happens that his lance is broken you will find Borah spending much time picking up the pieces and trying to put them together or moping over the wreckage. Borah is practical; when he takes a licking his first attention is given to the next battle, not the last one.

For instance, he was the pleader for the state in the famous Moyer-Pettibone-Haywood murder trial in 1907. His oration at the funeral of his friend, Governor Steunenberg, the victim of a bomb, and his argument for Haywood's conviction made a deep impression upon Idaho. But few knew that while the jury was out and all Boise was chattering and standing first on one foot and then on the other, Borah went back to his law office and began work on another case.

### Presidential Bees

INCIDENTALLY, Borah's part in the prosecution of these cases as special counsel for the state brought upon him the hatred of the Western Federation of Miners, and to defeat him as candidate for the Senate there was framed up by his political enemies evidence to support an indictment against him for complicity in timber frauds. He insisted upon waiving all technicalities, was tried and acquitted in the few minutes necessary to take a single ballot.

Not long ago, when he was speaking in Scranton, Pennsylvania, some labor-union hecklers rose and made the assertion that Harry Orchard, who was convicted of a part in the violences of 1906 in the mining war, had been set free by Borah and other prosecutors in these trials in exchange for his testimony against Haywood. Borah's reply was that Orchard was still serving sentence in the Idaho penitentiary.

"That isn't so," said one of the hecklers.

Borah immediately answered: "If you will go to the Idaho penitentiary and Orchard is there you pay your own expenses; if he isn't there I will pay them."

No doubt there is a scattered remnant in labor circles which still harbors prejudice against Borah for his rôle in the prosecution of those old Western Federation cases. Labor's attitude toward him has often been mentioned as a factor in considering his chances for the presidency. I am not at all sure that Borah wants the presidency. No end of persons have spoken or written to me when Borah has just made one of his charges through some jungle: "He is making a bid for the presidency." Somehow these critics appear to me not to know Borah, and, even more, not to know a great deal about politics.

It is time now for me to say that in many contentious subjects I am as opposed to Borah as anyone could be, and that to my answer to "What about this man Borah?" I must add a plain-spoken doubt in the answer to "What about this chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee?" But I never knew a man who might have had the bee of

the presidency buzzing who paid less attention to the health, wealth and welfare of the bee.

In 1912, at the Republican National Convention, when I was representing the Progressives in the evenly divided Massachusetts delegation, the time came when the deadlock between Roosevelt and Taft might have been broken if a man could be found who was at least three-quarters Progressive. Governor Hadley, of Missouri, was considered.

Borah, I believed, was a possibility. He probably has forgotten that I found him, as usual, alone, and took a long walk and talked with him of that possibility. He probably has forgotten what he said to me and that he, so far as I know, never raised an eyelash toward putting himself into the shoe of a compromise candidate. That he might have been one, or that he had been too independent in his work on the Credentials Committee to suit either side, is now anyone's guess.

In 1924 he was urged by Coolidge to take the vice presidential nomination. He was in Washington, and after a conference at the White House he refused. Someone has said that Borah "looked at the President and sized him up as a good insurance risk." It is much more probable that Borah really and sincerely preferred to stick to his old bridle path and ride alone.

Borah must know that his intense individualism, which overlooks the building or cultivation of any personal political machine, is no background, even in these days of partial direct presidential primary, to land nominations. One of his colleagues in the Senate says: "Oh, Borah has a tremendous audience—even abroad—and knows how to reach and interest a tremendous audience. But in politics there must be a financial backing or an organization. Borah has none of the boodle; Borah has none of the boys."

Borah rides alone. To be sure, he never bolts. Although three-quarters Progressive at heart in 1912, he was three-quarters regular. When any election comes around Borah succeeds in swallowing any inclination to ride alone. He believes in our party system, and when the battle is on he marches with his host. But when camp is made another belief arises in Borah—a strong conviction, an instinct, a passion.

For then he, as all of us who believe in our conception of a republic as planned by our founders and as practiced for a long time, conceives his place as a representative, as one free and untrammeled. His idea of the sound government of a republic is that men should be elected for the trust we place in the exercise of their own judgment, and are not to be merely the pasteboard figures for a party machine to move about, or lumps of hypersensitized putty to register the thumb print of every excited constituent who wants something or suffers from a passing prejudice.

### *A Rocky Road*

THERE is plenty to find fault with about Borah, but those who bark at him are barking up the wrong tree if they fail to see that Borah is preëminently, first and foremost, the one representative in this whole land who represents the conception of a republic—that is, who refuses to be a mere phonograph needle to play the latest whim of his constituency. Instead, he accepts his job as a mandate to exercise his own judgment on public questions so long as those he represents send him back to do so.

They are barking up the wrong tree if they believe that Borah's record has been one of trimming his sails for the popular breeze. His proposal to recognize Russia was not a popular proposal. To most persons who have seen at first hand how recognition of Russia by European nations has brought Soviet embassies and propaganda conspiracy bureaus working side by side into their bosoms it was an unwise proposal. Borah, let us remember, has never been abroad. He believed his proposal wise, but he knew it would be unpopular. It was about as good a bid for the presidency as would be a proposal to place a statue of Emma Goldman in Battery Park.

Borah stood out against the bonus bill; he made a forceful speech against it at a time when no man who listened to any presidential bee would willingly enter the opposition to that legislation. He voted against woman suffrage on the ground that it was a matter for the states to decide; and although Mrs. Catt and her hosts invaded Idaho to beat his partisans, and although a shower of telegrams from his own friends begged him to alter his position, if not for his own safety, then for the sake of his associates in politics—he stood firm.

"I have an idea," said Borah to me on one occasion, "that after all and even in these days a man does not lose much respect by standing by his convictions—or even lose many votes."

It was Borah, Reed and Poindexter who organized the fight upon confirmation of the Versailles Treaty. That fight was ended by fourteen victorious irreconcilables. By voting with one side, then with the other, of two groups in the Senate, they sent the issue of our joining the League of Nations to a people who answered in unmistakable voice that the United States, however it might coöperate with an association of nations, serving as a servant of good works, would never take the rôle of a hopelessly minority member in any United States of Europe political machine which assumed the rôle of a political master. The country has never seen a more brilliant example of the constitutional method of democratic open-faced self-determination of our foreign policy in the case of a vital issue. Medill McCormick, Brandegee, Lodge and others were fighters among that fourteen; but Borah, probably more than any other man, originated and pressed to victory that game battle.

He fought for the direct election of senators, and even now, in face of the huge expenditures in some direct primary campaigns, says: "I would not return to the old convention-caucus method, because in many a state under the caucus system there can be found two or three corporations or interests that can absolutely veto the nomination of any man who has displeased them."

He voted for the prohibition amendment and has become increasingly an advocate of the dry side. Borah never drank, he does not even take coffee, and cannot remember when he last smoked. He is not a dry because of that, however; he is a dry because he believes that by and large the people of this country want the country dry. When anyone suggests to Borah that all the functions of normal government are exceeded when a government adds to lawmaking the issuance of mere commandments, he appears a little hesitant, but he still goes on with the drys.

In December, 1920, Borah started Borah's Dream. How short our memories are! He was laughed at for his Dream. But by the time Harding took office the Dream had begun to permeate the country. By the spring of 1921, before I left to become ambassador to Italy, the President was saying to me: "The pressure from all over the nation for this thing is tremendous."

That thing was the Disarmament Conference at Washington. Borah's resolution, introduced December 14, 1920, and reintroduced and passed June 29, 1921, was as follows:

> That the President is authorized and requested to invite the Governments of Great Britain and Japan to send representatives to a conference which shall be charged with the duty of promptly entering into an understanding or agreement by which the naval expenditures and building programs of each of said governments, to wit, the United States, Great Britain and Japan, shall be substantially reduced annually during the next five years to such an extent and upon such terms as may be agreed upon, which understanding or agreement is to be reported to the respective Governments for approval.

How many remember this was Borah's own baby? At first he rode alone.

### *Big Game for Crafty Statesmen*

SOMETIMES when I think of the service Borah has performed, of the battles that he has made to prevent evils, and even of the successful constructive efforts he has brought about, I wonder why there is so much doubt in the voices which say, "What about this man Borah?"

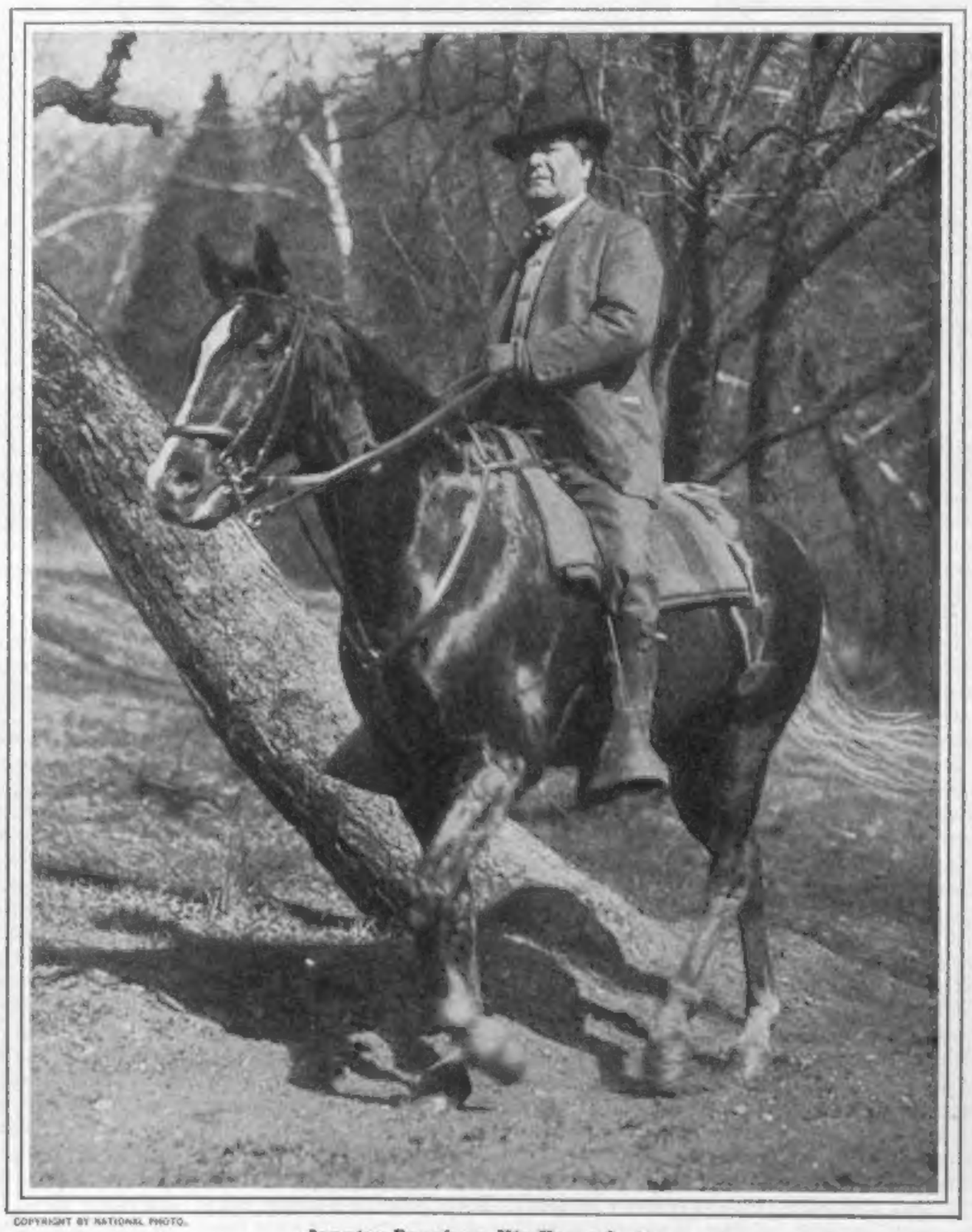
I have come to the conclusion that it is because, mixed with Borah's tremendous usefulness in keeping the United States out of scrapes, in keeping the Treasury from being looted by organized minorities, in maintaining a high ideal of representation under the plan of a republic as distinguished from a mere democracy, and perhaps above all in preserving the right of the American people to make their own foreign policy in vital issues, there is a good deal of indication that when Borah rides alone he sometimes lets his heels fly out in a manner to alarm those who see how much damage a chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate can do if he is all stocked up on conscientiousness and liberalism, but is short of experience, knowledge and a sense of the delicacy, and sometimes of the intricacy of practical international relationships.

There is the feeling that an honest man who has never traveled, and who has a passion for charging into a jungle toward anything he may see gleaming like truth, may some day be charging toward the glow of mere sentimentality or at foreign propaganda lighted up to snare the already famous chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—who rides alone. In foreign affairs, this riding alone is a risky business for the United States. It would be risky business for our foreign relationships if shrewd foreign statesmen, noting the vast audience which listens to Borah, drew across Borah's trail some under dog—and the senator always has susceptibility for under dogs—or otherwise seined Borah by studying the courses which his mentality swims.

If I were a crafty foreign statesman who wanted to get the solidarity of American foreign policy split open, I would muse as follows:

"The United States has new and larger problems of international

(Continued on Page 187)



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*Senator Borah on His Horse Jester*

# THREE HUSBANDS IN PARIS

## By Mary Lowrey Ross

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY RALEIGH

MAKE-UP, *enfin*, is no longer a form of deception. It is a means of self-expression," said Claudette. "Or let us put it this way: We do not use it today to conceal our age and our defects; we use it rather to reveal our youth and our charm."

She sat on a raised platform in the midst of a brilliant boudoir scene; behind her, heavy black velvet curtains paneled in scarlet, and all about her, crowding to the edge of the platform, the absorbed and solemn faces of the women who had come to learn the formula of beauty.

The store lights shone down on their mild unspeculative faces and candidly revealed complexions. And if there was, in the contrast between them and the flashingly authoritative Claudette, something of the quality of caricature, they at any rate were not conscious of it. In all that circle of watchful faces not a hint of skepticism, not a trace of irony.

Claudette, in a negligee of peacock blue and silver, sat before a stage dressing table. Her gleaming fingers went here and there among the little pots and jars with which the table was spread, and as she spoke she built up, touch by touch, the illustration to her thesis.

"The evening," said Claudette gravely, "is woman's hour of beauty. She must prepare for it. She must bring to it none of the signs of the day's work and strain. As modern women, this is our double duty: To be Samson all day long, *oui*—but in the evening, still to be Delilah."

They gazed at her with the grave, curious intentness of children before a picture book in a strange language. There were rumors that she was the divorced wife of a famous French dressmaker; that she was the widow of a count of pre-Revolutionary title and alcoholic habits; that she had once been married to a French cabinet minister. There were all manner of rumors. Her manner told everything and told nothing. It had that perfectly blended quality, at once naïvely daring and infinitely discreet, that marks the true woman of the world.

"But restraint, but discretion," said Claudette gayly. "Every woman's face should be the portrait of a lady painted by herself." And she laid the shadow of a tragedy under each eye and drew out deftly the line of her dark brows.

The group about the platform was joined by a man. He wandered up unobtrusively enough, but with his arrival a mild thrill of excitement went about the circle. There were, to be sure, half a dozen floor managers in the group; but with their perfected exteriors, their reticent and courteous gravity, they accommodated themselves to the feminine scene about them. But this man was different; he was so uncompromisingly masculine that everyone became aware, as though for the first time, that Claudette was in her dressing gown, and that what little she had on besides was quite plainly visible through it.

*He Began in an Unexpectedly Gentle Voice: "I Appreciate Very Much Your Telling Me All This ——"*

*But Claudette Went On, Scarcely Hearing Him*

He stood at the outer edge of the circle, studying Claudette with a look at once speculative and inscrutable. He was very tall and broadly built, with a rather heavy Flemish face whose impressiveness was to a certain extent enlivened by a cocked and equivocal left eyebrow. His clothes had something of the quality, loosely modeled yet austere, that one associates with the garments of sculptured statesmen. The circle watched him with an expectancy edged with excitement. Here was the exegetical Claudette and here the demonstrable object, and now almost anything might happen. If Claudette was aware of him she did not show it. She went on talking in her gay, persuasive voice, with no more than a glance at the newcomer.

It was, on the whole, a distinguished performance. It might very easily have been nothing more than the setting up of a public stall to hawk beauty as an invaluable household remedy, but Claudette rescued it from that altogether and invested it with audacity and glamour. Everything—her voice, her gestures, that bright arrogance of coloring—was related and accordant; it was all part of a woven pattern of lively harmony. There wasn't a whisper, not a flutter, through the whole audience. It might have been an audience crystal gazing. As for the tall man, he stayed until the very end.

"Tomorrow," announced Claudette, "I shall lecture on the art of dressing for the street." She stood very effectively for a moment against the scarlet-paneled curtains, then vanished through them.

In her little dressing room back of the stage Claudette changed into her street clothes, and presently emerged, dressed in a smart costume of dark green trimmed with gazelle, and a little dark green hat. The effect was just sufficiently conspicuous to attract attention, just sufficiently discreet to disarm criticism. She walked rapidly along the aisle, turned the corner toward the elevator and paused suddenly, a little smile of amusement on her face.

The tall man stood there holding a kimono and looking about for a saleslgirl—vainly, for it was noon and the place almost deserted. All about him were tables piled with feminine garments, and in a glass case just beside him a blond-haired wax figure, dressed in a damask satin girdle and a pair of gold silk stockings, stood in the tranced attitude of Saint Joan listening to the voices. With his large, rather inept masculinity, he looked, in this intimate setting, exactly like one of those sly human-interest posters on the front of a magazine.

Claudette hesitated a moment, then came smiling toward him. "Please forgive me," she said in that charming voice of hers that was all persuasion and that took everything for granted. She picked up a rose dressing gown threaded with gold, shook it out a little, and drawing its shining folds up to a point, stepped back in admiration. "Now in that gown—what a joy to be indisposed!"

He held firmly to the one he had. It was a black quilted silk kimono, purple corded and overlaid with a sober embroidery of mauve clematis; the sort of kimono in which elderly ladies come shivering to breakfast with the cold of age and winter in their bones, in which at last they fold themselves away, fearful yet patient, against the chill approach of death.

"It's very kind of you," he said politely, "but I think the one I have is perhaps more suitable."

Claudette was not in the least disconcerted. Her gaze wandered to his tie, which was blue and white, with a design of pagodas, willow-pattern bridges and irrelevant palm trees. For a moment she studied it thoughtfully, then tactfully withdrew her gaze.

"I'm so sorry. I really didn't intend to interfere," she said, with a humility so successful that her visible pride in it almost spoiled it.

He accepted the apology rather absently. There was something about him, thought Claudette—a certain obliviousness and simplicity—that went perfectly with the

unstudied eccentricity of his tie. "Do you lecture here every day?" he asked.

She nodded. "Every day for the next two weeks," she said, "at eleven o'clock." And she added, an ironical eye on his tie, "You are interested, perhaps, in color and design?"

He shook his head. "Not particularly," he said. "It struck me as a very interesting piece of stage work though."

"Really? It means such a lot to hear you say that," said Claudette with an earnestness that filled her with a profound inward amusement. And she added winningly, "Then you are connected with the stage?"

He shook his head. "No," he said, "I am a professor. Protheroe is my name." He smiled at her in an impersonal, rather scholarly fashion. There wasn't a trace of dalliance in his manner to correspond to the intimate charm of hers. So she was quite unprepared for it when he suddenly shot out his wrist, glanced at his watch and said, "It's just about noon. Would you care to take luncheon with me?"

She looked at him thoughtfully. She was thinking of the women who had up until now made up the sum of his feminine experience—the absorbed and sober faculty wives, the strepitant students, the mild librarians like suppressed English governesses. After an imperceptible pause she said gently, "I have an engagement for luncheon today. But if you will meet me after the lecture tomorrow I shall be very glad to take luncheon with you then."

He bowed and raised his hat, and Claudette, smiling a little to herself, went on to the elevator.

Claudette's luncheon engagement was with Miss Sade Thorne, one of the Paris correspondents who was temporarily at work in the advertising department. Between these two there had existed for some years a lively though guarded friendship. Miss Thorne had matured in the foreign buying department and was experienced to a degree that made her irritating at times to people of less cosmopolitan training. She admired Claudette above everyone else in the world; admired her with a simplicity which she herself distrusted and tried to correct by a manner of ironic skepticism. They were both, in fact, wittily observant of each other at all times; and under cover of their lively and amicable discussions of the feminine world about them, their alert second selves were constantly signaling to each other mocking challenges and sly personalities—messages which they were both too discreet and experienced to decode.

And now they sat at a table by the window in the Pompeian Room. The window, which swung outward, was open an inch or two, and the fragrant air of early April flowed in upon them. It was really a little too cold, but they didn't mind. They felt stimulated by it, and by the clear chill color of the daffodils in the center of the table, and by the tingling excitement of springtime in the air.

No other two women in the room had their bright sure definiteness—dark frocks, little sharply tilted dark hats, brilliant scarfs and lips. They were point-device, perfect. At the same time, you felt—you were made to feel—that there was something more in this than clever dressing. Their challenging femininity was not meant to conceal a competence that was shrewd, masculine and hard.

Miss Thorne, resting her elbow on the table and her chin in her hand, gazed at her friend across the table. "My dear, you're mar-velous!" she said. "You had those women simply gaga. I loved that bit about grasping at the silhouette and losing the substance. Where did you get it?"

Claudette smiled her bright disclaiming smile. "As a matter of fact, I borrowed it from tomorrow's talk," she said. "Mustn't forget that. It doesn't do to repeat, though I don't imagine they'd ever notice it."

Miss Thorne's look became sympathetic and grave. "I think they're pathetic," she said. "I can't imagine what their lives can be like "

"Probably very comfortable," said Claudette. "They certainly don't want to change. You couldn't get any nearer to one of them with a lipstick than you could with a lighted match."

Miss Thorne laughed. "They like their faces plain," she said, and leaned back as the waitress laid her order before her. "I'm living on lettuce today," she said. "I was starving at breakfast and ate up my whole day's calories."

"Borrow five hundred on tomorrow," suggested Claudette the spendthrift.

But Miss Thorne looked grave and shook her head. "Can't afford to," she said, and spread a very thin film of butter over a bit of Graham roll. "My dear, I was going to tell you—there was the fattest woman next me, with her figger shoved right up under her chin—I didn't know they made corsets like that nowadays, did you?—and she said to me, 'You mightn't believe it, but when I was her age I took a Size 19.' And the funny part of it was," concluded Miss Thorne, with genuine amusement, "she probably wasn't your age yet. Don't you love it?"

Claudette smiled good-naturedly. She said, measuring out salad oil with an abstemious hand, "I've just met a man."

"A man?" Miss Thorne's eyebrows went up knowingly. "Well, I don't suppose that will do you any particular harm or him any particular good," she said. "What's he like?"

Claudette laughed. "He's a professor," she said, "and he wears a tie—my dear, like a news pictorial! And I met him in the Women's Ready-to-Wear, and he invited me to luncheon with him tomorrow."

"For heaven's sake!" And suddenly, in spite of herself, Miss Thorne found herself overflowing with that old schoolgirl admiration. "My dear, you're simply fantastic. Nobody else on earth could go walking through the Women's Ready-to-Wear and get herself invited to luncheon by a professor in a fancy tie. What are you going to do with him?"

"I suppose I'll let him buy my luncheon," said Claudette, "and tell me how the other professor in his department steals his stuff, and how he's spent all his life getting educated, and how he's supposed to accept a monthly pay envelope that a self-respecting plumber would return unopened."

"No," said Miss Thorne, and leaned dramatically across the table. "No; don't you see? This is the first real adventure of his life. Probably he's never even called a girl by her first name. I'll bet that when he reads the

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*He Stood at the Outer Edge of the Circle, Studying Claudette With a Look at Once Speculative and Inscrutable*

# NATCHEZ

By JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

*Riding to the Slave Market on the Washington Road, Damaris Vaun Talked With a Pleasant and Uninterrupted Flow of Words, Like the Sound of the Horses' Hoofs in the Dust*

THE Ramapo was no more than made fast to the Landing at Natchez, she had not settled to the levee and the River, when Sylvester Dering stepped quickly on shore. He was a slight man and dark, totally inconspicuous in features, with a moderate black felt hat, a dark green coat that flapped about his knees, white trousers and a flowered waistcoat showing a trace of ruffle.

There was, as usual, a great clamor on the Landing: The cries and curses of the negroes fighting for the small trunks and bags of arriving passengers; the loud comments of indifferent free negroes; a shrill music and drunken shouts from a dramshop close by; there was a scrape of dancing feet and the metallic and importunate voices of girls with carmine cheeks and wide gay skirts. The smell of liquor was as palpable on the air as the clouds of tobacco smoke eddying between the old wooden houses and the newly arrived steamboat.

A negro tried to drag Sylvester Dering's bag from his hand, but in a level, cold voice Dering told him to drop it. The negro persisted, declaring that no white gentleman should carry a valise. He would take him to any hotel, the Mansion House or Parker's up in Natchez on the hill; or if he wanted to stay down on the Landing he could show him everything, find him anything. Dering half turned, in a sudden anger, and the negro fell away, muttering. A short street led back from the levee to the steep face of the Bluff that rose high above the River, and Sylvester Dering followed it to a two-story wooden building with a gallery across the front. It was the lower hotel, and inside he nodded to the tall and thin proprietor who greeted him with the voice of the Green Mountains.

"Doctor Polidore?" he inquired.

The doctor, he was told, was up in his room; the room next to his was free; a boy took the bag.

Dering walked down the upper corridor and knocked on one of the succession of slatted doors. An abrupt voice replied. Doctor Polidore, immensely fat, was seated in a very dirty shirt, open on his rolling throat, mussed white linen trousers, socks and no shoes. He had a palm-leaf fan. At his back, by a window, there was a handsome and vicious-looking quadroon woman in a single slip.

"I can see you came up on the Ramapo," the doctor proceeded; "but how the devil did you get here so quick? I trust there was no trouble."

Sylvester Dering nodded briefly to the woman and sat down. He was, strangely, very tired; and he poured out a deep drink of Medford rum from the black bottle on a table. He dropped a few crystals of sugar into his glass. "Yes and no," Dering replied. He took a drink and set his glass down hard beside the bottle. "Damn it," he said bitterly, "I'm sick of the River. I'm sick of steamboats and snags and landings like this. But I'm sicker than all of cards." Polidore fanned himself vigorously, waiting. "Yes and no," Sylvester Dering repeated. "I caught a planter coming up with a coffle of niggers and took them from him. He went down by the texas with a pistol. Polidore, he was a young planter and he had his wife with him. She was young—perhaps fifteen." Polidore asked if it had made a smoke. "The Ramapo was just coming into the Landing and I stepped off. No, we won't hear from it that way. I got the cards from the bar. You know about them."

The doctor said that he had better see the captain of the steamboat. But it would do later. In the cool. "Myrtle," he directed the quadroon, "bring Mr. Dering and me the cigars. You're so damn worthless I ought to sell you. Only last week a gentleman going down on the Olive Branch, who saw you on the levee, offered me a thousand dollars for you." The woman, with a rolling walk, asked if he was a New Orleans gentleman. "Because if he was a New Orleans gentleman I'd been right glad to go with him."

"He was from somewhere down the coast below Baton Rouge. I told him there was so much sin in your yellow hide I couldn't let it go for less than fifteen hundred."

Dering smoked silently, with a fixed gaze, his body loose and weary. "I'm sick of it," he repeated finally.

Doctor Polidore asserted that lately Dering's luck had been bad. "I mean the casualties. There was the man you shot on the Eagle and the little difficulty on the Volcano. It got to be right well understood that you helped him off the stern. Three in a year is right many." Dering answered that he had had to shoot or be killed. The man who had gone into the River had all but put a knife in him. Polidore didn't doubt that. "It was just bad luck. In your line of activity it's a mistake to be conspicuous. If you get a reputation for killing, every hot-head on the River has you marked. The peaceable gambler lasts longest. He holds the best card."

"I'm done with it," Sylvester Dering told him. "I'm done with faro and brag. I'm near forty and too old. The cut on my left arm makes that hand almost useless. But that's not it. I saw that girl on the Ramapo; she had little black slippers and curls all around her cheeks. He was a good kind of planter, too, and bowed when he left the table. Polidore," his voice became a sharp inquiry, "I didn't take the niggers. Anyhow, she has them."

In that, the doctor replied, he had been right. "Besides, under the circumstance, I doubt if you could have got them. But I wouldn't make up my mind to anything now. Go down to New Orleans on the next boat and lie around a month. You have some money, I know. Then things will look different. I'll be there myself soon. When you're feeling better we'll look around for a likely place in the city and get us some cotton."

Sylvester Dering said again that he was done with gambling. He finished his rum and rose. "Fall me out of your calculations. I'm off the River." In his room he bolted the door and dropped on the bed, his hands caught behind his head. He stared up at the mosquito bar looped and fastened to the bare boards of the ceiling. Dering thought that he heard the sound of a woman—a girl with curls about her bright cheeks—sobbing, from a room beyond. It was only his imagination, he decided. A very pleasant young planter with a great deal of drink in him. If Dering had noticed the amount he would have stopped play, let him win back most of the niggers. He had done that before. It wasn't sentiment but business. He had been wrong anyhow, since it was generally a mistake to play with the younger planters—unless it was clear they made a great deal of cotton or were swells from New Orleans. He had been as wrong as hell! But it was curious how it had affected him—like a blow in the stomach. It had crumpled him up. However, he realized that he had been uncomfortable before. But nothing to prepare him for such an acute, a physical, sickness.

There was a churning of paddle wheels from the River; the day had gone; it was dark; but he hadn't moved. The noise on the streets—narrow defiles of mud and nameless filth, with narrow and broken, half-sunk sidewalks—had increased with the darkness. Suddenly it frightened him. With all the rest, it seemed, in a moment he had become a coward. If the house caught fire he felt that he could hardly bring himself to leave and face the life, the death, outside. The thick voice of Polidore, the giggle of the quadroon, sounded through the thin partition of the rooms.

He slept late; a negro brought coffee to his room; Dering ignored the breakfast below in the dining room. The Landing was strangely, unnaturally quiet, and he remembered that it was Sunday morning—the gamblers and negroes, the fiddlers and spent girls, were sleeping. It was very hot. There was no sound from Doctor Polidore's room. Sylvester Dering was glad of that; he didn't want to see Polidore or his yellow skinful of sin—a wench out of the blood and murder and burning of Santo Domingo. It was so hot that his body, his hair—sweeping in a dark line across his forehead to the bottom of an ear—were wet. They were soaked. He stirred uneasily, half lying on a tumbled bed, remembering the young planter. Dering's hatred of everything that had to do with his life on the River had survived the night. His discomfort was increased.

However, he couldn't stay in bed all day; not in a bed like the one under him; he couldn't stay in such a room. But it was a long while before he moved. He dressed slowly, a glass of rum and sugar at his hand. He discovered that his new aversions even extended to his clothes. He flung a green velvet waistcoat on the floor. At last in fresh white trousers and polished boots, a coat of brown Holland and nankeen vest, he went down to the gallery of the hotel. The wretched street was empty and now dark of sunlight. The Bluff at the back, to the west, already enveloped the Landing in its shadow. But it wasn't cooler because of that. The River was like a great flood of liquid metal.

On the left the road to Natchez on the Bluff mounted at a sharp angle; the shanties under the ruined framework built to carry cotton down to the steamboats and ships along the levee were active in their sale of villainous rum and niggerhead tobacco. Above him, hidden behind the white face of the Bluff, was another—the actual—Natchez. Although he had been up and down the River countless times, he had seen no more of it than the church steeples and lighthouse. It might at least be cooler there. He determined to make the ascent.

The road was long and steep and thick with a powder-like dust that covered his clothes and dried in a hard film on his lips. He had been a fool to attempt it before evening. He had been a fool to leave his hotel at all. It would have been possible for him to have hired a carriage. More than once he was at the point of turning to address the immeasurably easier task of descent. He had no reason for going on; it wouldn't be cooler. Then suddenly, out of the clouds of white dust, he saw that he was at the top of the Bluff. He had left the shadow, the weariness of the road, for a level tide of golden light. He was in a world of gold and slumberous green foliage.

Sylvester Dering was standing on a wide grassy esplanade that lay parallel to the River; it was deeply shaded with trees, set with benches. He had a sense of transcendent peacefulness. There was no movement; for the moment there was no sound. The light from the lowering sun was so strong that he felt it must shine through his body, turning it from a thing of fatal flesh to gold. He was beside a bench and he sat quietly, motionless, with one knee over the other. Behind him the town sloped gently away from the River—there was a street planted and canopied and cool with China trees, and beyond there were gentle hills, low white plantation houses half hidden and tranquil under great trees, in field upon field of flowering cotton.

More immediately at his left there was a long colonnaded dwelling, a lawn with live oaks and sycamores deep with moss, and at the rear a latticed octagonal summerhouse. But on his right there was the most beautiful mansion he had ever seen. It was on a slight rise, and from its portico and high white columns gardens fell away in bright parterres to the very edge of the Bluff. There were walks set with lemon and orange trees, arcades of yellow roses, summerhouses in thickets of oleander, grottoes with fern and emerald moss, black-green magnolias and tulip trees. There were banks covered with pink blossom; the sweetness of lemon-scented geraniums reached him on the esplanade.

The warm light, it seemed, had actually penetrated to his heart; all his disturbance had gone; the peace about him had taken him to itself. It had made him one with it. Far below, the River ran dark and strong between its Bluffs and, beyond, the forests of Louisiana reached vast and dark and unbroken to the eastern horizon. On the opposite bank he could see the inconsequential clearing and the

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*Dering Answered That He Had Had to Shoot or be Killed. The Man Who Had Gone Into the River Had All But Put a Knife in Him*

# THE HORSE COMES BACK

The Huntingdon Valley Hunt, Philadelphia

## By Boyden Sparkes

THANKS to the prying efforts of statisticians during the period of income-tax publicity, we all know that America has many thousands of millionaires who before the war were merely inhabitants. It was the daughter of one of these men who strode through the crowd in the curving stone corridor. The click-click of spur and heel on the concrete floor brought into view successively, through the wrappings of her black habit, slim legs in smartly cut breeches and black boots. A turn through a shorter corridor placed her in a vaulted cavern of huge proportions, the whiteness and shape of which suggested the interior of a fabulous egg-shell.

From gallery rails and roof girders hung brilliant fabrics, the flags of many nations, some of these being unfamiliar patterns designed after the Treaty of Versailles. The atmosphere of the place was heavy with the odors of perfume, pop corn and stable, and there was a confusion of sound, a jazz tune, the cries of program venders and the chattering of many people.

It was Horse-show Week. Spectators were massed on theater chairs set in concentric ovals that descended sharply from a mark high on the outer walls to the low white barrier inclosing the dark sepia floor with its carpet of thickly spread, moist tanbark on cocoa matting.

So wide was that chocolate-colored floor that the occupants of boxes along one side could not identify, except with opera glasses, similarly placed fortunates on the opposite side.

### *Insurance*

BUT this blond young heiress had sharp eyes—and information. She knew precisely the location of the box of the grandmother—not her own—in whom she was interested, and she took the long way around the oval aisle so as to pass that hallowed place in which was enthroned the ruler of a certain Long Island set. Fortune favored her.

When she was within a few paces of the box, and racking her brain for some genteel way to attract the attention of the middle-aged horsewoman who was keeping her eyes on the far side of the arena, where saxophones had transformed a young horse into a four-legged lunatic determined to walk as a biped, she saw approaching an official of the horse show. Recognizing her opportunity she raised her voice to call him.

"May I," she inquired plaintively, "have another stall for tack, Mr. ——? We're frightfully crowded."

The bewildered official promised to make an effort to find the additional space, which he knew to be unneeded, but his promise was unheard, because the grandmother had turned sharply and called a greeting to the young horsewoman.

"Oh, Miss ——," she said, "come and tell me where you got that wonderful hunt-uh."

"Isn't he a peach? It's quite a story. I'll tell you ——" And then she entered the box.

What sort of story she devised to account for the commonplace transaction whereby her father had purchased that wonderful hunter I have no way of knowing, but the horse-show official who was left standing there has assured me that the young woman made her first trip not long ago to Aiken, taking most of her horses with her. The horses, it is said, are more than playthings. They are a kind of husband insurance devised by her farsighted parents.

Passing the Judges' Stand at the Bryn Mawr Horse Show, Bryn Mawr, Pennsylvania, October, 1926

### *A High Jump*

MORE than social aspirations, however, are involved in an extraordinary increase in the popularity of horses in the United States, even though the easiest places to measure that increase are the haunts of fashionable persons. There were, for example, at Aiken, South Carolina, this last winter more than 1200 horses, most of them polo ponies and hunters. Stabled in one county on Long Island last summer there were more than 1000 polo ponies. During the past ten years there has been an increase of nearly 50 per cent in the number of horse shows, and the number of both exhibitors and entries is greater by far even than in the days when a buggy ride was a treat and there were no automobiles.

In 1893, when every vehicle in the streets of New York was drawn by horses, there were 137 exhibitors with entries in the New York Horse Show. Last year there were 175 exhibitors with horses entered in the National Horse Show. Among the directors of the horse show in 1893 were William C. Whitney, Col. William Jay, Theodore A. Havemeyer, T. Suffern Tailer and Reginald W. Rives.

Some of the exhibitors were A. J. Cassatt, Freddie Gebhard, J. B. Duke, E. H. Harriman, J. H. Alexandre, W. Gould Brokaw and William E. Iselin. Then, as now, it was the big show of the country; but, nevertheless, in 1926 there were thirty-eight more individuals with horses to display than there were in 1893.

Galloping across the continent for another example of this growth brings us to Los Angeles, where $35,000 in prizes were divided among the exhibitors last winter. In 1925 there were 222 horses exhibited in the arena of that show; in 1926 there were 246 horses. This year there were 276 horses shown and about a dozen of them had been shipped out there from Philadelphia. This increase is believed to be a fair index of the growth of interest in show horses in all parts of the country.

A type of the hundreds of new exhibitors who have made it possible for the country to support so many new shows is a man who apparently determined to adopt this expensive hobby after attending one show. He paid $5000 for a fairly good show horse and then revealed at one of the big Eastern shows that his fancy had been captured by a gray horse which became more than just a horse after it had been ridden and complimented a few times by the Prince of Wales during his last visit to America.

*Blue-Ribbon Winners*

"What's the price of that horse?" he asked in the tone of one who has recently sold half a dozen public utilities.

The owner lifted an eyebrow resentfully and said over his shoulder "Ten thousand," and then kept on walking, satisfied that he had put an impertinent busybody in his place. But he stopped short when he heard: "I'll take him."

A few transactions of that sort have served to help bring about a recrudescence of an animal that was popularly supposed a few years ago to be jogging onward to join in oblivion the dinosaur, the brontosaurus and the dodo. A more characteristic purchase, however, a purchase of a kind that is more important because it is typical of thousands of other sales, was the purchase at the Chicago stockyards of a good horse by a boy who learned to ride while he was in the Army and now lives in a small town in Wisconsin.

### *The Bridle Path*

IN EVERY way this horse was a dream creature, a 1200-pound poem in coördinated muscle, supple, docile and intelligent. His brown hide was a beautifully iridescent coat of satin in the sunlight, until his restless movements in the square pen where he was a prisoner brought his near side into view. A long black scar ran the full length of his glossy side and there was a shorter scar on his flank. Somewhere, apparently, he had been in trouble with barbed wire.

"Six hundred for this young fellow," explained the dealer, "and if it was not for that scar it would be four times as much."

The young man seated on the sloping top board of the pen was fumbling in his pocket for a cigarette. He thought, aloud, that $600 was a lot of money.

"How much did you pay for your car?" inquired the dealer, not being bound by any obligation respecting relevance.

"Eighteen hundred plus freight plus tax."

The horse had seen that gesture toward the young man's pocket, and with neck arched and tail lifted he came mincing forward and prodded the suspected pocket with a muzzle soft as velvet.

"Six hundred," said the dealer slyly.

"He's my horse," boasted the young man, and reached into another pocket for a check book.

As a matter of fact, automobiles, by enabling persons who make their living in cities to live in the country, have been accelerating the demand for horses, which is fair enough in view of what automobiles previously have done to these creatures that were once all-important to mankind.

Horses were literally crowded off the highways of America as fast as those highways were surfaced to carry automobiles. The development of automobiles as an important factor in American lives waited upon the development of suitable roads. Similarly, it has been discovered that airways, marked by beacons and linking landing fields, were necessary for the proper development of commercial aviation. But it is only within the past seven years that there has been anything like general recognition among friends of the horse that roadways kept exclusively for horses would to a large extent foster their return to wide usage for pleasure.

*Hounds for This Pennsylvania Pack Were Imported in 1890 From the Belvoir Kennels in England. The Strain Has Been Maintained by Frequent Importations*

Five years ago a census of all the saddle horses and hunters kept in Minneapolis showed that there were fewer than 100. A board of park commissioners began to extend the bridle paths in the parks, laying most of them along the shores of the eleven lakes which are within the limits of the city. Now there are ten miles of bridle paths in the parks so linked with the boulevards that riders may have a continuous road for thirty-three miles, and though that distance is an easy hour's run for an automobile, it is a fair day's march for a troop of cavalry.

### *At the Hub of Byways*

SINCE the building of the bridle paths the number of saddle animals in the city has increased to more than 500, vastly more than that number being maintained at suburban and country homes outside the city, and there are eight organizations of the riders who own those horses. Riding classes for beginners, formed under the guidance of the park commissioners, are to be encountered in the parks there, and some seasons these classes have had an enrollment of 300 and more.

Bond issues have been found to be quite unnecessary in the development of bridle paths. In the Chicago parks, in making bridle paths fifteen feet wide, the cost per mile has been $5329, this including the removal of sod, disking, grading, cinders and drainage. Maintenance costs, including additional cinders, harrowing, grading, oiling or sprinkling, are about $800 a mile. In other places, notably in Nassau County on Long Island, where the bridle paths are literally pathways, the cost is only a small fraction of that sum.

Radiating from one of the country clubs of that region are more than 400 miles of bridle paths that wind through enchanting places that are for the most part hidden from the eyes of those who see Long Island only from the seat of an automobile.

*(Continued on Page 146)*

*Members of the Riders' and Drivers' Association Passing Valley Green Inn, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia*

# AT ALL COST

By ARED WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY ALBIN HENNING

*"You Accomplished Your Mission," He Went On. "It Was What Was Expected of You, But It Is Gratifying That You Did It So Well"*

CAPTAIN GAIL, infantry, stood staring moodily at the groups of shadowy silhouettes in the shelter of the wooded ravine at the edge of the soggy trail of a road that led to the east. His feet were spread far apart, head dropped forward on his breast, arms hanging listlessly by his side. The men were rolling their packs. The captain had watched them do this a hundred times in the past year of their war service. Often he had smiled approval at their expertness and swiftness. At other times, on blue Mondays, he had been aroused to sharp words of reprimand when they did not roll their packs so well.

Now the manner in which they rolled their packs was lost to him. He took no note of whether they did their task indifferently or well. His mood was one of poignant misery. His face reflected the wretchedness of his posture. His boyish blue eyes were dilated. The lower lip of his fine mouth was pendulous, trembling perceptibly. He had ceased, suddenly and unexpectedly, to be the buoyant and efficient captain of F Company, tempered in the white crucible of war training. The stern veneer of a year's intensive seasoning of body and soul for battle leadership had fallen aside for the moment. He had reverted, strangely, swiftly, to the gentle Mr. Gail of those soft days of peace—Mr. Gail, pharmacist, wrung by an unspeakable horror at the sight of his men rolling their packs.

In the muddy gray of a soggy October dawn, in the scattered thickets of dwarfed pine, his two hundred and fifty men were mere groups of drab shadows. But Captain Gail saw them clearly, recognizing them one by one as his eyes roamed moodily from group to group. There was Smith, the grocer's clerk; Jones, the boy in his teens who left high school behind; French, the bookkeeper; Davis, the ——

He could call them—every one of them—by their names; their Christian names, their family names. He knew their moods, their weaknesses, their individual peculiarities, the state of health and strength of each man. He knew them as only a company commander comes to know those to whom he is cemented by the thick ties of command. And in this vital hour, when he should be studying them with the calculating eyes of Captain Gail, tempered in the white crucible of war training, noting their morale, their exactitude of movement, their mental attitude; reckoning them as so many serially numbered riflemen, so many automatic guns, so many runners, so many units of his trim fighting machine—he was looking upon them with the moody eyes of the sentimental Mr. Gail, pharmacist; seeing them as individual human beings to whom he had become attached; even seeing the shadowy specters of mothers in the dim light about them in the background, and of wives and of little children; and cringing in horror at the portent of the rolling packs.

The captain clenched his hands and set his jaws. A frenzied impulse was tugging at him to cry out in protest. The black enterprise loomed before him in a new and horrible light. When those packs were rolled he would not lead these men of his out into the drill field. It was not his job today to see that they had the right kind of food, the right kind of place to sleep in, that they were clothed warmly, that the negligent youngsters dried their wet feet at night. He was herding them to the slaughter, directing their footsteps right into the course of hissing, roaring black death. He must take them to the east along the muddy trail of a road that led from the cloistered safety of the wooded ravine—east to where the hissing, unseen adders of the air would sink coppery fangs into warm bodies.

Three shadowy hulks detached themselves from the silhouettes and came toward him. In his present humor he saw them as the three who were bound the closest to him of all his men. Then as they stood directly before him in the sodden light of approaching dawn, faces set and drawn, hands jerked abruptly to the rims of their steel helmets, he remembered that they were his platoon commanders. One of them spoke.

"Sir, the men are ready to fall in," the lieutenant announced. His voice was the voice of the drill field. "Shall we form them up in column on the road and wait, or proceed on to the east until you overtake us?"

Captain Gail asserted himself on the instant over the weak mood in which he had been standing. Captain Gail must make a decision. This was no place for the weak and ruminative Mr. Gail, pharmacist. His heels clicked together, his head became erect, his eyes hardened.

"You will halt the men in column on the road just east of the ravine," he directed bluntly. His voice was the voice of the drill field. "Wait for me there until I come with the final orders!"

He jerked his right hand to the rim of his steel helmet in return of their salute. Then he turned about on the heel of his right foot and the ball of his left and strode off with firm, precise steps along a thin trail that led back through the dank, wet brush. In the midst of a tangled little forest he brought up before a group of grim helmeted figures who seemed to arrive at this sequestered rendezvous at the same moment. A short stout man with gold oak leaves on his shoulders and a sharp voice counted the figures. Then with the exclamation "All down!" he led the way down a flight of narrow, slippery steps into the bowels of the earth.

II

IN THE dugout they gathered about a table on which was spread a large colored map, the surface of which was illuminated by the flickering yellow light of four candles set in the necks of empty wine bottles. Out of the deep shadows beyond the circle of light there emerged a tall, thin man. The light played on his thin, set face and cast a gleam from the small silver eagles on his shoulders. The tall, thin man stood looking at them in an abstract, tragic sort of stare, without appearing to see them. There was something about his presence that seemed to reflect the somber seriousness of the business at hand.

For some moments the figures stood thus grouped silently about the four candles. They might have been wax manikins, set in a group to interpret some medieval council of barons, except that the tall man with the silver eagles on his shoulders began speaking. His voice was hard, impersonal, almost sinister. Mobile lips played loosely about his flashing set teeth. The muscles of his wind-burned face worked convulsively under the intensity of his thoughts.

"You are familiar with our own situation and that of the enemy," he said. His voice was attuned to the mood

of his body. His whole being reflected the stern spirit of the grim mission ahead. "You have had all of yesterday afternoon for reconnaissance, all night for preparation for this emergency if it should arise. The emergency has arisen. You will proceed to the attack at once. On account of the extreme importance to the Allied cause of this attack, I personally want to take no chance that there be any misunderstanding."

The mobile lips continued to play about the set white teeth. He went over the military situation in detail. The division, of which this battalion was the reserve, had reached its first day's objective in this titanic drive to sink a blade into the German jugular vein at Sedan. It was to be the beginning of the end of the war—perhaps. It was a prize that warranted any sacrifice. The division on the right was threatened with finding its flank up in the air as it moved past the heights east of Gesles. Corps had ordered that these heights now be taken by a vigorous battalion attack. The heights would be taken and held, covering the flank of the division on the right.

The lips became a thin line. The muscles of the face of the tall, thin man set, taut and strained. The silence was impressive, awesome. Then there was a flash of teeth as he snapped out a final injunction: "At—all—cost!"

There was a lashing injunction in each vital word. It meant that neither life nor limb be withheld. The attack must be pressed to the utmost. So long as there was a man left, that man must move forward to the attack. There could be no turning back, no hesitation, no reckoning of cost in human lives. The reenforced battalion must reach its objective with its survivors, or all die in the effort—at all cost.

"You will take—and you will hold—the heights east of Gesles—at all cost!" the colonel repeated. His words drove deeper into their souls the grisly order.

He dropped into silence again. His eyes searched the faces before him. The faces were of stone. They reflected his own mood, the unyielding mood of the order itself. They understood and were unmoved. The colonel turned to the heavy man of the sharp voice who had brought them into the dugout.

"Major," he commanded, "you will now issue your combat order to your officers!"

The heavy man detached himself by moving forward a few inches to the edge of the table. He ceased to be one of the glum shadows of the waxen group. He took the center of the martial stage.

The major was a man in his late thirties. His face was round and fat and there were webs of lines about the corners of his large brown eyes. He was not well cast for a leading rôle in the tragedy. Behind his pose of austerity there was a hint of easy good humor.

"Take notes!" he began. The sharpness of his voice was marred by a slight tremor. He held to his rôle with an effort. It was not natural to him, but he put everything he had into the part. Unconsciously he rolled his lips and worked the muscles of his face in simulation of his leader.

The little group of figures stirred into life at his words. They drew forth pads and pencils and stood with them poised, ready to record the precious words. When they had done this the major proceeded. The nervous tremor continued to mar his phrases as he unfolded the detailed plan which he had worked out for the attack. He pointed from time to time at the lines and marks that dotted the map spread on the table before them under the four candles. The fat index finger which he used as a pointer trembled perceptibly. After each phrase he cast a quick sidelong glance at the tall, thin man. The tall, thin man, arms folded high on his chest, as at review, remained impressively stern and silent, offering neither approval nor disapproval.

"You are familiar with the situation of our own troops and that of the enemy," said the battalion commander, reading from his notes. "This battalion, with one platoon, regimental machine-gun company attached, attacks at H hour for the purpose of capturing and holding Gesles and the heights east thereof—at all cost!"

He continued with the formation—companies abreast, two companies in line. He gave in terse technical military terms the organized drive of steel and blood that was to fulfill the mission. The attack was to be organized in depth. This would spread the inevitable casualties out over a longer period and insure sufficient survivors for the final assault on the heights. When he had finished the order he looked about him.

"Are there any questions?" he inquired, glancing anxiously from one to another. The others remained graven images. They understood. It would show a weakness to ask a question. He turned to the tall, thin man apprehensively for approval or disapproval. His hand trembled slightly as he jerked it to the rim of his helmet in salute.

"One criticism only," snapped the tall, thin man, unfolding his arms and speaking again through his set teeth: "In fixing your objective you used the phrase 'attacks at H hour for the purpose of capturing and holding Gesles.' That does not properly express your mission. It is indecisive to the point of weakness. You do not attack 'for the purpose of!'"

His words became as sharp as the crack of a whip. "This battalion, with one platoon, regimental machine-gun company attached, attacks—captures and holds—Gesles—and the heights east thereof—at all cost! You don't merely purpose doing it—you do it!

"Now, gentlemen," the tall, thin man broke off into his final words of caution, "the success of the whole operation in the Argonne may depend upon you. Remember, you are a part of the whole machine. Your orders, in effect, come direct from the Supreme Allied Commander—Marshal Foch. They reflect in turn the will of the whole American people that you do your part in driving the boche back across the Rhine. They will it—they order it! We merely do it. Success is in your hands. Higher headquarters can only form the strategical and tactical plans and coördinate their execution. You have your orders and you will execute them."

He looked again from one to another. They only reflected his own mood—the grim mood of battle. He glanced at his watch. No one moved a muscle. Eyelids had ceased to blink.

"At all cost!" the tall, thin man repeated, his words now low and vibrant with intensity. "Caution your men against bunching. Keep them moving ahead. Quick, sharp, decisive action is more effective than a long-drawn-out affair. Keep the offensive. Keep your men moving. Such losses as you have will be promptly replaced by new men when the action is over. That's all. Move out quickly!"

The waxen figures about the table stirred into life again. With one motion they jerked their hands to the rims of their steel helmets. The tall, thin man snapped his hand to his own helmet rim. On the instant they broke and became dark shadows, silently filing up the narrow, wet steps of the dugout, out into the wet, foggy light of the breaking day.

Captain Gail detached himself from the broken group. He marched with firm, determined tread back along the thin warped trail through the wet brush. The lampblack of near-dawn had thinned to an opaque gray, and as he came to the soggy road at the edge of the ravine the silhouettes were gone. In their place were groups of drab figures that bristled with steel. He saw them now with appraising eye. Their shoulders were festooned with extra bandoleers. Faces were somber but steadfast. They looked at him with questioning, eager eyes. Those that were seated in the mud got up as he moved along the column, not in deference but in readiness.

He came to his three platoon leaders. They turned and faced him expectantly. Their faces were set, their eyes cold. Their manner told that they sensed what was in the offing and were steeled to meet it. Their hands rose to the rims of their steel helmets.

*He Had to Decipher the Message Word by Word. His Brain Was Heavy and Sluggish. Thoughts No Longer Leaped Through His Mind*

(Continued on Page 56)

# NOW ASK ME ONE

## By Sam Hellman

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG

WHAT of it?" I barks. "Supposing I didn't know that Hannibal wrote the Cistern Madonna or that there are sixty-five thousand six hundred cross-eyed spinsters in Russia? I can vote at the next election, can't I?"

"If somebody tells you when and where it is," snaps the frau. "I was ashamed," she goes on. "There wasn't one question in the whole book you could even flirt with."

"I didn't see you vamp the right answer out of any of 'em, either," I comes back.

"Maybe not," says the missis, "but I'm not a man of the world who's been everywhere, seen everything and heard everybody. Anyhow, I didn't make a sap out of myself by guessing that Joan of Arc was Noah's wife."

"Well," I inquires, "who was Noah's wife?"

"If I told you," returns the wife, "it wouldn't do any good. The next time you were asked you'd probably ball it up with the number of rivets in Brooklyn Bridge."

"Give me credit, girl," says I, "give me credit. I did click on one question."

"Which was that?" she asks.

"What prominent general," I answers, "is buried in Grant's Tomb? Didn't I get that correct?"

"Yes," admits the madam, "you did make a wild toss and ring that one, but you certainly gave the question about Chopin's Funeral March the run around."

"How was I to know he wrote it?" I demands. "I thought Chopin was the bird that was being buried."

"Chopin isn't dead," sniffs the wife. "It's your brain they're playing slow music for."

"Brain, nothing!" I growls. "I could have asked that mob tonight questions—business questions—that would have had 'em spinning on their ears."

"Such as to wit?" sneers the frau.

"How much credit," I begins, "would you allow Joe Zilch, of Glimish, Kansas, who's failed twice, had three fires and won't buy cyclone insurance because he doesn't know how to start a cyclone? How would you go about getting a repeat order for left-handed hammers from a Scotch merchant who has six hundred in stock and hadn't made a sale of one in seven years? How would you borrow ten thousand berries from the bank on ——"

"Business, business!" cuts in the missis. "Don't you think there's anything in life besides money-making?"

"Perhaps there is," says I, "but you and your family'd be in a swell fix if I knew who painted Hamlet, but didn't know how to pry out the pesos to pay for your pork chops."

"Isn't it possible," inquires the wife, sarcastic, "to know both? Harold Spencer got most of the answers right tonight and Mrs. Spencer has a Siberian sable. You got 'em all wrong and I wear an imitation rabbit fur. What tomb is the answer to that buried in?"

"You're always telling me," says I, "you could have married Harold. You should have. Just think, every time you asked him to pass the salt he'd pass the statistics along with it—how many tons of it were exported from Peru in the fall of '86, how many sacks of it, put end to end, it would take to stretch from here to there and how many pounds are used daily in London to season Yarmouth bloaters to taste. You'd love that, wouldn't you?"

"You'd be surprised," comes back the frau sweetly, "how interesting a Siberian sable can make anything."

"If I wanted to," I yelps, "I could remember dates and things, and also get you a sable."

"Why don't you?" she buzzes. "A fur on May fifteenth would be nice."

"May fifteenth?" I repeats. "Why that day?"

"No particular reason," shrugs the madam, "except that it happens to be the tenth anniversary of ——"

"Our wedding," I finishes, kind of sheepish.

"No," smiles the wife, "this rabbit fur. We were married January eighth. Do I get the sable?"

"Only last week," says I, "I was figuring on flaying the bank roll for one, when I ran into some figures from the Rotary Club of Omsk. It showed that eight thousand seven hundred and forty-three young sables had died last year and two thousand four hundred and thirty-nine had fallen into evil ways on account of their mothers being killed on their nests. Certainly a big-hearted mamma like you wouldn't want to wear the price of orphans' tears and the wages of sin on her back."

"Hardly," agrees the missis, "but I understand that conditions are just as bad, if not worse, among the rabbits."

"Maybe," says I generously, "but who cares for the morals of a rabbit? It is estimated that ——"

"That'll be enough hay wire," cuts in Bess. "This questionnaire fad's a serious matter."

"How do you mean 'serious'?" I grunts.

"It's all in a rage now," she explains. "Wherever you go these days they pull out a book or a newspaper and begin asking you things. Instead of playing bridge they want you to tell 'em quick where the largest suspension bridge in the world is; instead of mah-jongg you're supposed to know in what poem by whom appears the expression 'march on.'"

"Foolishment," says I.

"No, it isn't," returns the wife. "It's great reducing exercise to get the fat off your brain. Most of the questions are about names and dates that the average person ought to be familiar with and ——"

"Well," I interrupts, "they were all strangers to me tonight."

"I said 'average person,'" comes back Bess.

"Why," I demands, "should the average person know which President of the United States died happy?"

"Happy?" wide-eyes the madam.

"The question," says I, "really was: What President of the United States died a bachelor? At that, the joke was on me."

"It has been for years," remarks the missis dryly.

"I didn't know," I goes on, "that we even had a President named Buchanan."

"Maybe we never had," soothes the frau. "The way they're writing about Washington and Lincoln these days, it wouldn't surprise me any to learn that Buchanan was really a couple of Texas train robbers."

"Yo," Smiles the Wife, "This Rabbit Fur. We Were Married January Eighth. Do I Get the Sable?"

"See That I'm Not Disturbed," I Adds. "I Shall Probably Read Till Dawn Peeps Into My Windowpane"

"What surprises me," says I, "is how that flathead, Spencer, managed to answer all those questions. There must be some trick about it."

"The trick," returns Bess, "probably is that while you're playing the books he's reading some. Besides, I guess he's got a good memory."

"His memory," I sneers, "is wonderful. A month ago he borrowed fifty bucks from me. Last night he asked me when I was going to pay it back to him."

"That's neither here nor here," says the wife. "The fact remains we'll be about as socially popular this summer as a couple of colored ditch diggers with halitosis, unless we can play along with this question-and-answer racket. You got to brush up on your alphabet and begin doing some reading."

"How about you?" I asks. "There must be a book or two in the library that you haven't toured through lately."

"I go over the newspapers every day," comes back Bess; "which is more ——"

"Yeh," I cuts in, "and from what you get out of 'em, about all you'll be able to answer will be questions like: What prominent banker was sued for how much by which member of what Broadway chorus? What gal shot which of her husbands and was acquitted in how many minutes by a jury in what city on what lake? How many husbands has Peggy Joyce had so far?"

"Anyhow," snaps the missis, "that's better than knowing nothing excepting the names of sure-thing horses that start in the fourth race and finish first in the fifth."

"Have it your way," says I, "but believe me, my merry matron, I'm not going on a diet of dates and data to please that set of simps you circulate around with. You ought to be satisfied to have a meal ticket who can answer the questions on an income-tax blank."

"If they don't question the answers," comes back the frau; "but me and my set of simps aside, aren't you ashamed to let Harold make an ignoramus out of you?"

"He didn't make an ignoramus out of me," I growls.

"Didn't he, tonight?" pursues Bess.

"Not he," I yelps, "nor anyone else. Nobody can make anything out of me. What I am I've made myself."

That hushes up the old girl.

"I suppose," she remarks after a bit, "if you really made up your mind to go in for this silly question-and-answer stuff, you'd have no trouble getting it to eat out of your hands?"

"Not the slightest," I assures her. "You know me when it comes to picking things up."

"That's right," nods the missis; "when things are picked up faster, you'll pick 'em."

"Would you," I asks, "honestly like me to go in for this quiz gag serious?"

"I certainly would," returns Bess. "You know how a woman feels when the man she might have had has more of a fuss made over him than the man she's got."

"All right," says I. "I'll take an hour or so off this afternoon and run through the encyclopedia. Then bring on your questions."

"If you have any time left after you finish the encyclopedia," suggests the missis sweetly, "you might also go through the books at the Carnegie Library. I'll hold dinner for you."

II

ON THE train to town the next morning I finds myself in a seat next to Dan Graff, a neighbor of ours, in the printing business.

"What's a caterpillar?" he shoots at me.

"A caterpillar?" I repeats. "You mean those wriggly babies that graduate into butterflies?"

"That's not the answer," says Graff.

"You tell," I urges.

"A caterpillar," returns Dan, "is an angleworm with a raccoon coat. Know what a ——"

"Lay off of me," I cuts in. "I had enough questions thrown at me last night to do for the rest of my pure life."

"'Smatter?" inquires Graff. "Wife trying to find out where you was?"

"Nope," I comes back. "Minnie Salter trying to find out where the longest river in Africa was and where Sheridan was when the battle with Winchesters was being fought."

"You mean the Battle of Winchester," says Dan. "Sheridan was twenty miles away."

"That so?" I remarks coldly. "Well, he was a darn sight nearer than I was to most of the answers at Minnie's last night. I never saw a more curious woman with a more curious book. Rude is what I calls it."

"I've been there," grins Graff. "Minnie's taken me for a ride on the Q and A."

"How'd you come out?" I asks.

"Not so hot," replies Dan. "I'd have been a perfect bust if I hadn't got hep to the trick before we quit."

"I thought," says I, "there was some kind of a gazipe in the skit. What is it?"

"All you got to do," confides Graff, "is answer 'Michelangelo' to all questions about who painted what, 'Wagner' to who composed this or those, and 'Shakspere' to who wrote that or these."

"Bunk!" I snorts. "Those bimbos didn't do everything along those lines, did they?"

"No," returns Dan, "but you'd be surprised how many answers you'll get K. O. by trotting out those monikers."

"I've tried it," says I. "Last night I sent Shakspere out against every question from who wrote the Song of Solomon to what is the longest tunnel in the world, and I didn't register once. Just the same, there must be some trick about it."

*"A Caterpillar," Returns Dan, "Is an Angleworm With a Raccoon Coat. Know What a ——"*

"What makes you think so?" inquires Dan.

"Harold Spencer," says I. "If that bozo's brains were turned into soda mint there wouldn't be enough to help a humming bird's indigestion. Nevertheless ——"

"I know," interrupts Graff. "He was at Minnie's the night I was, and picked off the answers as if they grew on trees in his back yard. I never figured that goop had enough savvy to split four two ways without calling in a C. P. A. He's a bloomer in business, and ——"

"His wife," I remarks absently, "has a Siberian sable."

"Yeh," growls Dan, "so my annoyance keeps telling me. What of it?"

"Well," says I, "you've got to have something gray between the ears to drag down that kind of jack. It takes big dough to separate a Siberian from a sable."

"Big dough, my eyebrow!" scoffs Graff. "If you have a couple of bucks and don't care how many collectors drag mud over your front porch, you can buy anything these days up to a cable of pearls. Like everything the Spencers have, that sable is all wet."

"All wet?" I repeats. "You mean it isn't the real McCoy?"

"It's real enough," returns Dan, "but it's wet because there's so much due on it. I happen to know that Harold paid fifty dollars down for that pelt and is coughing for fifty a month on it. The original fifty he borrowed from me."

"And the first installment from me," says I. "He ain't such a stupid. He gets us to finance a snappy skin for his wife and then makes us out tramps in the eyes of our own millstones. That's art, boy, and the answer isn't 'Michelangelo,' either."

"Art," remarks Graff, "is long and the time between installments short. When the next payment falls due Spencer'll have to go some to answer the question: Where is that fifty you owe?"

"No, he won't," says I. "If he hasn't the answer himself, he'll borrow it."

"Leaving me out," growls Dan, "who from?"

"From the gals, if nobody else," I comes back. "The Doras have gone dippy over that dunce since the Q and A craze started. Why, even Bess brags that she could have married Harold."

"I'm almost related to him by marriage myself," grins Graff. "My drag also tells me she had a chance to stitch an S in her table linen."

"That boy," I remarks, "must have proposed by circular. Lucky for us," I adds, "that quiz stuff wasn't in a rage ten years ago."

"Was it?" inquires Dan, gloomily gazing down his shirt front. There are two buttons missing.

"Cheer up," says I. "Maybe it'll please you to know that Harold's days are numbered."

"Who's numbering 'em?" asks Graff.

"None other than," I blushes prettily. "I'm going to beat that baby at his own game. I'm crashing the library, and the next time Minnie pulls one of her how, when and where parties I'll have answers all ready and rarin' to go."

"Answers to what?" grunts Dan.

"For any question that's likely to be sprung," I replies. "The library has all the answers, hasn't it?"

"Yeh," admits Graff, "but how do you expect to pan them out?"

"By scumming over the books," I returns. "How else?"

"You'll do well," says Dan. "By the time you've read even enough geography to find out where Brazil is, there probably will have been eleven more World Wars and Brazil'll maybe be a part of Siam. And you got to remember, gorgeous, that the questions they fling at you in these parlor third degrees don't only cover geography; they cover everything from trotting records to classic myths. Know any classic myths?"

"Sure," I tells him. "I know the one about going to Philadelphia on business; the one about sitting up all night with a sick friend; the one ——"

"Splendid," cuts in Graff. "There's no use of you going to the library. It'd be like carrying news to Newcastle."

*No Guy Going Through the Third Degree at Headquarters Ever Suffered Like Harold Does in the Next Ten or Fifteen Minutes*

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# THE SEALED WAGER

## One of Crow's Adventures in River Gambling

By Harris Dickson

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT E. JOHNSTON

INSIDE his darkened stateroom, the gambler stood upon a chair, holding open a narrow glass transom above his door. Through this slit he enfiladed a view of the steamboat's cabin, or that particular section of it which now focused his attention. Diagonally across the cabin from him, the transom to Maryland Stateroom Number 7 also swung ajar, and a Creole woman's dense black eyes were watching him. To this vigilant mademoiselle Crow paid no attention, his gaze being concentrated upon still another door, Kentucky, Number 15.

For purposes of his present trip, Crow had engaged the bridal chamber on the Comus Queen, northbound with a company of excursionists returning from Mardi gras. The Queen plowed sturdily upstream. Most of her passengers now strolled about the guards. The long and glittering cabin was deserted. Nobody stirred beneath the chandeliers of jingling crystal, beneath its suspended golden acorns, until a skirt emerged from Number 15 and Miss Providence Trask came out. Crow narrowed his scrutiny as the spinster locked her room; he waited only to make certain that she would move toward the front, then lowered his transom. At this signal, the two black eyes of mademoiselle vanished from above the Maryland door.

Though a professional blackleg, chasing the Goddess of Chance, Crow's preparations almost eliminated every factor of luck from his affairs. Therefore it was by no accident that Miss Trask, of Cincinnati, heard a cry at the precise moment when she reached the door of Number 7. The moan came out of the Maryland. Not a shriek, not loud, but one of those insistent undertones which may penetrate an uproar. Miss Trask halted, did exactly what Crow had counted on, what he expected from any woman of thirty-two with such an inquisitive nose—she edged a little nearer to the Maryland door and pretended to be absorbed in her magazine.

When one travels for information, as Miss Trask considered, it is well to see and hear what goes on. Number 7 was the room of a Creole girl who sat opposite her at luncheon, and though Miss Trask had heard that some Creole ladies were frightfully immoral, her own character was above contamination. So she listened.

Mingled with sobs, her virgin ear caught a few words, half audible, "Poor Achille! Poor Achille!" Then more sobs, and more words which suggested a love affair. Of course, Miss Trask knew that it must be a man; men were all that such women thought about. But who was he? On board? She was traveling for information.

Every angle softened. A touch of color flickered across the high cheek bones. A moment Miss Trask hesitated, then rapped. After a short parley through the door, she went in.

At her disappearance, Crow climbed down noiselessly from his chair, left the stateroom by its outer door, and presently resumed a seat in the forward cabin. That portion of a steamboat cabin widens out, providing a semicircular lounge in front of the office and the bar. Here are placed the poker tables; here passengers may sit and chat when the games are not running.

The gambler seated himself near a group whose oracle and spokesman was Mr. Justice Solon G. Trask, father of Miss Providence and husband to Mistress Prudence. As usual, the learned jurist delivered a discourse, addressing himself to an old friend, Mr. Emerson Fridge, jeweler, also of Cincinnati.

"Criminology, dear Emerson, is a science deeply rooted in human nature. My success at the law is due to the fact that I have studied life. For in my wild-cat days I made it a point to observe how men lived. And my forthcoming book shall treat of personal experiences in the underworld, the ins and outs of gambling, the sharp tricks ——"

*"Ah, Monsieur, You are So Wonderful! So Clever! So ——"*
*And Mademoiselle's Languishing Eyes Said Much More*

Behind his newspaper Crow did not smile as Justice Trask proceeded regardless of whether anybody heard him or not. The sharp-visaged wife kept on with her knitting, and Mr. Fridge wanted to talk of his own hobby, jewelry. Mr. Fridge thought only in terms of mineral and metallic adornment, never failed to note what people wore, and his knowledge of values was a joy to Mrs. Trask.

"Emerson," she whispered, "that woman in black—her cameo brooch—what do you suppose it cost?"

"Less than fifty dollars," the expert appraised it. "But if you want to see something genuinely handsome, glance to your left—dark-haired man behind the newspaper—four marvelous diamonds."

"How much did they cost?"

"Forty-five hundred each, at the very least."

"Land's sake!" Mistress Prudence tallied on pecuniary fingers. "Eighteen thousand dollars—one man's shirt!"

Mr. Justice Solon G. Trask was a personage of substance and attainment. His substance he meant to keep, while showering mankind with his attainments in a loud voice.

"My forthcoming memoirs will demonstrate my theories as to a form of lunacy which I have so happily phrased the dementia of hazard. It is the vice of our age, and posterity must ——"

The monotonous monologue went on, while Crow sat listening and reconnoitering the door of Number 7. He seemed to be amused instead of bent upon business. After a carnival harvest, the gambler did not need money. He never hoarded up treasure in vaults. Why should he? The Universal Corporation of Suckers acted as his banker and honored every levy, which was simpler than presenting checks across a counter.

Now the conversation mill appeared to be running down, for the Honorable Justice Trask arose, still expounding, and backed away before anybody else could start. With undulant swing, his maroon-colored coat tails flopped out to the guards, when Crow got up and followed. The pompous Cincinnatian thrust both hands into his pockets and took exercise. At a pause in his promenade Crow approached him, deferential and courteous, a splendid figure, immaculately dressed.

"This is Mr. Justice Trask, I believe?"

"That's my name, sir." The judge assumed his most affable manner. "How can I serve you?"

"A letter, sir, from Judge Lansdowne, of New Orleans." And Crow presented it.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Trask, unbending. "Old Harry's handwriting. One of the ablest lawyers in America, who has honored me with his friendship."

"Judge Lansdowne is my attorney." Crow bowed again.

"You couldn't do better—couldn't do better. An upright man. Somewhat too harum-scarum in his sports. Nevertheless, a sound lawyer, a constitutional lawyer."

A peculiar something about the letter led Judge Trask to examine it. The envelope bore his own name and was sealed, as an introduction between gentlemen should never be. Furthermore, he observed that its bearer drew aside for him to open and read in private.

The handwriting, however, was undoubtedly that of Henry Lansdowne. A first reading did not satisfy Trask, who seemed puzzled; so he sat down, wiped his gold-rimmed spectacles and read again:

*My dear Solon:* Lawyers, as you know, sometimes have queer clients. I am sending you Don John Morisco—which may not be his name.

While on the Comus Queen en route to Vicksburg, he desires to deposit a certain document in the keeping of some gentleman whose integrity cannot be questioned. Naturally, I think of no man better qualified than yourself.

All that my friendship asks of you is that you indorse upon the inclosed envelope the day and hour of its receipt, the day and hour when you open it—if Don John wishes you to open it.

I definitely do not commend the bearer to your personal courtesy, of which he is fully aware. Your relations with him, if any, shall be of your own choosing, and based upon your well-known capacity to estimate the human character.

Don John is not of our world, but a remarkable man in his own. Believe or disbelieve what he may tell you.

Wishing you and the family all happiness and a safe journey home, I am, as ever,

Affectionately your friend,
HARRY LANSDOWNE.

A third and more penetrating perusal failed to clear the puzzlement. With greater care and much curiosity, Trask

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# DEBUTANTE DIPLOMACY

## By Maude Parker

ILLUSTRATED BY JAUL TEPPER

SOME years ago during the Roosevelt Administration in fact—a New York debutante was invited to visit a school friend whose father was a high official in Washington. Due to the connections of the family, the guest was invited to a ball at the White House, to one or two embassy parties, and she was included in the routine luncheons and dinners and afternoon receptions. Her young hostess was quite proud of the round of entertainments which she had provided, until her visitor's bread-and-butter letter arrived.

"Thank you for the heavenly time," she wrote with complete sincerity. "I came back to New York absolutely rejuvenated, my dear. I've never had such a perfect rest!"

During the winter of this current year, however, the daughter of this girl, who in the course of time married a well-to-do New Yorker and brought up her several children on Long Island and Park Avenue, came down to the capital to visit. She also stayed with a school friend a girl from an ultrafashionable Southern institution from which more girls are excluded, it is said, than from any other. Her hostess was also the daughter of an official, and she was included in all the entertainments given for the family. There was no ball at the White House, but she attended an evening musicale there, and on one memorable afternoon she was taken to have tea with Mrs. Coolidge.

When she got home, she, too, sent a letter of appreciation, but hers sounded a very different note from that of her mother's a generation earlier.

"My dear, after Washington, New York seems absolutely flat!" she wrote. "Everywhere I go here I sit next to no one more interesting than a college undergraduate! And after all those wonderful dinners down there, with those men of the world to talk to, I must say I'm frightfully bored. Then, of course, parties here are all very much the same—they're all given in hotels or restaurants—and it isn't half so much fun as going to those big old-fashioned houses down there. . . . Do remember me to those nice boys at the State Department and to all the bachelor secretaries of the British Embassy and any of the stray Italians or Norwegians who were so nice. My dear, I get positively homesick for Washington every time I even hear a waiter talking with a foreign accent!"

### *Far From Colleges*

IT IS an amusing result of the increasingly feministic tendencies of modern society that our national capital should become not only the Mecca of well-to-do widows and unattached women who love to entertain but also of the debutantes. The girl of a generation ago who found Washington a satisfactory place in which to rest—and many girls in New York at that time so regarded it—were thinking in terms of the mechanics of society. Life was then, and still is, infinitely more leisurely in Washington than in New York or Boston. This is due to climate, to the Southern influence, and in large measure to the fact that it is not a city of commercial enterprise.

The result is that the tempo of life is slower, if measured in terms of the number of engagements to every twenty-four hours. In New York, where the social season comprises less than three months and there are two hundred debutantes, there may be four or five coming-out balls on one evening, for instance; whereas in Washington, with only forty debutantes and a much more extended season, there will rarely be more than one. But the girl of today is too sophisticated to measure excitement by this yardstick. Only the inexperienced feel that they are having the best time when their calendars are so full that their engagements overlap and conflict.

The modern girl does not just want to go somewhere; she wants to have a good time when she gets there; and whether she has a good time depends, of course, almost entirely upon the men she meets. If she lives in Boston, she will meet Harvard undergraduates night after night. Many of them will be Bostonians with whom she has grown up and gone to dancing school in the winter and sailed boats in the summer. In New York she will see not only undergraduates from Harvard but from Yale and Princeton and Williams and Amherst. By and large, however, they will all look somewhat alike, dress alike and talk very much the same.

But in Washington there is a great difference. There she will be taken in to luncheon by a dark-eyed Spaniard who speaks English with the most fascinating accent, and on her other side will be a young attaché from the British Embassy. They will talk to her in quite a different way from those boys at home; each one will in fact be quite unlike the other, and she will find herself, while dressing for dinner, wondering just whom she'll draw tonight. In fact, in this very uncertainty lies much of the social charm which Washington has for all ages, but especially for the debutante. A young Boston girl who left her native city at the height of its festivities last winter and came down to Washington, was asked what she liked best about society in the capital.

"The best thing about it, to my mind," she explained, "is that it's so far from all the colleges."

She was talking about social life as an end in itself, and not as a means to the conventional end. Or, as her older married sister aptly put it: "I admit that Washington provides the best suitors in America, but I'll wager you'll find your husband in Boston or New York!"

### *A Rip Van Winkle Dream*

MANY mothers of daughters who reside in Washington are apt to bemoan, in private, the scarcity of eligible young men for their daughters to marry. They are delighted not by the influx of more foreign diplomats at the embassies and legations which may thrill the younger generation, but by the opening of a new branch bank or brokerage house that will bring to the capital more business men. The dreamy-eyed European who bows so charmingly over your hand and dances the tango divinely is less their ideal son-in-law than the unimaginative young American who talks about stocks and bonds.

One finds, therefore, that the same elements which contribute so much to the debutantes' delight prove a discouragement to most of their families. Of course there are mothers—more rarely, fathers—who long to see their daughters marry into the foreign diplomatic service. And if they have enough money to assure a good income for the daughter, it is fairly easy of accomplishment. By and large, however, the initiated Washingtonian who has observed many international marriages feels that they involve, in addition to the risks of matrimony, the possibility of complications in case of political difficulties or future wars; and they realize that although it may be a pleasant life the few years that the diplomat is stationed in Washington, after he is sent to other posts his wife will not only spend her life among strangers but she will always be alien even in her own embassy.

Naturally enough, there is not quite so much glamour for the debutante, nor so much opposition from her family attached to our own young diplomats. There are always a good many of them available, because they usually train for the service in Washington; and there is a definite policy now on the part of the State Department to bring them back, after they have been abroad for some years, for a term of service at home. In the minds of many debutantes, these boys rank slightly below the foreign diplomats, but above the undergraduates who form the stag line at dances in other cities.

One of this group, who returned the other day after four years abroad, declared that when he opened his mail he felt as if his entire absence had been only a Rip Van Winkle dream.

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*Of Course There are Mothers—More Rarely, Fathers—Who Long to See Their Daughters Marry Into the Foreign Diplomatic Service*

# THE WOMAN HIGHER UP

## By Margaret Culkin Banning

ILLUSTRATED BY MAY WILSON PRESTON

"I Think Perhaps You've Done the Only Thing You Could Do, Lorry"

SUE WOOD, according to her custom, was breakfasting in bed. She never got up before half-past nine or ten, not as a matter of personal indulgence, but because it gave her a chance to attack, from an ambush of linen sheets and mauve satin comfortables, some few of the activities and responsibilities that were always waiting for her. Also, bed was the nearest approach to privacy that she was ever allowed.

On the breakfast tray were chilled hothouse strawberries, and black coffee and two small slices of buttered whole-wheat toast. Just enough to linger over while she decided what was the next step to take in building up a firm political organization of women, and what, if anything, to do about Gabrielle. Both problems lay formulated before her, Gabrielle's on pale green handmade Italian paper, and the other on a smooth, accurately typed sheet that had come from a man of great political sagacity. Gabrielle's was as personal as the scent that had clung to her letter all the way across the ocean, and the other discussed many thousands of women, most of whom Mrs. Wood had never seen.

"I think it's Lorry's stomach," wrote Gabrielle, "although he thinks it's ambition or something else he read about in a book. He's been smoldering now for about three months and snapping at reasonably innocent bystanders. Anyway I won't follow a case of indigestion around. So he departed alone, telling me by word and portent how unwifely he considers me. I really think Lorry is good rough material for the kind of husband who gets his chief pleasure out of beating up his wife on Saturday night. He's much more bossy than I thought. It comes out in matrimony. I had a letter, by the way, from Janet Evans. You remember, she visited me once or twice. She's married too. To somebody who lives up north in a town called Battle Axe. He's a miner. She was terribly funny about it. Battle Axe ought to be a grand headquarters for Lorry, with his present temperament. You might suggest it to him if he turns up. Don't work too hard, darling. Why don't you turn the country into an empire, so there won't have to be any more elections to bother about? Empires develop such nice furniture."

There was a postscript. "Tell Lorry he'd better have his teeth X-rayed. That may be it."

It was clear enough that she could not leave the thought of him alone, flip and negligent as she might be or choose to appear. Gabrielle's picture was in the direct range of Mrs. Wood's vision as she laid down the letter and poured herself more coffee. It was a camera portrait done by one of those uncanny photographers who can show a mother at a glance what she has done with her child. There in his reproduction was that blithe-tongued young modern, Gabrielle, without evasion. He had brought out the healthy poise of her beautiful shoulders—that was from sturdy and hygienic bringing up—the restlessness in her eyes—that was from having so much money and no necessity for effort—the natural wave of her hair—that was heredity—and the wistful, impudent mouth that could both insult and beseech. There was something about Sue Wood's own mouth that suggested the same things, except that the elder woman's had also steady curves of decision, which Gabrielle's did not bother about.

The buzzer by the side of the bed hummed gently, intimating that some one of the few people privileged to call Mrs. Wood before she was out of bed was now doing so. She lifted the receiver of the telephone with the quick attention she gave to any duty.

"This is Mrs. Wood. . . . Why, hello, Lorry! When did you come?"

The man at the other end of the wire went into explanation of his presence.

"Yes, I heard from her this morning," she answered. "Of course I want to see you, Lorry. . . . No, I don't misunderstand at all. Let me see." She gave an inclusive glance at the typewritten letter on her breakfast tray, the sheaf of memoranda beside it, and the little gold-faced clock. "I'm leaving for Washington this afternoon, but only for a few days. . . . No, I'm sorry but I'm busy for lunch. Why don't you run up for a few minutes now? I have until ten o'clock. It's just fifteen past nine. . . . Fine."

It meant an abrupt abandoning of the strawberries and coffee and toast. She dressed very quickly and alone, for she allowed neither maid nor secretary to intrude upon what was left of her fragment of solitude. There was no great array of gowns in her wardrobe to confuse her or interest her, and she knew exactly what one she wanted—a tailored dress that would do for her committee meeting, for luncheon and the train. The dress was hunter's green and simply designed. When Mrs. Wood pulled on a black-and-silver turban that fitted her head and did not obscure an expression of her dark keen unpowdered face, she was through with the care of her body for some time. It had taken her about half an hour to bathe and dress, and from the stiff silver camellia, which was the only ornament she wore except a gold wedding ring, to her beautifully fitting slippers she looked unmistakably what she was—rich, important, forty-five, experienced past surprise or flurry, and excessively intelligent.

By the time Loring Bayne arrived she had left her bedroom and gone down to the library, where she stood reading the political news in the morning papers, and reading much more than was printed. Her father, United States senator, President maker, shrewd political boss, and humanitarian, had taught her how to read that way when she was very young, and it had been her business as the wife of her husband, whose career might also have been history if death had not interrupted it, to keep on reading. She had never stopped.

Bayne felt that he was in the right, and he had not been getting regular sleep. Both things were obvious from her first glance at him. He looked haggard and stubborn. Sue smiled at him in the disarming way she had, which always loosed people's confidences, and held out her hand. He took it in a tight, nervous clasp.

"Poor Lorry."

"Sue," he said, "you can't imagine ——"

"I certainly can."

"I suppose you think I've acted like a bum. What did she write you?"

"That you'd abandoned her," Sue told him, with a faint exaggeration in her tone that made it comedy. But he did not see it that way.

"Well, I did, if that's the way she wants to put it," he said grimly. "I used every argument in the world to get her to come back with me. But that stuff was simply getting me, that was all."

"You mean living over there?"

"What's there to it?" he asked, as if repeating old arguments. "Where does it get you? I stood it for pretty nearly a year without a whimper. You know how I feel about Gabrielle."

"I know how you felt, Loring," she answered, half questioning.

He gave her one haunted look that told her more than any words what an ugly wrench it had been for him.

"It wasn't any fun to leave her over there. I don't like those people she plays with much. But it was that or

drink myself to death. Day in, day out, nothing to do but be a bum. I couldn't stand it any longer, Sue. That's what it got down to."

"Too bad you didn't settle all that before you married."

She remembered as she spoke that after all he was only twenty-four now and that when he and Gabrielle had married they had been two ardent, delighted children in a daze of discovering each other. Either one of them would have lived on the moon then if the other had suggested it.

"I thought we'd shake down all right," he said awkwardly. "But I always—kind of—well, meant to do something with my life. Gaby knew it. I told her so."

"She wasn't paying any attention," remarked Sue.

"I know that now. Well, anyway, there wasn't any use hanging around in Paris fighting with each other. I asked her to come back with me and sort of settle down and let me get a job, and—well, start a family maybe, and make something of our lives. And she ——"

"She laughed at you?"

"I'll say she did. Laughed the ear off me."

"Does she really like it so much over there, you think?"

"I guess so. Those people hand her a lot of con talk—that gang she runs around with. They haven't got a brain to split between the lot, except Gabrielle, and they all play up to her. But, anyway, I asked her to go home—I put it pretty strongly, I guess—then it was all off! Nothing doing from that time on."

Mrs. Wood's secretary appeared at the open library door, a notebook and a pile of letters in her hand, and stood hesitating.

"I'll be ready in a minute, Miss O'Brien," said Sue, and then, as the secretary retreated, she spoke swiftly to Loring:

"I think perhaps you've done the only thing you could do, Lorry, to keep your self-respect. Of course, I don't know whether you can stick it out without Gabrielle or not. But you'll just have to try it and see. She's of age and she's of a free habit of mind and she's not dependent on anyone, you know."

"I wish she were," he said grimly. "I don't suppose there's any chance she'll lose her money?"

Mrs. Wood shook her head. "It comes from too many sources, I'm afraid. It's too bad. It's been one of the things that has always kept her from getting some of the things I would have liked her to have. I think the best chance is that she can't get along without you."

"That's the least of her troubles."

"I hope not," said Sue; "and anyway, now that you're back, you only can show her that you mean what you say by putting your work first. What are you going to do?"

"Mining engineer, if I can get a job."

"Times are hard," she warned him, and the words came out oddly in the midst of all the luxury around them. "You'll have to take what you can get."

"I don't care what I get, so it's work."

Sue regarded him, this young man of fine presence and conscientious eyes who wasn't satisfied with the fact that he was sure to inherit a fortune and had married an heiress into the bargain. She had been so satisfied to give her lovely distracting Gabrielle to him, because there was a cleanness and straightforwardness in him that seemed fundamental. Too bad.

"Don't write Gaby," she said.

"I won't. Except to put it squarely before her and make sure she understands."

"Don't write at all," repeated Sue slowly; "not a line, not a syllable. As long as you do you'll only excite yourself and show her her power."

"I know. But I've got to know somehow if she's all right."

"Leave that to me. I'll tell you if she isn't. She'll write to me. She always does. But don't you write her."

"All right, I won't," he said doubtfully, "if you're sure that's the thing to do."

The secretary appeared in the door again, looking harassed.

"I am sure," said Sue. "Good-by, Lorry. Call me up next week and I'll tell you what I hear. You get some sleep and a hard job. That's what you need now."

"You're the world's best mother-in-law," he told her, wringing her hand devoutly.

But Sue, signaling her secretary that she was ready, was wondering how good a mother she had been. It had always been her fun, her delight, being Gabrielle's mother. There had been so much earnestness in her life up until the time she was married. There was fascination, of course, in the political setting in which so much of her father's life had been staged, and she had early played the part of soubrette at dinners of diplomats and senators. Then came those precious years with Dick Wood, another man of political destiny; but more than that, her husband and her passionate lover. When he had died and been publicly mourned, she knew only, out of the depths of her secret personal agony, that his child was left, the reality of their love, the joy of it, the beautiful thing in her life that had always stood apart from the rest of its conscientious, intellectual, civic procedure. Gabrielle was her only personal delight. She had laid away her mourning after a while and gone back to the things that were her responsibilities, and her interest too. She knew the world had to be governed. Her father had taught her that. He had taught her how to take a part in its governing, and that wealth and position did not exempt men or even women from assuming part of the political burden. And suffrage had come, with more problems and readjustments, changing the game only by complicating it.

But she had exempted Gabrielle. Gabrielle had gone her own utterly irresponsible way, being amusing, beautiful, generous and affectionate. Somehow it always seemed enough to her mother. Perhaps there were times when it seemed restful to meet Gabrielle's utter indifference to politics and civics, just as there were times when Sue, going to a political conference, put a volume of exotic poetry into her overnight bag. She had never found a trace of liking in her daughter for any of the things that made up earnest living and she had not superimposed them on her. Secretly she knew that was one reason Gabrielle adored her, and wondered if it was why Gabrielle seemed so magical to her.

"You have an appointment at eleven with the state committee woman from Nebraska," said Miss O'Brien.

"I know," said Sue, "and I must run through those letters before she comes. I think I'll be able to get through in Washington in three days, so you can put that meeting of the county club here for next Wednesday at three. I hope I can get here on that ten o'clock train in the morning. While I'm gone I hope you can find time to shape up a trip I must take next month through Wisconsin and Michigan and Minnesota to get in touch personally with some of the women there. I had a letter from Mr. Bradlaugh this morning and he thinks it is time to build up a firm woman's organization. I want you to write letters to some key women in that part of the country suggesting an informal meeting in each place where I stop. Tell them that we want to get ready for the next presidential campaign and that it's time to be about it. You know how to put it. I'll give you a list of the places where I want to go and the names that I can think of, and you can schedule me as conveniently as you can. Get me a map of that part of the country, will you, please, Miss O'Brien?"

They bent over it together.

"The big cities are easy to organize. That's what Mr. Bradlaugh says. He feels that where we fall down—the women, I mean—is that we haven't any real hold on any women in the country districts—up here, for example, in this mining country. There must be hundreds and thousands of women all through there whom we don't reach and the league doesn't reach. I went up here once with father. It's marvelous country. Let's see—Redstone, Murray, Battle Axe—where have I heard about that place before?"

Then she remembered Gabrielle's letter and smiled in spite of herself at the recollection of Gaby's suggestion of the name as a setting for her husband's temper.

"Who's the strong woman up in there?" questioned Mrs. Wood. "Haven't we written to some Mrs. Anderson up there? A temperance woman? Look it up, Miss O'Brien, and call Miss Eberhart at the league office. She might know. Then see if we can stir up some sort of meeting there. You can go ahead on that and give me the memorandum when I get back. And by the

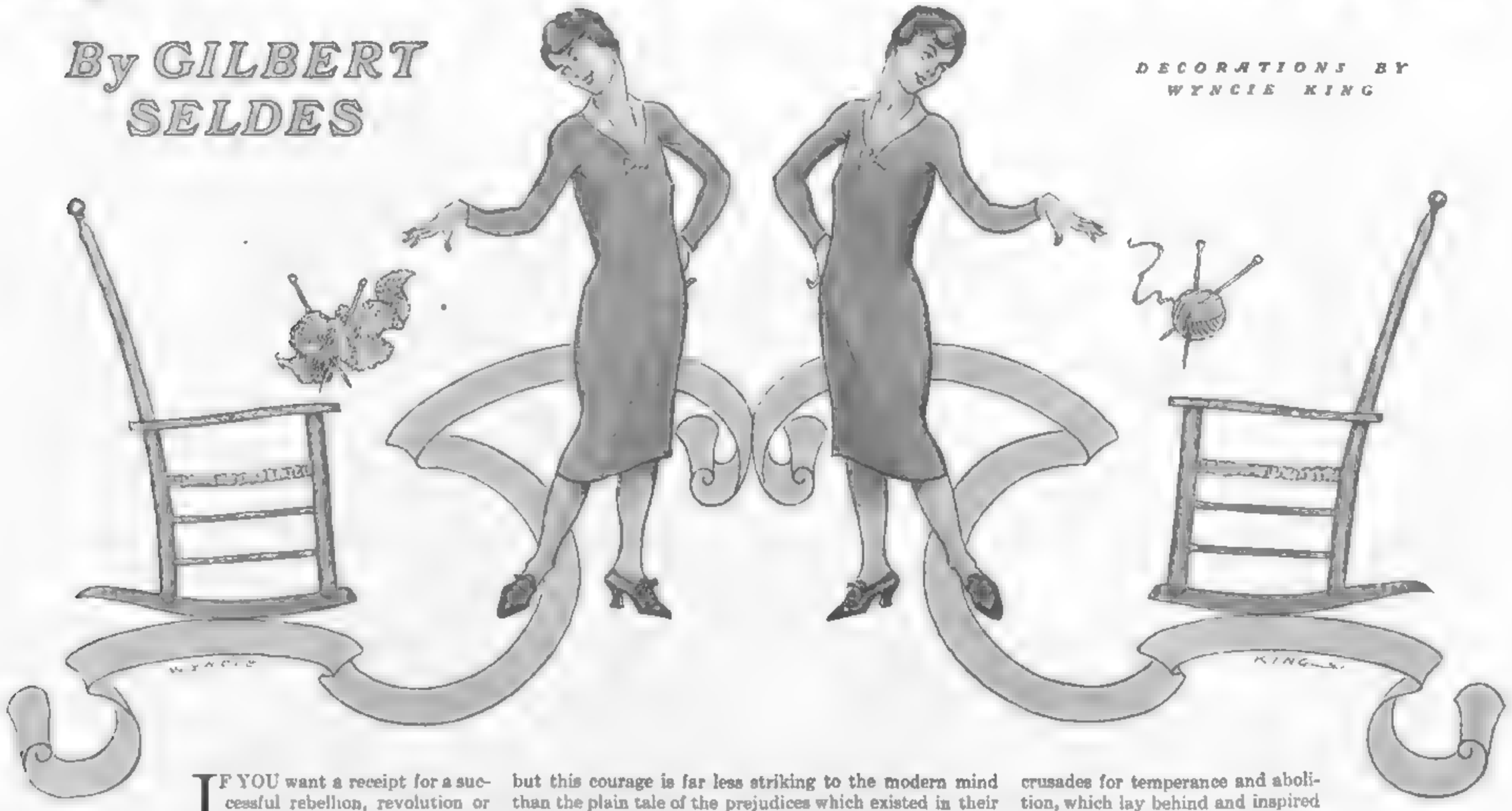
(Continued on Page 88.)

"You Make Politics a Fascinating Business"

# Rx FOR REVOLUTION

By GILBERT SELDES

DECORATIONS BY WYNCIE KING




IF YOU want a receipt for a successful rebellion, revolution or reform in America, the nineteenth century offers you the simplest and surest prescription: Be led by a woman. As you look back over the field of reform you are struck by the almost invariable success of women, contrasting with the constant failure of men. The three most profound changes written into the Constitution of the United States are either partly or wholly the work of women. The association of women with the earliest abolition movement is a matter of record. In the temperance movement and the woman's suffrage movement men took an important part. The "six reformed drunkards of Baltimore" who founded the Washingtonian movement, were directly and indirectly the creators of the Eighteenth Amendment. But their evangelistic enthusiasm would have come to nothing if it had not been handed down through women as different, but determined, as Frances Willard and Carry Nation. In the suffrage movement the beginning goes back to the American Revolution, but it also was a movement of women for women.

### *Seeking the Ballot for a Weapon*

THESE three are the outstanding successes of prophetic women, but they are not the only ones, and it would seem that in a woman all eccentricity is pardonable. Mrs. Bloomer and Dr. Mary Walker were hooted in the streets; early women lecturers on temperance, abolition or suffrage were stoned and ostracized, but in the long run they won out, and this is more remarkable because the field of reform in which women worked was a combination of economics and morality, and had a strong religious impulse. Such a field is always more dangerous to the reformer than a purely political or economic venture. The men founded colonies and wilted under ridicule and abuse, but the women founded causes and throve on the fury of their adversaries.

To the age which knows woman's suffrage only as a movement already sanctified by law in the West, and gradually making its way eastward and finally into the Constitution, the lives of the early prophets are a record of amazing courage, but this courage is far less striking to the modern mind than the plain tale of the prejudices which existed in their time. The men, intent on preserving the supremacy of the male in the first half of the nineteenth century, seem to us not only unbelievably crude and violent, but short-sighted, unstatesmanlike and stupid. For if anything is clear in the history of American reform it is that the whole question of women's rights need never have come up, or if the movement were inevitable, that it could have been delayed and thwarted by the exercise of intelligent statesmanship.

From the time of Abigail Adams women had participated in politics through their men and had exerted their influence, as in the monarchies of Europe, by their intelligence and wit. A time came, however, when they desired two things very deeply and were unable to express that desire. They were driven to find a way out, and the focus of their energies on the ballot as an end in itself was the result. What they wanted was temperance and abolition. If the women of the United States had been able to make themselves effective in favor of these two causes from 1825 to 1860, the ballot would have remained a secondary object entirely. Again and again as you read the biographies of suffrage leaders you find that they came into suffrage because they were abolitionists or prohibitionists and because they could not speak in public or otherwise make themselves influential in their time. They were interested in the laws of marriage and divorce, in education for women and the opening of professional life, in dress reform, in phrenology and diet, but above and beyond everything else, almost all of them wanted to destroy the demon rum and the blight of slavery.

They wanted women to hold property on the same terms with men, because they wanted to prevent the drunken fathers from ruining their children; they wanted divorce made easier so that the virtuous wife might escape the drunken husband. They wanted to speak in public, to be lawyers and doctors and bankers, so that the drunkard in his delirium tremens or in his grave would not leave the wife and mother and children penniless. The leaders of the Temperance Convention in 1852 in Rochester is the roster of the first names in woman's suffrage. Mrs. Bloomer was there and Miss Susan B. Anthony; Elizabeth Cady Stanton and Lucy Stone. They were prohibitionists, but their fame was to come down as the pioneers of another cause. Checked in their desires, they were clairvoyant enough to see that they would have to acquire political rights before they could achieve political reforms. Eventually they brought into woman's suffrage a moral fervor and passion which seem excessive. But looking back, one sees that these were the fervor and passion of the great crusades for temperance and abolition, which lay behind and inspired the woman's-suffrage movement.

To ridicule women for being manly seems to be as habitual an occupation with men as to ridicule her for being womanly. She uses cosmetics or she does not use cosmetics, and in either case satires appear in the public prints. This we are accustomed to, but we are rather shocked to hear that in 1829 the first public examination of a girl in the subject of geometry created a "storm of ridicule." At about the same period we find one of the permanent features of the women's movement: That women were its enemies as much as men. A few brave spirits had undertaken to study human anatomy as a preparation for medicine, and a dummy was used by a woman instructor in a lecture room to which no men were admitted. "Mrs. Davis used to relate that when she uncovered her manikin some ladies would drop their veils because of its indelicacy, and others would run from the room; sometimes ladies even fainted."

### *When Free Speech Was a Matter of Sex*

THE difficulties in the way of women were precisely calculated to drive them into a search for independence. Even runaway negroes, cherished in the North, refused at first to have Lucy Stone as a teacher, simply because she was a woman. In school debates which took place in a church, girl pupils were obliged to be present but not allowed to participate. In the abolitionist North "when women proposed to hold a fair in Concert Hall, their flag was torn down from the street while they and their property were ejected by the high constable. When women were speaking in Pennsylvania Hall brickbats were hurled at them through the windows. When women searched Philadelphia through for a place where they might meet and speak and pray for the slave mother and child—the most miserable of human beings—halls and churches were closed against them. And who were these women? Eloquent speakers, able writers, dignified wives and mothers, the most moral, religious, refined, cultured, intelligent citizens that Massachusetts, New York, South Carolina and Pennsylvania could boast."

The Female Moral Reform Society of Philadelphia was allowed to meet in the basement of a church, but only on condition that no women should speak. When the first Woman's Rights Convention met at Seneca Falls, New York, in July, 1848, a man was the presiding officer, and the declaration drawn up, although written in the style of the Declaration of Independence, was expressed with much moderation. The franchise was not unanimously asked for—it was, in fact, strongly opposed—because the women "feared a demand for the right to vote would defeat others . . . deemed more rational, and would make the whole movement ridiculous." The tone of the time may be judged from newspaper paragraphs from various sources:

"A woman is nobody. A wife is everything. A pretty girl is equal to ten thousand men, and a Mother is, next to God, all powerful. . . . The ladies of Philadelphia, therefore, under the influence of the most serious second thoughts, are resolved to retain their rights as Wives, Belles, Virgins and Mothers, and not as Women."

"We are sorry to see that women in several parts of this state are holding what they call 'Woman's Rights Conventions,' and setting forth a formidable list of those rights in a Parody upon the Declaration of American Independence. . . ."

"To us they appear extremely dull and uninteresting, and, aside from their novelty, hardly worth notice. . . ."

"This had been a remarkable Convention. It was composed of those holding to some one of the various isms of the day, and some, we should think, who embraced them all. The only practical good proposed—the adoption of methods for the relief and the amelioration of the conditions of indigent, industrious, laboring females—was almost scouted by the leading ones composing the meeting. The great effort seemed to be to bring out some new, impractical, absurd and ridiculous proposition, and the greater its absurdity the better. . . ."

### *A Meeting Place of Isms and Fads*

IT REMAINED for Susan B. Anthony to bring the business to a head, when in 1872 she went to the polls, in company with several friends and, exercising what she claimed to be her rights as a citizen, voted for a candidate for representative. She was arrested, and the report of the trial begins with the statement of the Hon. Richard Crowley, United States District Attorney, "that on the 5th day of November, 1872, Miss Susan B. Anthony was a woman." The jury refused to bring in a verdict, but the judge held her guilty, and when she was asked why sentence should not be passed upon her she made a classic speech in defense of her rights, which the judge six times vainly attempted to interrupt. She was fined $100 and refused to pay.

An early specimen of woman's guile in politics may be noticed in this case. Miss Anthony and her friends took the precaution to vote the Republican ticket and in that way avoided the rancor of the Republican officials who were later to arrest and bring them to trial. By that time the woman's movement had made vast headway. Women appeared in industry and the professions, and had spoken in public; and their influence, if not their rights, had been recognized. At least one woman had been invited to speak on a Republican platform; and Republican leaders blamed those women who supported the Prohibition Party for withdrawing so many votes that the election of Cleveland resulted.

As the papers of the time quite accurately said, the woman's movement was a meeting place of many other isms and fads. One of these at least left the male untouched. It was the effort of women to free themselves from their own clothes. What they wanted to get rid of were tight stays, tight shoes, and skirts so long and so heavy that it became a positive joy to Elizabeth Cady Stanton to dress in the reformed costume and to go "running up and down stairs with my hands free."

It was the fate of Amelia Bloomer to have her name associated with a costume which she did not invent, and which, in fact, she wore only a short time. Mrs. Bloomer was already a prominent leader, and just as all funny stories had to be attributed to Lincoln, all funny fads seemed to coagulate around her name. What we call bloomers we should call millers, for it was a Mrs. Miller who actually invented the costume which Mrs. Bloomer wore. Her own description of it is so unattractive as to suggest that she took that "grim satisfaction in dreariness" which a reformer has called the characteristic of the time:

"We would have the skirt reaching down to nearly halfway between the knee and ankle, and not made quite so full as is the present fashion; underneath this skirt, trousers made moderately full, in fair mild weather coming down to the ankle, not instep, and there gathered in with an elastic band, the shoes or slippers to suit the occasion; for winter or wet weather the trousers also full, but coming down into the boot, which should rise at least three or four inches above the ankle. This boot should be gracefully sloped at the upper edge and trimmed with fur or fancifully embroidered, according to the taste of the wearer. The material might be cloth, or morocco, moose skin, and so on, and made waterproof if desirable."

But the New York Tribune, describing her at one of her lectures, is much more attractive: "Mrs. Bloomer was attired in a dark brown changeable tunic, a kilt descended just below the knees, the skirt of which was trimmed with rows of black velvet. The pantaloons were of the same texture and trimmed in the same style. She wore gaiters. Her headdress was cherry and black. Her dress had a large open corsage, with bands of velvet over the white chemisette in which was a diamond stud pin. She wore flowing sleeves, tight undersleeves and black lace mitts. Her whole attire was rich and plain in appearance."

To Mrs. Bloomer the revival of baggy trousers for women, which came with the bicycle and, with its revival, all the jokes on her name, would have been only another irony of fate. For although she believed intensely in dress reform, this was only an insignificant item in the great works to which she set herself. She came from upstate New York, which shared with Ohio the peculiar faculty for developing reformers, and one feels the vast remove of time which separates her from us in the very syllables of her father's name, Ananias Jenks, and in the pseudonym, Gloriana, under which she often wrote. Her marriage to Dexter C. Bloomer came just before the campaign of Tippecanoe and Tyler too—a campaign, by the way, in which she was not deeply interested—and the day of her marriage was made notable by two circumstances. The first was the omission of the word "obey" from the marriage vows; as this is written, more than eighty years later, the sanction of the Church of England signalizes this change as another triumph for women reformers. The second event of the day is told in her husband's own words:

"Mr. Bloomer had many friends in the town, and on the evening of his arrival with his bride they filled Mr. Fuller's room to welcome the newly wedded couple to their new home and new life. With them came many members of a fire company of which Mr. Bloomer was a member, accompanied by a band of music, and all went merry as a marriage bell. Refreshments were, of course, served, and among them a plentiful supply of wine, for in those days this was the almost certain accompaniment for all social gatherings. All, or nearly all, partook of it; and just then occurred an incident which told most instructively of the moral character and firmness of the young and happy bride. Glasses were filled with the sparkling beverage and one of them was presented to her by the bridegroom himself, but she firmly yet pleasantly declined to accept it. 'What!' he said with the greatest earnestness. 'Will you not drink a glass with me on this joyful occasion? Surely it can do you no harm.' 'I cannot! I must not!' A crowd of guests standing around could but admire her great self-denial and devotion to principles; and ever after, to the end of her days, she was a firm and consistent advocate of Temperance and the unceasing enemy of strong drink in all its varied forms."

### *A Soirée at Horace Greeley's*

ONE follows the sensible and energetic Amelia through her full and interesting life with a sense of recapturing the whole of American history. She fell under the influence of the Washingtonians. She became a contributor to her husband's newspaper and assistant postmaster at Seneca Falls, then began to edit her own magazine, The Lily, thus being virtually a pioneer in her field, as most other women editors had not owned their magazines. With some excitement she took the New York and Erie Railroad steam cars, and among her visits in the metropolis was one to the home of the great phrenologist, L. N. Fowler—it will be noted that the other great dress reformer, Dr. Mary Walker, shared this enthusiasm for phrenology—and another to the home of Horace Greeley. The gentleness, the perfume, the waywardness and energy of the time all come out in her account of a soirée at Greeley's:

"At the latter place we met about a dozen of New York's literati. Of these I only

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# SELL SHOCK

## By OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

JASPER DE VOID moved timidly to the curb in front of the Terminal Station and stood staring. Fifth Avenue yawned before his eyes. A pall of smoke intensified the gloom of Birmingham dusk. Automobile headlights glowed without radiance, street cars appeared out of the murk, clanging horribly, and then passed on. Two tremendous busses drew up abreast of the elongated negro, disgorged passengers, accepted new ones and moved away into the vastness of the Alabama metropolis.

Six blocks away the haze which hovered over the city was lighted dully. The cheerless glow marked the civic center of the city. Jasper wanted to be there, but didn't know how to proceed.

Until the previous day, Mr. De Void had been a resident of near-Dothan. Dothan itself is an excellent little city, alive and progressive and subject to growing pains; but near-Dothan is an agricultural area, a highly rural district, an expanse of cotton and corn and garden truck. All his simple and uneventful life Mr. De Void had lived on and from the soil. His lengthy and somewhat lopsided figure rolled naturally to the furrow of plow and the lurch of mule. His eye was accustomed to luxurious verdure in the summer and gray desolation in the winter. But, save for a brief and scareful day in Columbus and another in Montgomery, Jasper had never seen a municipality of greater dimensions than Dothan.

Yet Mr. De Void yearned for urban fleshpots with all the devout passion of a typical son of the soil. For years his lonely dreams had been urgent with visions of Birmingham. As a modest prosperity came to him he even subscribed for a Birmingham newspaper, which he read avidly. He felt that he knew the city and would feel at home the minute he set foot in it.

Opportunity came to him. A wealthy colored person who owned land adjoining Jasper's smart little farm offered to purchase Jasper's holdings. Mr. De Void accepted two thousand dollars cash, signed the conveyance and found himself facing a golden future. He purchased a new suit of antique vintage, a two-dollar suitcase, a pair of gleaming yellow shoes and a derby hat. He acquired a ticket to Birmingham—and here he was.

But somehow the thrill of arriving in Birmingham was not so enjoyable as he had anticipated. The city was more vast than he expected. The smoke screen which drooped over it imparted an air of impenetrable mystery. Mr. De Void hesitated to move from the Terminal Station lest he become lost in the smoke and fog and forever disappear.

Jasper was not a handsome man. His complexion was that of ancient shellac. His figure was stringy and loose-jointed. His head was unduly long, appearing small when one was afforded a front view, but of tremendous proportions in profile. He had large sleepy eyes, set wide apart. His neck was amazingly thin and afforded a nervously insufficient support for the head. Around it was a celluloid collar and in his shirt front was a rhinestone scarf pin in the shape of an angel. He wore no necktie, that being a touch of city swank to which Mr. De Void did not yet aspire.

Jasper stood long upon the curb. He knew nobody and nobody knew him. He ached with loneliness. He was a friendly, friend-loving individual. He craved society and plenty of it. Wherefore, in sheer desperation, he picked up his paper suitcase and moved down Fifth Avenue toward the center of the city, where thousands of lights gleamed a doubtful welcome.

His progress was slow. The crowds bewildered him; he failed to heed the crimson traffic lights and was terrified by the strident shout of a policeman; he crossed Twentieth Street and Nineteenth. He paused to stare goggle-eyed at the imposing girth of the new Federal Building. On the corner of Eighteenth Street he stopped. Instinct informed him that he was home. He saw before him crowds no less dense and busy than those on Nineteenth Street, but these pedestrians had complexions which ranged from deepest ebony to brilliant yellow. They scurried through traffic indifferently; they were dressed for the most part in excellent and ultra-modern style; they were active and efficient and astoundingly at ease.

But the voices, the intonation, the method of speaking phonetically, marked them as Jasper's kind. He heaved a vast, contented sigh as he turned confidently into the very heart of Darktown.

Across the street he could see the imposing bulk of the Penny Prudential Bank Building, a stalwart structure of, by and for colored folks. He saw the glittering façades of the Champion, Frolic and Famous Theaters. He stared into the window of the Gold Crown Ice Cream Parlor, but he came to an abrupt and rapturous halt before the most modest front of them all.

It was a narrow place, its window none too scrupulously clean. Immediately beyond the entrance was a lunch counter, and beyond that, screened by a haze of cigarette smoke, were eight pool tables, each doing a hilarious and profitable business. An inscription on the window held Jasper's idolatrous attention:

BUD PEAGLAR'S BARBECUE LUNCH ROOM & BILLIARD PARLOR
BARBECUED BEEF & PORK. SANDWITCHES
BRUNSWICK STEW
POOL, FIVE CTS. PER CUE
BUD PEAGLAR, PROP.

*Jasper Gulped. "You Said Eight Hund'ed, Jemere"*

Jasper De Void, of Dothan, Alabama, reverently entered the historic portals of Bud's place. The atmosphere of carefree enjoyment was intoxicating. Jasper wondered modestly whether the day would ever come when he would fit into so effete a place as this.

He blinked his watery eyes as the odor of crispy barbecue and succulent Brunswick stew assailed his nostrils. It had been long since food had passed his lips. He deposited his suitcase on the floor and seated himself on a revolving stool. Bud Peaglar personally limped forward to serve the stranger.

Jasper was overcome. "G-g-g-gimme a b-b-barbecue san'wich, please, suh."

"Tha's the one thing I won't do nothin' else but," averred Bud. "Plenty hot sauce?"

"Anythin' you want, suh, please, suh."

Bud smiled as he turned to his open hearth. "Hick!" he murmured to himself.

But if Jasper De Void was interested in Bud Peaglar's cash customers, there was at least one person present who was more than a trifle intrigued by the lopsided stranger. Florian Slappey leaned on his pool cue and scrutinized Jasper carefully. There was something about the long lean, hungry man which riveted Mr. Slappey's expert attention. Instinct informed him that this was not merely a newcomer. He had a hunch.

Bud returned to the counter with a large plate on which rested a luscious sandwich of barbecued pork. "Coffee?" inquired Bud.

"Y-y-yas-suh, please, suh." The coffee was served. "H-h-h-how much?" asked Jasper.

"Fifteen cents."

Jasper inserted long fingers into a pants pocket. He extracted a roll of crisp new bills. He opened this huge roll carefully and from the very middle took a five-dollar note.

But Florian Slappey had seen enough. On the outside of that healthy roll of money he had glimpsed a one hundred-dollar yellow-back! Florian racked his cue, dusted the talcum from his hands, brushed his pearl-gray suit, adjusted his hat at a rakish angle, arranged the lavender handkerchief in his breast pocket and advanced on the hundred-dollar bill.

Mr. Slappey had formulated no plan of campaign, but he knew that one would readily present itself. He was a man who existed by his wits—an overplus of brain coupled with an irreducible minimum of effort. The unconventional acquiring of another's bank roll was, to him, a game. He fondly believed that his ethical code would bear critical inspection. If he happened to be smarter than the other fellow—well, that was like beating a friend at pool. Greater skill—and victory.

He seated himself alongside the bedazzled Jasper. He was a slim and elegant figure, of superb haberdashery and exquisite tailoring.

He waved a languid hand at the proprietor of the shop. "Bonsoir, Bud," he greeted in his best French. "How you makin' it?"

"Oh, tol'able, Florian—just tol'able."

Jasper De Void blinked. He wondered. He turned his eyes on the magnificent figure beside him and Florian smiled. "Evenin', stranger."

"H-h-howdy?"

"My name is Slappey—Florian Slappey."

"Gosh! I has heard tell 'bout you."

"Ain't it so?" Florian was excessively genial. He gestured toward the stacks of sandwiches. "Have somethin'?"

"N-n-no, thanky, suh. I just et."

"Tchk! Too bad. What's yo' name?"

"Jasper De Void. Ise fum Dothan."

"Oh! Visitin' Bummin'ham?"

"W-w-w-well, I sort of is."

"What you mean—sort of?"

"I—Ise plannin' to live heah. Mistuh Slappey, I has always craved to live in Bummin'ham. Ise sick of plowin' an' hoein' an' milkin' an' ——"

"Them sports ain't so popalar with me, neither, Jasper." Mr. Slappey was beginning to feel very good indeed. "Know anybody in town?"

"N-n-nos-suh. Nobody 'ceptin' you."

"Too bad. But Ise glad I met up with you. Helpin' strangers is the fondest thing I is of."

Mr. De Void murmured his gratitude. Florian gave him excellent and specific advice.

He inquired whether Jasper preferred a good rooming house or a modest hotel. Mr. De Void expressed a desire for the hotel.

"'Taint so awful cheap, Jasper. You got plenty money?"

"N'-n-nos-suh, not ve'y much. Only about two thousan' dollars."

Mr. Slappey's heart missed a beat. "Cash?"

"Uh-huh."

"Come 'long with me, slim boy. I'll see cain't I make you 'quainted with Bummin'ham."

Much was accomplished in the next two hours. In the first place Florian established the man from Dothan in a corner room at Sally Crouch's Cozy Home Hotel for Colored. Then he bought him a luscious ice-cream soda at the Gold Crown. During that time the two colored men became very well acquainted.

It was so very, very easy that even Mr. Slappey almost experienced a twinge of conscience. Never in all his career had he seen a human fruit so ripe for plucking. Jasper hung avidly upon every word that Mr. Slappey uttered. He talked freely and frankly of his cash capital. He informed Florian that he hoped to be able to make his money work for him—perhaps find a little business that was for sale, and he hoped that he might count on Mr. Slappey for advice.

"Boy, you sholy ain't gwine do nothin' else. I is the advisin'est man what is."

They moved arm in arm into the night. Florian was thinking fast and furiously.

"You b'long to any lodges, Jasper?"

"Nothin' 'cept the Knights an' Ladies of the Azure Blue."

"We ain't got no lodge of that heah. But if you is gwine git along in business an' sassiety in Bummin'ham, you got to jine up a few places. Fust off you must git into the Over the River Buryin' Sassiety."

"Y-y-yas-suh. I sholy craves to git me a good fun'ral."

"An' then," continued Florian, "I got to git you membershiped into The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise."

"Oh, man! Would you, really?"

"Uh-huh." Florian stopped short. "By golla!" he exclaimed. "We goes right up to their lodge rooms tonight. They is havin' a big meetin' an' reception an' I get you 'lectioned thoo right away. How 'bout it?"

Jasper was enthusiastic. They rambled northward—the lopsided, gangling negro and the alert dapper little Beau Brummell. Florian extended himself and fairly fascinated the arrival from Dothan. By the time they reached the lodge rooms Jasper De Void was mentally groveling at Florian's feet.

The meeting had not yet started. Florian strutted importantly through the hall with Jasper at his heels. He introduced the stranger to Isaac Gethers, Grand Magnificent High Potentate of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise, and insisted that the usual order be dispensed with so that Jasper could step immediately into membership. Potentate Gethers consulted with the portly and ponderous Lawyer Evans Chew and the thing was arranged.

Just before the meeting started, someone entered the large hall. The newcomer was not impressive. He was scarcely more than five feet in height. He was stoop-shouldered and hawk-eyed, and black as a lump of anthracite. Semore Mashby paused just inside the doorway. His sharp little eyes darted about the room, and with a quick, jerky step he descended upon a rather tall colored man who did not seem to welcome the onslaught.

L. Jupiter Jones was not at all happy to see Mr. Mashby. Semore reminded him too poignantly of financial misfortune, and he read disaster in the eyes of the wealthy little money lender. Semore's opening words caused Mr. Jones no comfort.

"Jupiter," snapped Semore, "when does you pay me that two hund'ed dollars you owe?"

L. Jupiter Jones was cornered. But there was something about the militant little loan shark which angered him beyond all reason. "I got thirty mo' days to redeem that uniform back, Semore."

"Humph! An' you better do it, too, or I keeps the suit."

Mr. Jones sighed. "I reckon you better just keep it anyway, Brother Mashby."

"What you mean—keep it?"

"I mean I ain't gwine be able to redeem back that uniform. I was foolish to buy it in the fust place. That suit cost me five hund'ed dollars cash money, an tha's mo' uniform than I got any right to wear."

Mr. Mashby was badly frightened. He had loaned two hundred dollars on this magnificent equipment, considering the security excellent because of the fact that he could not believe Mr. Jones would consider anything other than redeeming it. But he knew perfectly well that should Jupiter fail to redeem his two-hundred-dollar pledge, he, Semore, faced a substantial loss. Birmingham colored men were not addicted to paying five hundred dollars for a lodge-drill-team uniform. Those who could afford such luxuries already owned their outfits. Yet in all the array of wealth represented in the personnel of the lodge's drill team, there was no person who boasted an outfit so magnificent as this.

*He Ached With Loneliness, He Was a Friendly, Friend-Loving Individual*

"I—I don't crave yo' uniform, Jupiter. What I wants is my two hund'ed dollars back."

"An' tha's just what you ain't gwine git, Semore. The bestest thing I can do is take my loss an' leave it go."

"But gosh-a'mighty, man, if you don't——"

Two figures insinuated themselves into the dialogue. Semore grimaced with distaste. "Leave us be, Florian. Ise talkin' business with Jupiter Jones."

"That's all right, Semore." Florian turned to his elongated friend. "I craves to make you 'quainted with Mistuh Jasper De Void. He's fum Dothan."

"Humph! He looks it."

"Mistuh De Void, meet Mistuh Mashby. Mistuh Mashby is our most influentialest cullud man in Bummin'ham. Ev'y time he snaps his fingers fifty cents gits to be one dollar."

The tall man and the short one shook hands, and such admiration shone from Jasper's eyes that even the flinty heart of Mr. Mashby was touched. Semore looked from the cheaply clad figure of the stranger to the immaculate Florian, and he wondered. He knew that there was little of the altruist in Mr. Slappey's make-up.

Florian had been chatting with Jupiter Jones. Jupiter was full of troubles and eager to discuss them. Florian had heard just enough to keen his interest. He decided that he wished to talk privately with Semore. Therefore he introduced L. Jupiter Jones and Jasper De Void. Leaving Jupiter and Jasper talking, Florian drew Semore to one side. Mr. Slappey's brain was functioning at lightning speed.

"Was Jupiter tellin' me the truth, Semore, 'bout him not redeemin' that swellegant uniform he pawned with you?"

"Uh-huh"—miserably. "He sholy was."

"Boy, tha's where I an' you makes us a li'l' money."

"Where at you git that I-an'-you stuff?"

"Man, listen at me! Either I cuts in on this or they ain't gwine be no deal. Cast yo' eyes over that buzzard fum Dothan, Brother Mashby. Scrutinize him close an' tell me what he looks like."

"Six cents' worth of tripe," responded Semore.

"Well, looks-like ain't is. 'Cause in them pants of hisn, Semore, that feller has got two thousan' dollars cash money which he's just nachelly itchin' to let loose of. Now is you intrusted?"

Semore's keen, hawklike face was aglow. "Talk to me some mo', Florian. Yo' voice is music an' yo' words like honey."

They talked for about five minutes. Jupiter Jones and Jasper De Void chatted with each other. Then the stranger grew restless. He edged back into Florian's vicinity and Mr. Slappey took him to one side.

"Boy," announced Florian, "you sholy is lucky. You has made a tremenjous hit with Semore Mashby."

"Aw, gwan!"

"Cross my heart an' hope to be hawn a oyster! He says to me he never seen no feller which looked as brainy as you. He says ——"

From the dressing rooms in the rear of the hall came the blare of many trumpets. Potentate Gethers rapped for order and instantly there entered a grand pageant—a thing such as Jasper De Void had dreamed of, but never expected to witness.

It was an indoor exhibition by the uniform drill team of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. Headed by Keefe Gaines, the genial and enterprising undertaker, the drill team marched to the center of the floor and commenced to evolute. They presented an amazingly effective spectacle in their gleaming, glittery uniforms, shiny swords and plumed hats. Never in all his life had Jasper De Void visioned such overwhelming pomp. He fairly wiggled with enthusiasm. "Gosh, Florian, where at does them fellers git such swell suits?"

Florian became confidential. "They is pow'ful impossible to git, Jasper. On'y special order an' a heap of money."

"I bet they does cost a lot."

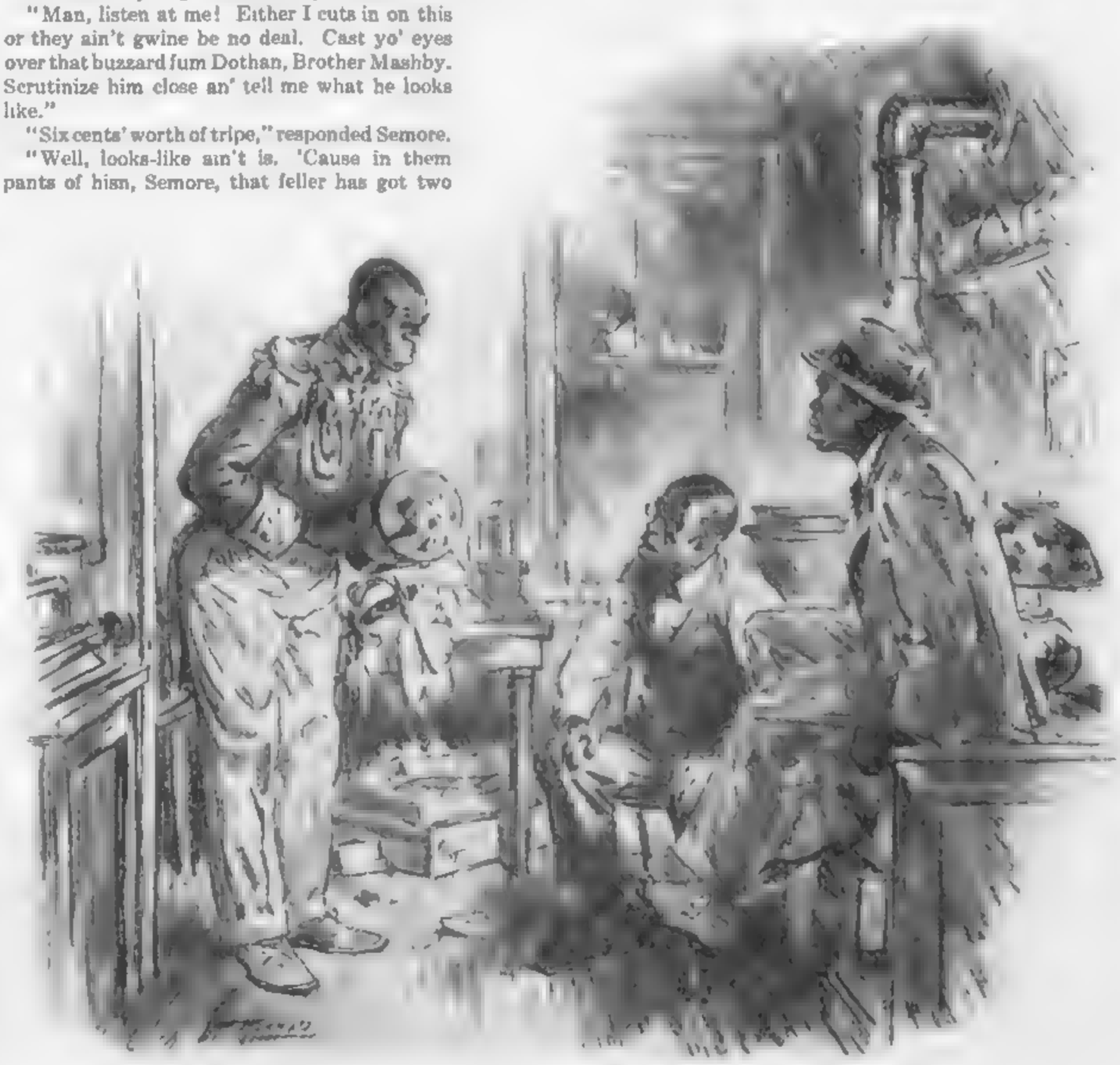
"Boy, you got a brain like Sherlock Hones. One of them complete outfits cost fum five hund'ed to a thousan' dollars, 'cording to how much real gold there is in the braid an' on the swords."

"Honest?"

"Absotively! They ain't 'ary uniform there that didn't cost anyhow five hund'ed. An' there's one—well, I'd just like to show it to you, tha's all. It cos' one thousan' dollars cash an' it's the swellest thing you ever set eyes on. Maybe ——" Florian's voice trailed off tantalizingly.

Jasper gazed at him pop-eyed. "Maybe which?"

"Nothin'." *(Continued on Page 180)*



*"Evenin', Semore. Howdy, Florian?"*

# DISPOSSESSED

## By Hugh MacNair Kahler

ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

*"Much Obliged," He Said, "But I Got to be Getting Back to the Deepo. It's Been Real Nice to See You Again"*

ALL the Harlows had always taken it for granted that Uncle Ben would leave everything to Lily. They listened, as Judge Dibblee read the will, with respectful, interested attention, but quite without surprise or disappointment. Indeed, in every one of the faces that turned toward Lily, slight and pale and quiet in the stiff-backed haircloth chair, there was unmistakably sincere approval.

Lily was the only one of them who heard of her inheritance with no outward sign of pleasure. She seemed, in fact, scarcely to hear at all. Her shoulders leaned a little forward and her head was tilted, as if she listened for some sound more remote and—to her—more important than Judge Dibblee's rotund and magisterial sonority. All the cousins, however, were familiar with the attitude and expression; both were characteristic of Lily. So, generally, she had looked as she sat at the foot of Uncle Ben's long, cheerful table or, with the others, in the big lamplighted sitting room where, while the old man lived, his household and the frequent stranger within its gates forgathered for the evening's jolly talk. The look reminded them now, not unhappily, of Uncle Ben himself. Their smiles softened and widened at the sight of it.

The judge, folding the document, congratulated Lily with august benignity. "Precisely as it should be," he boomed.

"An altogether admirable arrangement. You understand, of course, that this instrument devises only the homestead here; that some years ago your uncle placed all his personal property in an irrevocable trust, of which, under the terms of the agreement, you now become sole beneficiary."

Lily nodded dully, as if she still gave him no more than the fringe of her attention.

"An admirable arrangement," he repeated. "Your uncle made it as certain as is humanly possible that you will always be able to live here in the homestead. No fraud or mischance can deprive you of it."

Again Lily's nod expressed a passive acquiescence.

"You deserve it, Lily," he declared. "I'm sure that everybody here agrees with me." His eye demanded and collected a nodding vote of confidence. "It is good to know that this fine old place is not to pass into—uh—into alien hands, but will belong to you, who love it as deeply as he who is—uh—gone."

He withdrew majestically in the mumble of cordial assent. The cousins drew in eagerly about Lily.

"We're all so glad, Lily!" Della Nixon cooed throatily. "It's just too won-der-ful that you're always going to have Burnside for your very own."

"He always said he'd will it to me." Lily spoke in the subdued voice they all knew, her head still tilted as if she listened to something far away.

"It's what we all hoped he'd do," said Gilmore Britt. "It's bad enough to think of Burnside without Uncle Ben, but it'd be a lot worse if you weren't here, either, Lily. It won't ever seem like the same place, but as long as you're here we'll all feel that it's still home for the whole tribe."

"Yes," said Lily; "that's how he'd want you to feel."

The distant sound seemed now to summon her. She moved, with the effect of one answering a peremptory hail, toward the door of the kitchen, her heels making a slithering noise on the Brussels carpet. For a moment, as the door swung open, a hissing spatter was audible to the others.

"Just the same Lily," Russell Harlow chuckled affectionately. "I'll bet that even when she's asleep she's got one ear listening for something boiling over."

They all laughed with him, indulgently, without malice, as if to agree that nothing could change Lily. These disappearances of hers were part of the familiar routine at Burnside. This one seemed, somehow, to restore something comfortingly commonplace to atmosphere still dimly tainted by the breath of unseasonable flowers. They drew in about the snapping wood fire in the wide brick hearth.

"It's a good thing right now." Gilmore Britt jerked his head in the direction of the kitchen door. "Keeps her from thinking, I mean. I guess she's still kind of stunned."

"Yes." Effie Tate nodded. "She hasn't had time to realize that he's gone—that she's alone."

"We mustn't let her realize it," said Russ thoughtfully. "Somebody's got to stay with her till she gets used to things. She'd be just lost if she didn't have somebody here to keep her from ——"

"I could stay on for a while," said Effie. "I might send for Tom and Lester. They can't go back to school, anyway, till they're over their whooping cough, and it would be good for them here. Lily's so fond of them too."

They agreed to this. When Effie had to go home Della would run down for a week or two with her two youngest children and May and Pauline and Rachel could follow in turn. By that time it would be summer and there wouldn't be any need for definite arrangement; Burnside always filled up in summertime.

"We must be specially sure to come this year though," said Della. "Lily won't feel so lonesome now, but she'd be terribly upset if we didn't get here then. It would make her think that we were only fond of Uncle Ben, I mean. We've got to show her that we all feel just the same about Burnside, even now that he's ——"

"Yes, Della's dead right." Joe Tate spoke heavily. "And we ought to fix it up so Lily has somebody here right along; somebody to—to sort of look after her. She isn't used to managing things." He frowned. "I'm kind of worried. She's going to be pretty well fixed, and a lone woman with money isn't ever any too safe."

"It's tied up," said Gilmore Britt. "I went over that trust agreement myself and it's air-tight—judgment-proof except for necessities."

"It wasn't the money that was worrying me," Joe persisted. "It was ——" He looked about defiantly. "Maybe it sounds funny, but women a lot worse off than Lily have been fooled into marrying loafers. And she's going to be mighty lonesome without Uncle Ben. I'm serious."

Even as they wagged smiling heads, the other cousins were serious too.

"It's absurd to think about it," said Della. "If ever there was a born old maid —— But you're right, Joe. You never can tell. Nobody ever looked twice at Lily, but with all that money ——"

"Elbert Finner looked at her a whole lot more than twice," said Joe. "Uncle Ben was good and worried about that. Remember him, don't you? Lanky fellow; always trying to raise money for some wild pipe dream or other."

"Oh, yes!" Della laughed softly. "He always made me think of a lost dog. He worked in the hardware store, didn't he?"

"Guess he worked at every job in town, first and last," said Joe. "I always had a notion that Uncle Ben had something to do with his leaving here. He was worried."

"Oh, he's left, has he?" Russell Harlow's tone dismissed Mr. Finner as a potential menace, but Joe Tate stuck doggedly to his point.

"Didn't go far—heard he was selling insurance in Binchester or some such place. Mighty apt to hear about this will and dead sure to come back if he does."

They thought it over. Della found inspiration first: "I've got it! Belle, of course! She's Lily's own half sister, and she's been living in a furnished room out in Kenosha. Jim's never managed to support her. Belle would look after her, if anybody could!" They chuckled softly, remembering Belle.

Lily pushed back the swinging door. "Supper's ready," she said. They gathered about the long table, Lily at its foot, nearest to the door, her head, even while it was bowed for Joe Tate's mumbled grace, tilting sidewise as if she listened for a warning spatter in the kitchen.

"We've been talking about you, Lily dear," said Della. "We thought it would be a lot of comfort for you if Belle should come and stay here for a while."

Lily slipped out of her chair and moved toward the swinging door. "She's coming," she said. "I got a letter this morning."

The cousins exchanged nods of mutual reassurance. Lily brought in the huge soup tureen of milk toast; they took it as a happy omen. Uncle Ben had always had milk toast for Thursday supper, and the vast dish, with golden streaks of melted butter floating on the creamy milk, was almost like assurance that Burnside had not changed, and would not.

II

THE wide gate in the white-painted wooden fence stood hospitably open, but Elbert Finner ignored its tacit invitation to the broad reach of informal turf that drowsed in the stipple of elm shadow. He bent his neck, as he walked on, to obtain a glimpse, below the droop of the branches, of the porch, where a group of women sat about a card table, and the vague melancholy of his countenance deepened a little. Farther on, commanding a view of the cast-iron fountain, where a perdurable boy and girl huddled beneath an imperishable umbrella, he frowned at the stout man who read a newspaper on a rustic bench; even a light-hearted chorus of childish voices which floated to his ear as he turned the corner and passed the roomy carriage house produced no mitigation of his gloom.

He shook his head, hesitating for a moment at the foot of the path that led along a tiny brook to the big vegetable

garden behind the house. As if conquering a vague disinclination, he turned into it, however, moving now with a suggestion of stealth in gait and carriage, until he gained the cover of tall spiked tassels of green corn, between which he made his way toward the back porch. He was abreast of the whitewashed ice house when a thumping sound halted him abruptly. He stood still, surveying the block of ice that had fallen on the litter of sawdust before the open door. The dejection of his countenance lightened as Lily Harlow stepped gingerly down from the boards which closed the lower half of the opening

He lifted the new straw hat. "I'll carry it in for you, Lily."

She straightened; an uncertain smile relaxed the tightness of her mouth and she put back a wisp of hair that had fallen across her cheek. "My, Elbert, you gave me a start! I didn't know you were back in town." She glanced over her shoulder toward the porch, as if to make sure that it was empty.

"Just stopped over between trains," he said. "Thought I'd come round a minute." He hesitated. "Heard your uncle died. I'm real sorry, Lily."

She stooped to wrap a frayed remnant of rag carpet around the ice. He interfered. "Here, lemme do that." Disregarding her protest that he might do damage to his clothes, he carried the awkward bundle to the well curb and pumped water over it, resuming the conversation as the wet sawdust dribbled away on the dripping planks. "I was real sorry to hear it. Guess it doesn't seem like the same place without him."

Lily seemed to consider the idea. "I don't know. It's queer, Elbert, but I keep forgetting he's gone. Some ways, it's just the same as when he was here."

"Figured you'd be pretty lonesome." He wrapped the carpet again about the ice. "I'll put it in the ice box, shall I?"

"No; I filled that right after breakfast. This is for ice cream." She indicated the big freezer on the porch step. "The children like it so much. Effie's here with her two boys, you know, and there's Della Nixon's three youngest."

"Freeze it for you," he volunteered. "Thought I heard some kids in the barn." He pounded the carpeted bundle with the flat of the splitting ax. "All back, are they, the same as always?"

"Don't know but there's more this summer." She put the metal cylinder into the wooden tub and brought the salt bucket. "Gilmore Britt's here, and Pauline. And of course there's Belle—she's living with me, you know."

Elbert Finner looked up. "Living here? Regular, you mean to stay?"

"Yes. Jim's on the road mostly, but he gets back over Sundays pretty often. There, that's fine, Elbert. I'm much obliged to you. I don't mind turning the freezer, but ice and salt always make my hands ache."

"I'll freeze it," he said. "Just as soon as not, Lily." There was a pause while the freezer rumbled. "Then you haven't been lonesome, I take it. Had comp'ny right along?"

"Oh, yes. Everybody's been mighty nice about it, Elbert. Don't know but the place has been fuller than ever."

He seemed to reflect. "I thought it was willed to you, Lily. Wasn't it?"

"Why, yes." She looked puzzled. "What made you ask, Elbert?"

"Just wondered. Thought maybe he'd left it to the whole lot. If it's yours, I should think you'd sell it, and move in some smaller place. Gannett'd give you a first-rate price, I guess. Always hankered to own Burnside, Gannett has." He paused to pour in more crushed ice and salt. "Down to Binchester they been building some of these apartment houses lately. You'd ought to see how handy they are, Lily—'lectric stoves and"—his voice quickened—"and these newfangled refrigerators where you can bake ice same as a pan of biscuits. Sweep with 'lectricity too."

She shook her head. "I—I couldn't sell Burnside."

"Why not?" He looked up. "Own it, don't you?"

"I couldn't sell it." She spoke under her breath, her hands twisting at her apron. "I just couldn't, Elbert."

He seemed minded to argue the point, but Della Nixon's children had caught the song of the freezer; they descended upon the porch, screaming for the dasher. Belle Dunning came through the kitchen, a large woman, deep-voiced and commanding, her eye and tone, as she greeted Elbert Finner, militantly formidable. Lily, a little guiltily, withdrew in haste to the stove; and Belle, her hands backed against authoritative hips, supervised the final gyrations of the freezer and the surrender presently of its dasher to the chattering children.

Lily, coming to the door as Finner turned to go, made nervous reference to his staying for dinner. His eye veered cautiously to Belle and moved quickly away. "Much obliged," he said, "but I got to be getting back to the deepo. It's been real nice to see you again."

Belle's eye pursued him to the corn rows. "What was he after?" she demanded, the tone implying that no creditable mission could have brought Elbert Finner hither. Lily, testing a pan of gingerbread with a broom straw, shook her head.

"He didn't say. I guess he just dropped in, kind of."

"Just dropped in!" Belle's laugh scornfully rejected the idea. "He came all the way up here from Binchester on purpose to drop in. After money, of course, for one of his crazy schemes. You didn't let him have any, did you, Lily?"

"He didn't ask." Lily closed the oven door. "Wouldn't have mattered if he had. I haven't got any money on hand, and can't get any till the first of the month. You don't have to worry about me, Belle. Uncle Ben fixed things so I couldn't get cheated."

"Don't you be too sure. Maybe the money's tied up so it can't be taken away from you, but you could lose the house, easy enough, if you let somebody talk you into indorsing a note, like Cousin Tilly Sprague."

Lily said nothing. Belle's eye followed her brisk movement between shelf and baking board with a kindling anxiety. "You say you haven't any ready money, Lily?"

"Only sixty dollars."

(Continued on Page 163)

*The Judge, Folding the Document, Congratulated Lily With August Benignity. "Precisely as It Should Be," He Boomed*

# A. E. F.

## By MAJOR GENERAL HUNTER LIGGETT, U. S. A., RETIRED, WITH WESLEY WINANS STOUT

*American Machine Gunners in Barn-Roof Position Captured From Germans, St. Gilles, August 8, 1918*

AS A WAR story the tale of the Second Battle of the Marne is as dramatically satisfying as any I know in history. Both on the attack and the counter attack, it was inferior to others of the war in numbers involved, desperation of fighting and casualties; but battles are not always dramatic in proportion to their extent, fierceness and decision.

Looked upon as drama, it conformed to every law of the theater and was the great fourth-act climax of a play in which each year may be said to have been one act. Midway in the last act the final disaster impends, after suspense has been piled upon suspense. Help has arrived at last, but has it come in time? A new blow falls. It is blocked; then abruptly and unexpectedly the tide turns and the drama rushes swiftly to a triumphant conclusion.

On July fifteenth Paris held its breath. The sixteenth the enemy wavered, the seventeenth he stopped, the eighteenth his long retreat began.

### The Peace Drive

BY EARLY October Germany was parleying for peace. October thirtieth Austria flew the white flag. November tenth the Kaiser slipped across the Dutch border. The next day the war was done.

Because of this and the fact that it marked the first appearance in force of the American Army, the Second Marne is the best-known battle of the war to the American people. The picture the average American has of the fight, however, is blurred and distorted.

The German attack opening in mid-July, 1918, was to be the *Friedensturm*, the peace offensive, the knock-out. That the German people and the German Army, as a whole, were highly confident of its success is best evidenced by the arrogant carelessness with which they let the German plans be known. For purposes of morale the high command had assured the nation and the army that this was to be the beginning of the end, and had been so fully believed that every civilian and enlisted man was talking of where, when and how the blow would be struck. Each previous offensive of 1918 had surprised the Allies; this one had too many press agents.

I doubt that Ludendorff shared the high confidence he inspired. I think he expected to win, but he and his staff knew well that they were gambling desperately against time and the American Army. Quite possibly he underestimated the force and fighting ability of the American troops then in France, but not to the extent that he appeared to.

He had to win, if he was to win, before the summer was out, and he could do that only if the American Army was not yet numerous enough and sufficiently trained to come to Foch's rescue. He had no choice but to hope for the best.

*Seventh U. S. Infantry Coming Out of the Second Marne Battle, Moulins, July 30, 1918. In Oval—An American Artillery Position During the Pursuit of the Germans From the Marne to the Vesle*

Another great drive in Flanders against the British was to have been the next on the program after Chemin des Dames, but the unlooked-for luck here had led him to change his plans. That success may even have been his undoing. Though a handsome prize at almost no cost, the Château-Thierry salient was a sort of bear-by-the-tail; the kind of thing that has either to be carried through to a conclusion or abandoned. It had so extended the German lines and was so near Paris, and therefore a red flag to the French, that to leave the troops there necessary to its defense would badly weaken the proposed attack on the British. So the Flanders drive was put off. In 1914 Ludendorff and Hindenburg had destroyed a Russian army by suddenly retreating to a new front, then abruptly striking from a flank—a daring and brilliant piece of strategy. One wonders what the result would have been had they abandoned the Château-Thierry salient as quickly as they had taken it, then struck elsewhere before Foch could realize their intention. Such hindsight strategy is interesting, but never important.

### A Stumblingblock in Germany's Way

IT IS commonly believed, I find, that Ludendorff struck straight for Paris in July, 1918. He did not. Since the French and the Americans had held at the Marne, Von Boehm's Seventh Army had been in a pie-shaped wedge, with Château-Thierry at its apex and Soissons and Rheims at its right and left bases. The rearward communications were poor. The only serviceable railroad ran through Soissons and was too near the battle line for either safety or dependable use. Both flanks were badly exposed, and the pocket was so deep and so narrow that it would be impossible to push much farther ahead until it was widened.

On June ninth Hutier had attempted that widening on the right flank, the one nearest Paris, in a drive toward Compiègne. This failed signally, and American and French counter attacks on this flank narrowed the pocket farther. It was obvious to the German high command that whatever reserves Foch had, he had them concentrated around Château-Thierry, where the threat against Paris was greatest. He would be weakest, then, on the other flank. It would be a longer road to Paris, but it ought to be an easier one. If the attack did not break clear through, it would use up the last of Foch's reserves and prevent him from going to the aid of the British in the coming Flanders drive.

So arguing, it may be assumed, Ludendorff decided to attack at each side of Rheims, pinching out that city and the rough country to the south of it. Here was another and better railroad running from Rheims to Épernay on the Marne. Better still, if the attack succeeded it would convert a narrow pocket into a sweeping arc. The heaviest attack would come in the Champagne, east of Rheims, where Von Mudra's First Army and Von Einem's Third Army were to strike. Von Boehm simultaneously was to attack to the east against the Montagne de Rheims and to cross the Marne to the south; but he was to turn, not down the Marne toward Paris, but upstream for Épernay, joining up the two pincers. If he was able he was to penetrate far enough south of the Marne to cut the Paris-Nancy trunk railroad not far away.

That would close that chapter. With Foch's last reserves exhausted the Flanders storm would fall on the British, two other armies would break through on the Amiens-Montdidier front, bearing down on Paris from the northwest, and Von Einem, Von Mudra, Von Boehm and Von Eben would sweep down the Marne from the northeast and the war would be neatly ended. A sound plan, under the circumstances, that might have succeeded had it not stumbled over the American Army.

The offensive was five weeks in preparation. In those weeks Ludendorff rested, specially trained and reënforced the armies that were to lead off the *Friedensturm*. Germany

was almost as definitely at the end of its man power as was France. Already every soldier under thirty-two years of age had been brought from the east and the Balkans, and now Ludendorff combed out the munitions factories and other supply sources at great risk of a shortage of materials if the war should not end according to schedule. A reserve army, the Ninth, under Von Eben was put in position.

The line-up for the battle on the Allied side was, from the Allied left to right, Mangin's Tenth Army; Degoutte's Sixth Army, which included the First American Army Corps and the Second, Third, Fourth, Twenty-sixth and Twenty-eighth American Divisions; Berthelot's Fifth Army, which included the Second Italian Corps; and Gouraud's Fourth Army, with the Forty-second American Division.

The enemy was exposing his hand so carelessly that it had the look of deception, and the French were divided for a time as to what was coming. At the morning conferences of corps commanders of General Degoutte's Sixth Army, General Maistre, commanding a group of French armies on that front, frequently was present. I quickly detected an opinion prevalent in the Sixth Army that the attack would be down the valley of the Marne for Paris and directly against us. Each corps commander received orders through Degoutte from Pétain to lay out additional battle positions all along our front to give a depth that would permit us not merely to check the German onslaught on the front line but break it up before it reached the main battle position.

### *Beating Germany to the Trigger*

THESE preparations were quickly made, but they involved an immense amount of trench digging and wiring, in which everyone took a hand. We were alerted several times for practice, as in a fire drill, and once the attack actually was expected. As it turned out, the German confined himself to demonstrations on the western flank and we took no part in the first act of the battle, but the same defensive system was employed by Gouraud in the Champagne in his decisive defeat of two German armies.

The American Army in France now consisted of four divisions in line and two in reserve in the Château-Thierry front, the Rainbow Division with Gouraud, four divisions in line with the French in quiet sectors in Alsace-Lorraine, five divisions with the British, four in training areas and four just arriving. Of these, 132,000 helped stem the German attack in the Second Battle of the Marne and 200,000 took part in the successful Allied counter attack.

About July ninth Degoutte moved the Yankee Division into the line to replace the Second, and the latter moved a little way down the Marne in close support, under command, for the time, of the First Army Corps. About the same time General Pershing ordered the organization of the Third, Fourth, Fifth and Sixth American Army Corps. The First Division, which had been at Cantigny since April, was ordered to the Château-Thierry region, where it was intended to combine it with the Second in the new Third Army Corps under command of General Bullard, and Bullard came to my headquarters to inform General Bundy, of the Second, of that purpose. Bundy was promoted to command of the new Sixth Corps. He was succeeded by General Harbord in the Second Division, and General Summerall took General Bullard's place in the First Division.

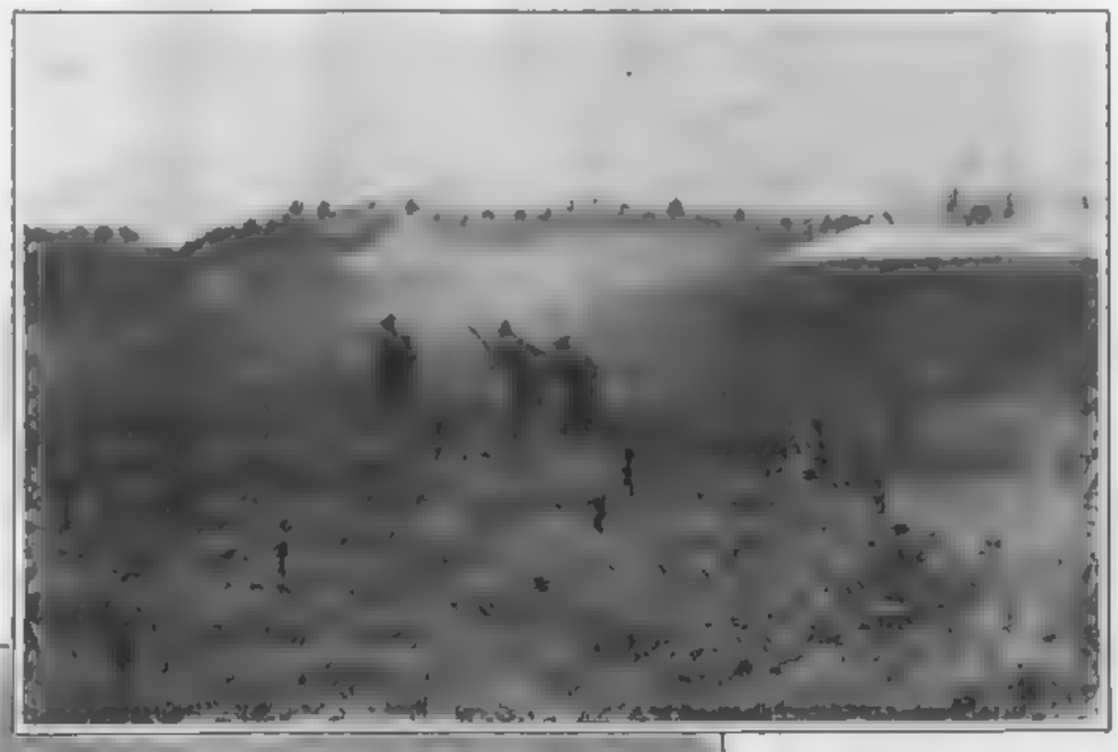
Not all our divisions had their artillery with them at the Second Marne, but we did man 600 guns, all French 75's and 155's, and to fine effect. Our artillery knew its business from the first. I saw an early and minor instance of its alertness and accuracy in early June—an instance that evidenced, also, the carelessness of the enemy in his overconfidence. One of our observers caught sight of a small motortruck train loaded with infantry coming from Buire, evidently to relieve othor German troops in the line below Belleau and Torcy. The trucks were moving along the open highway in daylight, and in the space of two or three minutes our guns destroyed the train utterly.

To show transport by day on a road commanded by the enemy's guns was suicidal; either the troops should have been marched in, taking cover, or they should have been moved in by night. It was bad enough by night. By day the artillery would register on the roads, then shell them at night on the chance of catching them crowded with transport, a simple process that goes by the formidable name of interdiction fire with the artillery.

Just such bravado as this had resulted in the time and place of the German attack being known in general to Foch a week before the battle. Before the first gun was fired he knew everything except the precise boundaries of the front that would be attacked. In the Champagne, General Gouraud had learned the exact hour the day before, through prisoners captured in a trench raid according to some accounts, through treachery on the German side according to other versions.

The French national holiday, the fourteenth of July, fell on Sunday in 1918. The morning after such a holiday, the enemy may have argued, might find the French a little less alert than usual; the German was not one to overlook any factor. The battle did break, at all events, shortly after midnight of Monday morning, July fifteenth, but it was Foch who opened it. An hour before the German cannonade started, the French and American artillery had anticipated it with high explosive and gas, catching masses of German infantry moving into position.

*Street in Fère-en-Tardenois, After American Bombardment and Occupation*



*American Crew of Great French 340-mm. Gun, Fired in Liaison With Airplane Observers, Baleycourt, Meuse, September 26, 1918. Above—Twenty-Seventh Division Infantry Following British Tank Through Wire, Beauquesnes, Somme, September 13, 1918*

### *Caught in the Artillery Trap*

IN THE Champagne, Gouraud, with five infantry battalions and all the artillery of the Rainbow Division fighting in his center, stopped the enemy in his tracks almost instantly. In all the war no attack on such a scale accomplished so little. It was a German defeat more costly and futile than Nivelle's tragic first day of the Second Aisne Battle. At a cost of fewer than 4000 casualties, scratches included, Gouraud had stopped twenty-five rested and specially trained German divisions everywhere short of his battle line, and did not lose one gun. His surprise cannonade had upset the German attack before it began.

The enemy bombardment had spent its rage largely on the nearly vacant outpost positions, and when the German infantry reached these positions the Allied artillery dropped a deadly deluge upon them. Such enemy forces as did not dissolve here went to pieces on Gouraud's intermediate lines. So complete was the failure that Ludendorff called the Third Army off at the end of the first day and stopped the First Army the second day; so complete was the failure that the 27,000 men of the Rainbow Division

*(Continued on Page 197)*

# LOST ECSTASY

## By Mary Roberts Rinehart

ILLUSTRATED BY W. H. D. KOERNER

XXIII

ON THE day after Tom was shot Herbert was waiting in the reception room of the hospital. His hat, stick and gloves lay on the table, and all about him was the odor of all hospitals, of disinfectants and drugs and floor wax, and above all the faint and penetrating sweetness of ether.

Save that he was very pale, he looked much as usual. His tie was carefully tied, his spats and shoes immaculate. Now and then he heard a light footfall in the hall outside and he glanced up. But mostly he just sat, his hands between his knees, and stared at the floor.

When the footsteps passed by he sank back again into a coma of misery. He was too tired to think or to plan any campaign. And after all, what was there to plan? The thing was done.

He had not slept at all. None of them had slept, for that matter. At two o'clock in the morning he had drafted that brief announcement for the newspapers:

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Dowling announce the indefinite postponement of the marriage of their daughter, Miss Katherine Dowling, to Mr. Herbert Forrest.

Henry had taken the memorandum upstairs for approval and had come down heavily after a half hour or so.

"It's all right," he said, and with it in his hand had crossed to the window and stood looking out into the night. "Her mother's taking it badly," he said, without turning. "She is in a strange frame of mind. Seems to blame herself for it, although God knows ——"

Herbert pulled himself together. "If anyone is to blame I am. I knew she cared for him."

"Cared for him! Cared for a fellow who can hardly write his own name?"

Herbert said nothing. The charge was absurd and they both knew it, but it did in a way set forth the hopelessness of the situation as they saw it.

It was after that that Henry announced his future course. So long as Kay remained married to the scoundrel she could not enter his house. He had done his best. He had nothing to reproach himself with. She'd soon get her fill of romance and come crawling home. "Thank God, there will be ways to get rid of the fellow," he said. "But if he thinks he has married into a soft thing he can think again."

But there was something pathetic about Henry too. Bessie, sitting watching on a sofa, was rather sorry for him. He had been so sure of himself, of his well-organized life, his standing in the community. He had said thumbs up or thumbs down, and all the thumbs in his vicinity had obeyed.

"It's a little soon to think of that," she said, lighting a fresh cigarette. She had smoked steadily all evening. "And it might be worse, you know. They're married, anyhow. What are you really thinking about? What people will say? Well, let them talk, and be damned to them. This is a fifty-fifty proposition. Either Kay will be happy, and I imagine that's what we all want, or she won't; and in that case she can go to Paris and get rid of him. For my part ——" She hesitated.

"Well, get on with it," said Henry impatiently.

"For my part, I think she would rather be miserable with him than—well, be happy with anybody else."

She had meant to say, "vegetate," but a glance at Herbert had deterred her. She found herself rather admiring Herbert that night. Thank God for good breeding!

*"You Tell Little Dog for Me," He Said, White-Faced, "That if I Ever Lay Eyes on Him I'll Kill Him. You Savvy?"*

It was at least a crutch to fall back on when everything else failed.

"You talk like a fool," said Henry. "Nobody chooses to be miserable."

But she only eyed him. How little he knew about life, really, and especially women! Nobody in love was ever happy. Love was a pain. When it ceased to be a pain it was not love. Contentment, resignation, call it what you liked, but not love. But she took refuge in flippancy.

"It's like the war," she told them. "Why worry? If you're dead, you're dead and won't know about it. If you're not dead—or however the thing goes. We ought to send her some clothes," she added practically.

Some time after midnight Henry went up to bed. Bessie could follow his thoughts as he went, his heavy shoulders bent, the yellow corner of Kay's telegram sticking out of the pocket of his dinner jacket. He had been a good husband and father; he had been upright in business according to his lights, and he had asked very little of life in his declining years; peace and a few friends, the love of his family and the respect of his community. Now they were all gone, wiped out. She heard him stop at the room where the wedding gifts, like small glittering corpses of dead hopes, were laid out on their biers, close the door and go on.

Something of all this was running through Herbert's mind as he waited in the anteroom of the hospital, but only as a background to other and bitterer thoughts. If they centered on himself rather than on Kay, perhaps it was only natural. He had loved her sincerely. There had never been anyone else. He had built all his future about her. He had not even played around like other fellows; not since college, anyhow. Now she had destroyed everything. Not everything exactly; he was precise even with himself. Henry had said that the business proposition still stood. But she had hurt him and made him a laughingstock; she had jilted him at the last moment, an injury and an insult whose stigma would follow him always. He ought to hate her. But he could not hate her. If he did why was he here? If he could hate her it would be easier.

His thoughts wandered on—to the receipt of Kay's second telegram that morning that Tom McNair had been shot; to the long journey, sitting in a chair in a parlor car and watching a landscape fly by which had made no impression on his mental retina. Only one thing had registered, and that with a shock he could still feel and suffer from. By a sidetrack just outside of town his train had slowed up, and there beside him, close to him, was the long line of yellow show cars.

In one of those cars, their small windows partly occluded with clothing, their sills littered with jars and bottles, Kay must have spent her wedding night. To his sense of injury was added this insult to his fastidiousness. When she finally came in he was almost startled to find her unchanged, save for her pallor and the deep circles under her eyes.

Neither of them spoke at once, but Herbert was quick to realize that what was a critical meeting for him was to her merely an unimportant incident in a tragic day. There was a curious blankness in her eyes; it struck him later that she had looked at him much as he had looked at the flying landscape that day. And because that first silence and absorption of hers was too painful, he hurried to speak:

"How is he now?"

"Better, they think. But he is suffering; they say ——" She put her handkerchief to her lips to steady them. "They say he will live, but he won't be able to ride again. His leg is badly broken. He doesn't know that, of course."

"Still, if he is going to live ——"

"Yes, of course." She came farther into the room, and seemed really to see him for the first time.

"I'm sorry, Herbert; sorry I've hurt you all. I suppose you don't believe that."

"I believe it," he said carefully; "but that doesn't matter now, does it? The point is, are you sorry for yourself, Kay?" She shook her head. "It was not just an impulse?"

"Yes, at the last. But it had to be, Herbert. It was stronger than I was. I even think ——"

"Yes?"

"I don't want to hurt you again."

"I haven't many rights, but I have a right to the truth about this."

"I even think that if we had been married, you and I, and Tom had asked me to go with him I would have gone just the same."

That shocked him profoundly. It stripped the situation of all the careful disguises he had erected and reduced it to primitive facts. And this ruthless destruction of his last illusion left him angry and humiliated.

"You don't know what you are saying."

"I didn't want to say it, but it's true."

"Then I wish you would tell me something," he said. "It doesn't pay, where a girl's concerned, to be decent and honest, does it? A man can go along doing his best, and then some handsome good-for-nothing can come along and steal all he has worked to earn; can rob his house and wreck his life! What's the use of it?"

"I don't know," she said helplessly. "I suppose the world couldn't go on without men like you and father. I've tried to think it out. I don't know, but—of course it pays to be decent."

"It hasn't paid me."

She did not answer that. She made a quick, impatient movement. "Why, when a man comes along who is different, should you immediately say that he is an outsider and must be yellow? Tom's ways may not be your ways, but he is a man, no matter what you may think. Oh, I know what you think"—as he made a gesture. "I know, because you and I have been trained in the same school. How a thing is done is more important than the thing itself! I dare say I shall have to fight that all my life. But I am going to fight it. Don't make any mistake about that."

But there was a vein of obstinacy in Herbert. "The way a thing is done counts too; the small amenities of life are what make it possible, for our kind, anyhow," he said doggedly. "Don't sneer at them, Kay. You're in love now; maybe you think you won't miss all that, but you will. And when that time comes ——"

"I can come back, I suppose, and be forgiven!"

"You can come back to me," he told her, going pale. "Good God, Kay," he added, "you have dragged me in the dirt, and still I can say that to you! Some day you will know how much that means. I have my pride, although you may not think so, but I suppose there is such a thing as caring too much to remember pride."

That almost broke down her composure. Since Tom's injury she had neither slept nor eaten; she had hardly dared to think. Her lips trembled.

"I appreciate that more than you can know," she told him. "But I am not a child. I have done this with my eyes open, and I must work it out for myself."

The interview was less painful after that. Her family had taken it badly, and it would be better not to try to see them for a time; her father was bitterly disappointed just now. She only nodded to that. She had no hope of forgiveness, but she said nothing. It was only when Herbert went into his wallet, where his bills were always neatly disposed after the manner of a man who values money, that she flushed and made a gesture of refusal.

"It is not from me," he said. "Mrs. Osborne gave me a check for you for a thousand dollars. I think she will be hurt if you refuse it."

And after a time she took it, this new Kay who hereafter must think about money, even value it, like Herbert. She stood folding and refolding it in her hands. Tom would not like it, she knew, but then she need not tell Tom. And later on she could draw on it, to ease their way somewhat, to give him time to readjust.

Perhaps if Herbert had gone then, having made his magnanimous gesture, things would have been better between them. But her very acceptance of the check, the thought that she might even then be in need of money, roused his slumbering anger. He picked up his hat and gloves and stood looking down at her.

"I passed that circus train as I came into town. You can guess how I felt; you among all that rabble, the subject of God knows what cheap talk, spending your wedding night among them! You!"

She flushed painfully. "I suppose you are entitled to say that, Herbert. But it is not true. I came in the train, but—by myself."

"Are you trying to tell me that you ——"

"Exactly that," she said coldly. "And now perhaps you will go away. I am grateful to you. I know what it cost you to come. I am sorry I have hurt you so. But what I have told you does not change things; nothing you can say will change anything."

But he made a desperate effort nevertheless. There could be a divorce, or the marriage could be annulled; that was done all the time. How was McNair to support her if he could no longer ride? Take a cowboy off a horse and what was he? A field hand! She had married him out of some sort of romantic idea of him, but where was the romance now? And leave that out, if she liked. How would it work out, with her eternally trying to make him like the men she knew and Tom dragging her down to the level of his own small-town girls? "Like that Clare whatever her name was," he said contemptuously. "That's the sort he cares about and understands. Either he'll make you like her or he'll go back to his own kind. Don't forget that. He's had a bad name about women, and that sticks to a man. You'll hold him for a while, and that ——"

"That will be my affair, and his," she said, stony-faced, and turned and went out of the room.

### XXIV

THE show had moved on. It had its schedules to meet, its competition to face. It put up its paper and other rival organizations came along and tore it down. Now and then there was even a battle. It was like an army; it cared as best it could for its casualties and then moved on, unloading, parading, playing and reloading.

"Gangway for the elephants! Get in there, Babe! Damn your thick hide, get in!"

But for a day or two at least there was no singing as the cowboys rode their horses through the darkness to the siding, swaying easily in their saddles to the rustle of leather on leather, the click of buckles and spurs. Tom had been popular with them. He had been a fine rider, and he had been square. "A square shooter," they said among themselves. And there was a mystery about his injury. The property man had loaded the guns himself with blanks.

The colonel himself had gone to the hospital to see Tom and get at the truth, but Tom had been curiously noncommittal.

"Maybe some Indian had a grudge against me. You never can tell."

"You don't know?"

"No; and couldn't prove it if I did."

The colonel had done his best, arranged for Tom's hospital bills and for his salary to go on for three months, and then had gone away, not quite easy in his kindly mind. He thought Tom knew more than he would say.

Then for a few days Tom fought a good fight. He suffered intensely, but when Kay was around he kept it

(Continued on Page 104)

"Come On In, Hank, and Meet the Wife"

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PHILADELPHIA, MAY 21, 1927


## More American Imperialism

AMERICAN imperialism, of which we have been hearing so much lately, began in 1900 on the island of Cuba. Yellow fever, the mystery scourge of the tropics, had followed in the wake of war, killing our soldiers and the Cubans more certainly than the bullets of the Spaniard.

All through the centuries yellow fever, in recurring epidemics, had swept over tropical and subtropical America, slaying its tens of thousands. It had defeated De Lesseps and the gallant band of Frenchmen who had tried to build the Panama Canal. It had brought panic, death and tremendous material losses to our own Southern coasts. Yet an American army surgeon, Major Walter Reed, heading a little band of Americans and Cubans, met, fought and vanquished the plague, after submitting their own bodies to experiment, to infection, to the chance of almost certain death. It is to them, as Paul De Kruif points out in The Microbe Hunters, that tropical America owes its immunity from yellow fever and much of its present prosperity. It is to them, first of all, that America owes the Panama Canal.

A second piece of American imperialism was perpetrated in the Philippines immediately after the war, when American doctors and nurses occupied the islands with the soldiers, introduced a sanitary system, built and manned splendid hospitals, and made Manila as safe from disease and epidemic as Philadelphia. With American business, as it has penetrated the jungle, have gone American doctors and nurses, instituting sanitary and health reforms, caring for our nationals and the natives alike. Our missionaries have been more than preachers and teachers. They have been doctors and nurses as well. During the World War our surgeons and nurses took the field before our Army, and never in history has any body of men had more skilled and devoted service than the A. E. F. Trade follows the flag, but doctors and nurses precede it.

There is a vast and uncounted credit here, among many other worthwhile credits, to be entered in the ledgers of our so-called imperialism. This credit must go to the American Army, the American business man, and last, but not least, to our American medical schools and hospitals. Quite aside from the fact that our business men have made a large contribution to the development of the West Indies and the Central American countries, for every dollar of wealth taken out of them they have left a hundred dollars of health.

It is in our medical schools that our army of doctors is educated; in our hospitals that our doctors and nurses, for service both at home and abroad, are finished and practiced in their calling. But in a world that is still only half civilized their achievements are given scant notice in the press. Killing is news; life saving and conserving are rarely front-page stuff. We boast of our great riches, but we forget that, in terms of human life saved and prolonged, our hospitals have added many billions to our national wealth and untold billions to human happiness.

No man can say that he is not interested in his local hospital or that he does not need it. An accident, an operation for appendicitis, any one of a thousand possibilities may send him to it tomorrow. And unless he has helped to build and to maintain it, he is just as much a charity patient as the man in the ward who cannot afford to pay for treatment. The difference is simply one of degree. Every man should contribute to his local hospital, both as insurance against sickness and as a thank offering for good health.

Critics of America sometimes seek to shame us by calling us the most materialistic of nations. But if money is our god, giving is our goddess. And if our people are rich in material things, they are also rich in sympathy for suffering and in compassion for the helpless. Our hospitals are a concrete monument to their ready generosity in the past. The splendid answer to the appeals for aid to fit our hospitals to meet the larger demands that are being made on them shows that there is an ever-widening sense of responsibility on the part of the individual toward them.

America has been rightly called the land of the dollar, but not of the static dollar. The Goddess of Liberty appears on our national coin to remind us of what we owe to the past and to the future. We can pay our debt to posterity only by giving freely of ourselves and of our means for the future welfare of the nation. In our day no man can live solely to and for himself. The health of a community is the vital concern of every member of it.

Unselfishness is the only intelligent form of selfishness.

## Foreign Contacts

THE surest way to acquire a superiority complex these days is to scold the United States for its narrow, isolationist and selfish attitude toward other countries. So thoroughly are we rebuked for provincialism and kindred international faults that no credit is given for the relationships already established, the assistance rendered and the efforts made toward mutual understanding.

It is perhaps not generally realized how much has been accomplished by a few of our citizens in bringing about financial and general economic reforms in numerous countries on this and other continents. One specialist in banking and monetary subjects, Prof. Edwin W. Kemmerer, recently arrived in La Paz, Bolivia, to take up his mission of reorganizing the financial machinery of that country, thereby beginning his tenth mission of such character. The other countries where he has served are the Philippines, Mexico, Guatemala, Colombia, Germany, the Union of South Africa, Chile, Poland and Ecuador.

It has been pointed out that for a government to decide to call in foreign advisers is very difficult, and possible only under the pressure of powerful motives. National pride is strong, and so are the political ambitions of party leaders, who fully understand the opportunities for political prestige offered by financial legislation. Then, too, the power of the business interests in most countries and the influence of blood relationship and personal friendship are further obstacles to calling in outsiders.

But the foreign expert can be trusted because of his disinterestedness. He has no political ambitions in the country which he serves, and probably no investments or business connections there. He has no local prejudices or commitments. He is free from bias and there is nothing to warp his judgment.

In the opinion of Professor Kemmerer, as expressed in his presidential address to the American Economic Association, there are three reasons why Americans are being called upon increasingly for this work: In the first place, it is believed that the United States is comparatively free from ambitions of political aggrandizement; second, our economic and financial prosperity in recent years has aroused the interest and curiosity of other countries; and in the third place, there is the desire to attract American capital.

The unjustified popular belief in Latin-American countries that the United States is seeking to extend its sovereignty over the entire Western Hemisphere has on more than one occasion caused the appointment of European advisers. But this fear of aggression on our part seems to be declining at the present time, and within the past ten years no less than ten Latin-American countries have had American financial advisers.

Though the record is one to be proud of, the advisers themselves are quick to admit that financial reforms are only begun when the laws embodying them are placed on the statute books.

The great problem is one of administration, and its most difficult phase is the development of a personnel for the more responsible positions—such as that of manager of the central bank, superintendent of banks, controller-general and collector-general of customs. Often it is desirable for the government to appoint foreigners to these positions for a few years at least, until natives can be trained.

## Mount Hood's Escape

THE people of Oregon are indebted to the firmness and good sense of Col. William B. Greeley, chief of the Forest Service, for his refusal to grant a permit for the construction of a cableway to the summit of Mount Hood, supplemented by a tramway, a string of rest houses, lunch rooms, and what not.

Mount Hood is one of the noblest peaks on the continent. It is perhaps the most splendid scenic heritage to which Oregon has fallen heir. Its unspoiled grandeur is a far greater asset to the rank and file of Oregonians than they could hope for in a commercialized mountain disfigured by eruptions of hot-dog concessions, blatant advertising signs and catchpenny souvenir shops.

Colonel Greeley's decision was all the more commendable because the petitioners had influential backing and offered to turn over to the Government a fixed percentage of their profits. Had the project been carried out it would have inevitably stimulated tourist business and have attracted thousands of paying visitors, desirable and otherwise, from distant points; but the chief of the Forest Service was unquestionably right when he said: "Peaks like Hood, Shasta and Whitney, preserved and revered as Nature made them, represent one of our greatest assets. And I cannot but believe that the æsthetic or sentimental value of such outstanding natural features would be impaired through subjecting them to this type of development."

The Forest Service cannot be fairly charged with having exercised its powers arbitrarily in arriving at such decisions. It has more than once made liberal concessions to local and commercial sentiment; and when it has erred it has erred on the side of tolerance. If there is to be any alteration in its policies governing such matters, we should like to see them stiffened rather than relaxed. So much of our scenic beauty is at the mercy of commercial interests, and they have disfigured it with such pitiless bad taste, that we must place all the more reliance upon the protective powers of the National Government to preserve unspoiled the wild areas that are under their jurisdiction.

To most of our city dwellers open country is a new world which had remained undiscovered until the advent of the motor car. Millions have a sincere fondness for rural and mountain beauty who have not yet learned either how to treat it or how to enjoy it to the full. It may take them a generation to learn that hot-dog stands, soft-drink signs plastered over the landscape, funicular railways, tourist litter and the wholesale destruction of wild flowers add nothing to Nature's loveliness; but there are so many teaching agencies at work that the dumbest will be taught in time.

# The Best Customer on Earth

## By CHESTER T. CROWELL

DURING the hectic years since the World War let loose its flood of citations for distinguished service, Uncle Sam has accumulated several wheelbarrow loads of decorations, medals, ribbons and other trinkets. Their intrinsic value is not very great, but the old gentleman is expected to wear all of them, and does so, although at times he appears to be growing stoop shouldered under the weight. Among the numerous insignia of honors conferred, he has now acquired the golden crown which proclaims him the best customer on earth. Headgear of that glittering character is not entirely in keeping with the old gentleman's traditions, but it was given to him in recognition of his achievements in commerce and industry, for both of which activities he has a high regard, so he wears it also.

All of his preceding decorations had proved very expensive, but commerce and industry generally return dividends; moved by this consideration, he accepted the crown in the hope that it might produce something clear and legible on the credit side of his ledger. Oddly enough, however, he cannot yet determine with certainty whether it is doing that or not. Beyond question, a vast array of figures is being marshaled into column formation, and most of them appear to be on the credit side, at least for the present, but even now some of them show a perverse tendency to stray out of bounds and turn red, contrary to the time-hallowed rules of commercial arithmetic. Managing a crown is an intricate and dubious business, as he very well knew, and therefore made no application for the job; nevertheless, he is not only into it up to his eyes but virtually under contract to continue indefinitely, and somehow will have to muddle through. The story of how he happened to get the job can be very briefly told.

The end of the World War found this country with an embarrassingly disproportionate share of the total gold supply. To be sure, it had been paid for with goods and services, but the world's clearing house was in a jumble none the less, and something had to be done about it. The most obvious course of procedure seemed to be the rehabilitation of European industry, since Europe has always been one of our best customers, and that job was promptly undertaken; in fact, it is still going on right merrily to the tune of some hundreds of millions of dollars annually in loans. During the entire time this work has been in progress the world's economic affairs have continued in a disturbed condition, improvement in one place being offset by upheavals elsewhere.

Asia and the Orient are not the markets they used to be, nor is Russia, to cite just a very few conspicuous examples. Consequently the general plan of restoring prewar normalcy is not working out perfectly. That does not necessarily mean that the plan is all wrong, but merely that it is back-firing in an unexpected manner here and there from time to time, thus causing considerable confusion. To be specific, more than a few European industries which formerly sold their products far from this country and used some part of the proceeds either to buy raw materials here or food for their employes, now turn to the American market to dispose of part of their goods. And this, of course, happens because Uncle Sam is now the best customer on earth. He not only buys more goods than anyone else but pays for them in absolutely sound money and seems to be in no danger of a revolution, political, industrial, commercial, or any other sort whatsoever.

At first glance the answer to this problem would appear to be very simple—a higher tariff. But the problem has so many ramifications that even the men who are closest to it, including those whose industries are directly and unmistakably hurt, do not agree on a remedy. On the whole, it seems probable that time and circumstances will play an equal part with forethought and analysis in the eventual outcome. Therefore this article will deal with the situation itself, rather than suggested remedies, although it may not be amiss merely to catalogue the latter for what they are worth as opinions.

The industrial situation in Europe, as disclosed even by a casual glance at statistics, is at present a jumble of paradoxes. Depression, unemployment and poverty stand side by side with expansion, promotion and amazingly rapid recoveries from the destruction of war. If one examines the economic situation there with a bias or prejudice of almost any sort, he cannot fail to find facts to sustain it. Industrial activity flows like a broad, deep stream between wide expanses of marsh and backwaters. Whatever was in the main channel of each country's productive capacity before the war is moving; less essential industries, that in former days rested upon a more prosperous and luxurious Europe, may not be. For a specific example, the Belgian glass industry snapped back to prewar prosperity almost overnight; it was marvelously well managed and

(Continued on Page 208)

IN THE SPRING

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

The Poet Seeks Atmosphere for His Ode to a Mermaid

Tony, the ex-Organ Grinder, Allows His Mind to Wander

### Why We Behave Like Human Beings

*PLANETS smiled on*
*Milton Jones;*
*Perfect organs,*
*Glands, hormones;*
*Face unmarred by*
*Comedones;*
*Health, defying*
*Diagnosis;*
*Anti-adenoid*
*Proboscis;*
*Not a hint of*
*Halitosis.*
*High financial*
*Ways he knew;*
*Shone in social*
*Circles too;*
*Pulled an upper*
*Grade I. Q.*
*Richly dowered,*
*Future bright,*
*Milton Jones, one*
*Fatal night,*
*Tried to beat the*
*Traffic light.*

*Who can fathom*
*Providence?*
*All those virtues*
*Hurried hence,*
*Just for lack of*
*Common sense!*
*—Corinne R. Swain.*

Gentle Spring

### The Silent Songsters

SPRING came in as usual. But it was strangely silent. "Where are my birds?" asked Mother Nature, vexed. "Where are the bluebirds?"

A delegation of bluebirds fluttered to her feet. They hopped about uneasily.

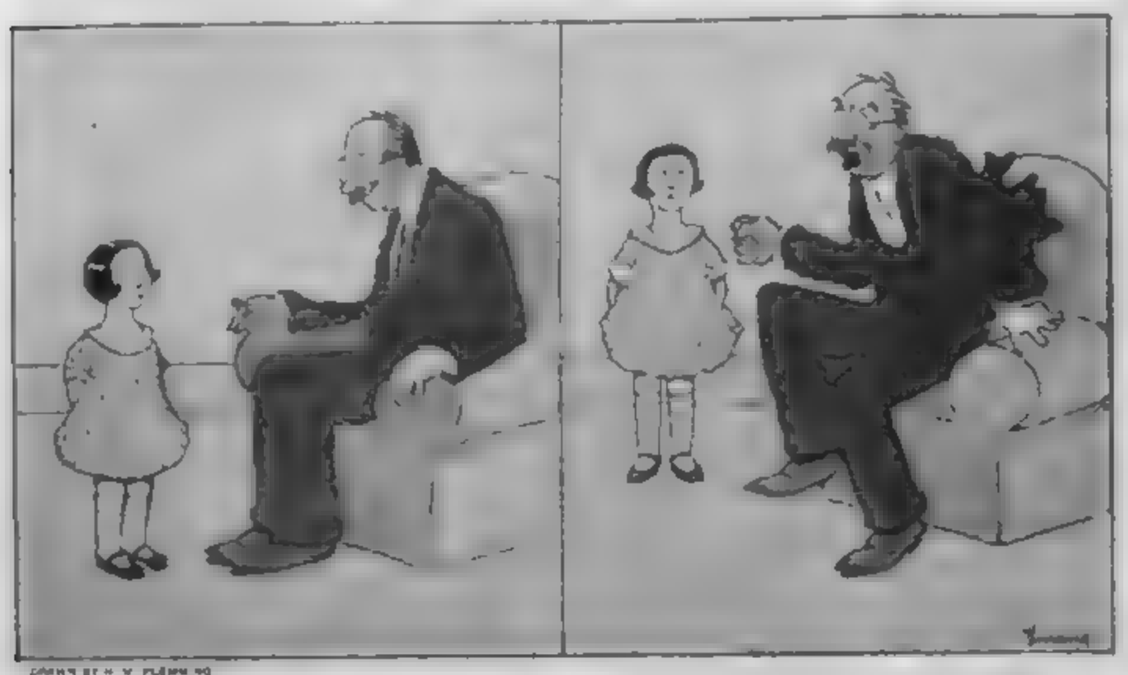
"Have you lost your voices?" asked Mother Nature.

"Oh, no," chirped the leader, "but we are now under contract to the Pan-American Pork Packing Company. You can hear us any Friday night on the radio, Station TWEET. We are known as the Pan-American Warblers and are very popular."

Mother Nature gasped. "Where is the first robin?"

"Here!" replied a redbreast promptly.

(Continued on Page 132)



"Janey is Thumpin' Bobbie on the Head ——

"—— With Your New Golf Club"

The Poor Old Fellow Who Used to Have to Go Outdoors to Smoke

# ADDING YEARS TO MOTHER'S LIFE!

LIVE LONGER. Live better. That is the spirit of the day. And we have been so wise and so successful in bettering our conditions that since 1900 we have lengthened the average American life *six years*. Six precious years more for those we love! They are the gift of science and invention. They came with the new ideas about health and food and the home. Because of them, mother has been saved countless unnecessary footsteps and much useless drudgery. And she has had the supreme happiness of bestowing on her family a comfortable, beautiful, healthful home fulfilling her fondest dreams.

It is no mere coincidence that during these same years since 1900, Soup has become one of the great popular foods in America. Before people knew as much as they do now about living right, soup was served only occasionally. When mother had to spend so much more time and work and energy in the kitchen, she was often forced to deprive the family of some things we now know they needed. Among them was soup, which was not the daily dish on the family table it is today.

Campbell's Soups are to be classed with those inventions and improvements which have made the home better and lessened the work. The moment women could obtain at their stores such delicious condensed soups requiring only a few minutes simmering, it was certain they would be eager to seize the opportunity for their families. At the same time they were learning new facts about the proper foods and the important place of soup in the daily diet. A fascinating variety of tempting flavors not offered by any other food. Health and vigor for the appetite and digestion. The daily wholesome stimulation of the digestive juices. A keener pleasure in the meals and more benefit from them. These advantages have made soup a regular fixture on the modern American dining-table.

So the enormous popularity of Campbell's Vegetable Soup is only natural. It is a masterpiece among soups. It is the leading public favorite of all the hearty soups. And think how much unnecessary trouble it saves mother.

Thirty-two different ingredients are in it. Baby lima beans of the most enticing flavor. Dainty little peas, sweet and nourishing. Fancy sugar corn, aristocrat of the fields. Ruddy, luscious tomatoes, sun-ripened on the vines. Chantenay carrots from the finest gardens in the land. White and sweet potatoes, specially selected to meet the Campbell's standard of quality. Snow-white celery. Choice turnips and cabbage. Okra, sweet red peppers, parsley fresh every day from our own farms, a touch of onion and leek to heighten the flavor.

Fine pearl barley and alphabet macaroni. Strength-giving broth of beef. All of these—and more—are in every plateful of Campbell's Vegetable Soup! Real nourishment. Irresistible flavor. Yet you have but to get Campbell's Vegetable Soup from your store, add the water, let the soup simmer a few minutes and serve it hot and savory on your table! You'll often make it your principal dish at luncheon or supper—it's so substantial. 12 cents a can.

WITH THE MEAL OR AS A MEAL SOUP BELONGS IN THE DAILY DIET

# A BAD YOUNG MAN

"Oh, Poppy, be Sensible. In Your Heart You Know Freddy is Nothing But a False Front"

## By RICHARD CONNELL

*ILLUSTRATED BY BARTOW V. V. MATTESON*

*III*

POPPY BANGS coming to Kayport?" repeated Larry Larrabee. Impossible to hide his interest now.

"Yes."

"Friday?"

"So she says."

"To visit you?"

"Partly that. But haven't you heard about her father? You know the commodore, don't you?"

"We've met," said Larry. "What about him? Has anything happened to him?" Had he burst in one of his fits of temper at last, Larry wondered.

"The commodore has made a lot more money lately," Miss Smallwood informed him. "Controls all the ice in the state now, or something like that. He's going to cruise up here in his old yacht to see Mr. Penhallow about building him a new one, Poppy wrote me."

"Did you say Friday?"

"Yes; twice."

The Smallwoods noticed that their guest was singularly absent-minded that evening. Remarks addressed to him had to be repeated twice before they penetrated his state of reverie. He danced with the four Smallwood girls in a vague, far-away manner. When he said good night to his hostess, he said, "Thank you, Mrs. Smallwood, for a most pleasant Friday." A remark which puzzled that good lady, since the day was Monday.

He left early. As he walked back to his room the soundless streets of Kayport heard him singing softly:

*"Are you aware that the cats have got*
*No tails on the Isle of Man?"*

It was three days to Friday. They were long, long days to Larry Larrabee. They were not happy days. His stock of hope, where Poppy was concerned, was slight. The commodore, grown richer and therefore even more dictatorial, would, probably, rather see his daughter in a reformatory than have her have even so much as a friendship with the discredited Larry. As he worked Larry held a series of debates inside himself, and now the pro side won, and now the con. Best not go near her at all. No, why not nod with cool civility, if they met? Rather pointless, though, that would be, considering they had rolled hoops together. It would be better, maybe, to greet her as an old friend, a memory now outgrown. As for the commodore, he must be avoided if possible. A rather large order, in the circumstances, Larry decided, and thought of ways and means which included disguises, involving tinted glasses and crape whiskers. It would be dangerous, Larry reflected, to vex the ebullient commodore in any way; no telling how he might boil up and say things which might make Kayport look at Larry askance. He did not want that to happen now. He had just begun to admit to himself that he liked his job. Being a rather violent young man by nature, he had thrown himself into it violently, and had talked ships and shipbuilding by the hour, and had begun to pore over fat books full of fascinating facts about yacht making.

Friday found Larry out in the shipyard, trying to concentrate on his task of unpacking engine parts. They were covered with a rich, dark grease, and so was Larry. From the topmost wisp of his strawberry hair to the soles of his heavy workingman's shoes, he was smudged. As he stood in his stained and splotched dungarees that day, he was probably the dirtiest man in the New England States. His hands took catch-as-catch-can holds on the engine parts.

His mind was not on them at all. A slippery gadget fell from his fingers. He straightened up and gazed across the yards. Poking its nose into one of Mr. Penhallow's slips was a small yacht, and from it floated the orange-and-azure pennant of the Bellemere Yacht Club. Larry knew it to be the Penelope, Commodore Alexander Bangs, commander. First his heart gave an upward hop. Then it slipped down below its normal place.

"Steady, you blithering baboon," he growled at himself. "A fine piece of mouse food you are. Why, you never even wrote to her. What do you expect?"

He lifted a heavy cogwheel out of a box and did not even notice it was heavy.

"Her taste runs to slick eggs with ornamental chins and plate-glass hair," he said, scowling. "The blasted ballroom weevils!" He hauled out another cogwheel. "And I'm no bargain myself," he said.

He tried to, but could not rivet his attention on the cogwheels. It kept roving to the yacht Penelope. Though it was at a considerable distance from him, he could make out figures on its deck. That figure, with the gold on his cap, strutting about and giving orders, could be none other than the commodore.

"Purple-nosed hop-toad," ejaculated Larry. "But why did I have to go and call him one?"

That other nautical figure in blue coat, yachting cap and white trousers was doubtless the captain. That flowing green figure with an armful of something white and wiggling was surely Mrs. Commodore Bangs and her mess of Pomeranians, the completely negative wife of the commodore, who in twenty years had never said anything but "Yes, Alexander," when the commodore looked her way. That tall, angular figure in black must be Aunt Jessica, the commodore's austere sister. But where was Poppy? Larry kicked a cogwheel savagely. She hadn't come. He bent over the greasy machinery.

He looked at the yacht again. He felt a strange tightening in the region of his breastbone. Another figure had come out on deck—a slender figure in a white polo coat and red béret.

"Oh, gosh," Larry groaned, "what a moron I am. I've got it bad, and no chance." Then he squared his shoulders. "Then again," he said, "why haven't I?"

They would have to pass near where he was working, on their way to the gate of the shipyard. For a brief moment Larry Larrabee contemplated flight or concealment. No; he'd stick there.

They were drawing near. He heard the voice of the commodore, discoursing pontifically on the scenic beauties of the Maine coast, and he heard Mrs. Bangs filling in the pauses with "Yes, Alexander." Larry did not look up. They passed within a few yards of him, but the commodore did not recognize, in the dirty, dungareed figure juggling machine parts, the wayward scion of the house of Larrabee. They passed on around the corner of the machine shop. Larry tugged at a cogwheel embedded in grease.

"Why! It's Larry!"

He looked up then. "Gosh! Poppy!"

"It is you, then?"

"Guess so."

"Well, dog my cats! I felt sure there was only one red head like that in the world. But what are you doing here?"

"Waiting for a trolley car," said Larry.

"You still think life is a minstrel show," remarked Miss Bangs. "And you don't seem a bit glad to see me."

"Of course I am, Poppy. But I can't shake hands. I'm all gooed up."

"Never mind that. Shake."

She held out her hand, and he took it, and when she drew her hand away it was black with grease.

"Do you work here, Larry?"

(Continued on Page 38

A kitchen in the City of Sunbrite

# Porous wood needs Sunbrite's "double action"

Your wood utensils need more than soap and water to keep them perfectly clean. For wood is porous and absorbs tiny particles of food which hold odors and flavors.

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Swift & Company

QUICK NAPTHA WHITE SOAP CHIPS FOR FAMILY WASH OR DAINTY SILKS AND LACES

Continued from Page 36

"Looks like it."

"Well, burn my clothes!" exclaimed Miss Bangs. "This is almost too much to bear."

"What's more," said Larry, "I like it."

"Why, in Bellemere ——"

"They thought I was in prison, I suppose," Larry finished for her.

"Penitentiary," she said.

"Big-hearted people!"

"Now, don't get grumpy, Larry."

"Not grumpy. What's the news of my dear old home town?"

He saw that she hesitated, bit her lip.

"Oh, nothing much," she said

"Have a good trip up here?"

"Marvelous."

"Flirted with that big captain, I suppose."

"What big captain?"

"The stately figure I see on deck now."

"That isn't the captain," said Poppy Bangs. "That's Freddy Trask."

"What!"

"Freddy Trask," she repeated, not looking at him.

"What's the idea, Poppy?"

"Freddy's in dad's firm now."

"He would be, the upholstered lobster!" snorted Larry. "How come?"

"Dad expanded his business, you see," answered Poppy. "He considered Freddy a very hustling and efficient business man. So, when Freddy gave up bond selling dad took him in."

"But why did Freddy give up bond selling? Thought he had a good graft there."

"Well," said Poppy, "he lost customers, after his divorce."

"What's that? Freddy divorced?"

"Yes. In Paris, two months ago. His wife got it."

Larry glowered. "I thought it would come to that," he said. "Don't blame her, Poppy."

"What?"

"Did you ——"

"Stop glaring at me like that, Larry Larrabee. I had nothing to do with it."

"You mean that?"

"I certainly do. I didn't see Freddy at all, after that night. I didn't see him again until after he came back from Paris."

"You've been seeing him in the last two months though."

"Yes. Why not? He came to our house a lot to have business talks with dad and ——"

"And what?"

"And nothing."

"Poppy Bangs, has that sleek sheik been making up to you?" No answer. "Has he?"

"Why shouldn't he if he wants to?"

"Oh, when will you get some sense?"

"Larry, I won't have you preaching at me. Freddy is a clever and successful man, and he's grown-up and sophisticated, and—well, a sort of bachelor now."

"He's full of poisoned jellyfish," said Larry.

"Dad thinks highly of him," retorted Poppy.

"I don't care what your father thinks," said Larry. "But what do you think?"

"I like Freddy," she said.

"Poppy!"

"Don't yell so. What is it now?"

"Are you engaged to Freddy?"

"No."

"Going to be?"

"Perhaps. You let go my wrists, Larry Larrabee. I'll be engaged to him if I want to be."

"You won't."

"I will so. You stop censoring me. It was bad enough on the yacht, with dad and mother and that sniffy Aunt Jessica chaperoning me every second. What if Freddy does want to marry me? He's free and so am I, and I know dad won't object ——"

"I object."

"Who are you?"

"Nobody," said Larry. "Oh, Poppy, be sensible! In your heart you know Freddy is nothing but a false front."

"Cut the dirty digs. Here he comes."

"I'd like," said Larry, "to drop a seventy-pound cogwheel on his complexion."

The elegant figure of Mr. Trask was moving toward them.

*"Better Not Start Anything," Said Freddy Trask; Then Called Loudly, "Hi, Waiter, Waiter"*

Larry groaned. "Oh, what's the use!" he said, and without another word he turned and hurried off, out of sight, behind the machine shop.

There he sat in utter dejection for a time. Never before, since coming there, had he neglected his appointed task. Now he forgot it completely.

From the spot where he was putting a coat of paint on a racing yacht, the booming voice of Pete Sales came to Larry's ears. Mr. Sales was singing of the eccentricities of Lulu.

Larry stood up suddenly. His lips were pressed tightly together. He appeared to have made up his mind about something. He approached Pete Sales.

"Pete."

"Yeah?"

"What sort of place is this Scarletti's Casino?"

"Dump," said Pete succinctly. He looked at Larry in surprise. "What do you want to know for?" Mr. Sales inquired.

"Just curiosity."

"Dump," repeated Pete. "One of those rowdy nose-paint joints. It's run so slick nobody can put a stop to it. Even the boss couldn't, though he's tried. Tony Scarletti is too smart. The boss ain't no busybody, but he figures that place is a blot. All the gang here has a pretty good hunch that if they go out there they'll queer themselves plenty with Mr. Penhallow. Me, I wouldn't be found dead in it. It's a dump. Besides," added Mr. Sales sadly, "they soaked me a dollar and a half for a bottle of beer there once."

"Thanks," said Larry, and went back, in a state of dense gloom, to his greasy cogwheels.

That evening Larry Larrabee made his plans with care. He refused an invitation to dine at the home of Nicholas Penhallow with Commodore and Mrs. Bangs, Poppy, Freddy and the Smallwoods, saying he had important work to do. He bathed, shaved, dressed with care, moving with a cold deliberateness. From the drawer of his dresser he extracted a small wad of bills, his savings to date. He took no dinner, except a mug of coffee, and then, when it was dark, walked up Lighthouse Hill toward the Penhallow mansion.

It was brightly lighted. Dinner, apparently, was over, for in the spacious living room he could see groups of formally garbed people, and he could hear the oldest Miss Smallwood wheedling a Chopin waltz out of the square piano.

Larry made not the slightest attempt to conceal his actions. Boldly he went to the Penhallow garage, beside the house. In a place so confiding as Kayport nobody locks his car or his garage. Into the seat of Mr. Penhallow's largest and most exotic car Larry leaped. He did not try to dim the whir of the self-starter or soften the roar of the puissant motor. Out of the garage it shot, and past the Penhallow front door. And Larry paid no heed to the fact that startled persons had rushed to the door, flung it open, and were emitting excited noises as he darted away.

At an outraged motorcycle policeman who made official motions at him to stop as he tore along the turnpike, Larry Larrabee threw a derisive thumb-and-fingers gesture. The officer gave spirited chase; but, as he explained later, "I got a wife and four kids to consider. The only way I could have caught that bird was with an airplane."

Scarletti's Casino proved to be a sprawl of wooden building on a rocky point of land by the sea. At his peephole waited Tony Scarletti, a man of much stomach. Seeing the quality of the car Larry drove, he admitted Larry to the Casino. Revenue agents, Mr. Scarletti knew, were seldom open-faced young men in twelve-thousand-dollar cars.

In a large, shabby room, three negroes, in one corner, with synthetic smiles and artificial ardor, bleated and bumped out dance music. Four or five couples danced nervously. At tables others drank. Larry took a seat at a vacant table.

To a bent-nosed waiter he said, "Strong drink."

The waiter eyed him appraisingly. "Who are you?"

"Lawrence Larrabee, the black sheep of Bellemere, alias the Titian Bum."

This appeared to satisfy the waiter. He returned with liquor. It was raw and raspy, but it was potent. Larry forced down several stiff drinks. Presently some ladies appeared, unescorted and not notably formal. One sat at the table next to Larry's. She had gold teeth. She had been younger. (Continued on Page 130)

# This New Six Puts a world of new meaning into $1385

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In the minds of thousands, it is top-rank beyond all question among medium-priced sixes, because it combines all that the highest-priced six offers by way of performance—with many obvious betterments in the smart new bodies—at prices which represent substantial savings to the purchaser.

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DONALD DENTON

# CLOSE-UPS—By Norma Talmadge

*Norma and Constance Talmadge on the Veranda of Norma's Hollywood Home*

OUR first trip to California was a crusade of charm for Constance and me. Once having decided to leave the dear old Vitagraph, I could hardly wait to arrive in the land of flowers and fruits—and films. We had heard all about the wonderful opportunities for beautiful and natural exteriors and newly built studios with individual dressing rooms for each star.

Then, too, this was the first time in our lives we had enjoyed the luxury of a drawing-room or traveled any great distance. Hitherto the extent of my journeying had been from Flatbush to near-by cities, on location, and the farthest I had ever been away from home was when Vitagraph sent me to Washington with Florence Turner, Charles Kent, James Morrison and Hal Wilson in connection with the making of His Official Appointment. As I played the daughter of the Secretary of the Treasury, the White House was used for a background. I have good cause to remember that picture, since it was necessary for me to learn to ride horseback for the part and I experienced more than one tumble.

Every turn of the wheels which carried us to Hollywood spelled adventure, and we sat with our faces glued to the windowpanes, nibbling chocolates and watching the trees, hills, farms and finally the desert wastes as the train sped along. My father could not leave his business, but after subletting our apartment, putting the furniture in storage and winding up various household affairs, mother and Natalie were to follow us to California in two weeks.

### *Fitted Into the Triangle*

BUT when at last we reached Los Angeles and were driven to the Hollywood Hotel, our hearts sank, for the picture colony in 1916 was totally unlike Hollywood of today. A few straggling bungalows gave the appearance of a scattered village and the business section was hardly more than a small-town Main Street. Great groves of oranges, avocados, and fields of beets and stretches of flat country and deserted hills gave us a pang of homesickness. As we registered at the desk of the strange hotel in a strange land, a big tear rolled down Dutch's cheek and merged with the ink flowing from her pen. "There, Norma," she said dramatically, "you see the first blot on our new career."

But soon there were many more serious happenings that were destined to disappoint us in our new venture. William Parsons, president of the National Pictures Company, was inexperienced in the picture business, and to add to his troubles, something went wrong with his financial backing.

Thus it came about that Captivating Mary Carstairs, a picture directed by Bruce Mitchell, who also played the leading male rôle, was my last as well as my first starring vehicle with the National. It was not only the end for me but the end of the whole company. Needless to say, with all the ups and downs, Mary turned out anything but captivating. Constance played a small part in Mary.

Soon after the National Pictures Company blew up I received an offer from David Wark Griffith, who had his own unit with the Triangle Film Corporation. When Harry Aitken, formerly president of the Mutual, closed agreements for the Triangle deal, he chose as the three apexes Thomas H. Ince, Mack Sennett and D. W. Griffith. All their productions were made at the Fine Arts Studios in Los Angeles, and many well-known stage players were on their list, including Billie Burke, Willard Mack, De Wolf Hopper, Weber and Fields, Raymond Hitchcock, Julia Dean, Dustin Farnum, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree and ever so many other established box-office names, though the biggest money-maker of the entire list soon proved to be William S. Hart, whose picturesque Westerns became increasingly popular. I was naturally eager to join such a constellation of famous names, but there was Constance to consider. The National had promised to develop her along with me; so Peg and I persuaded the Master, as Mr. Griffith was called because he had been making superior productions under the trade-mark of Master Pictures, to give Dutch a chance with Triangle. She was put on the pay roll, given occasional bits and told to stick around the studio until he could find something more important for her to do.

*Norma With Her Director, Frank Lloyd, Looking for Locations for "Ashes of Vengeance"*

At my first meeting with Griffith, I was particularly impressed by his quiet vitality; his manner was easy and unobtrusive, but back of those piercing blue eyes one immediately sensed tremendous energy. Tall, slender and dominant, he seemed, to my admiring gaze, to tower over all the rank and file of filmdom. Instinctively he gave me the feeling that anything short of the very best I had to give my work would be unworthy of him, of myself and of the industry which Griffith always regarded as a real art rather than just a business. His voice and careful enunciation had the mesmeric quality of a well-tuned instrument, and his extraordinary patience and poise were prompted by his self-confidence in knowing that he would obtain the results he went after.

### *Acting Up to a Big Brother*

I NEVER heard Mr. Griffith raise his voice on a set, nor did he assume any mannerisms for effect. To me he always seemed like a kindly dean of a college instructing his classes and firing them with his own enthusiasm. Yet, in spite of his natural simplicity, Mr. Griffith inspired in the players, directors and technical staffs of the various Triangle units a respect bordering upon awe. Everyone jumped at his slightest command. Only my sister Constance and Dorothy Gish were thoroughly at ease in his presence. Neither of them was in the least abashed by his importance. These two little ruffians would dash about the studio as merrily and unconcernedly as though Griffith were their big brother. His sense of humor made him delight in the naïve way Dutch would approach him with her little problems, and all the time he was carefully observing her in insignificant parts in children's stories

(Continued on Page 43)

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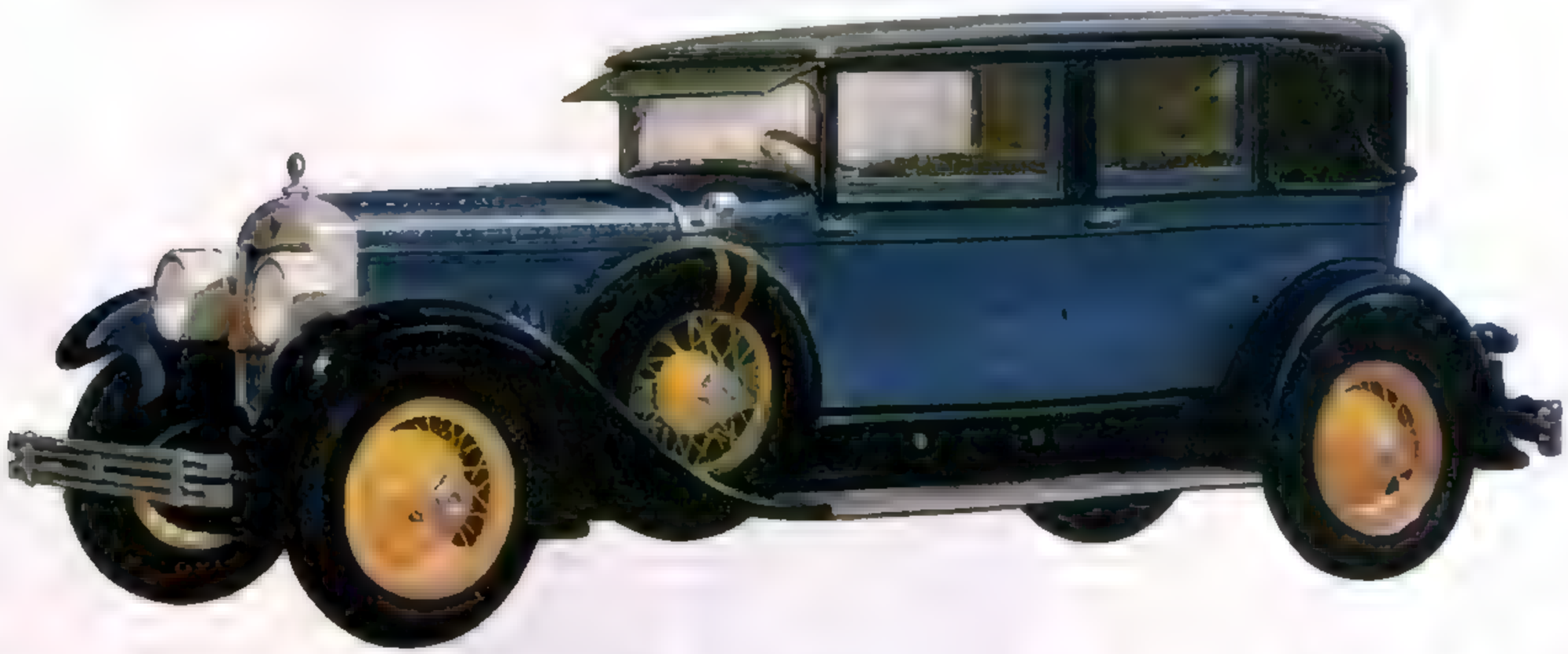


# CADILLAC

DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

*Cadillac and LaSalle Motor Cars*

(Continued from Page 41)

directed by Sidney and Chester Franklin, and awaiting an opportunity to cast her in the rôle which was to launch her on the road to stardom.

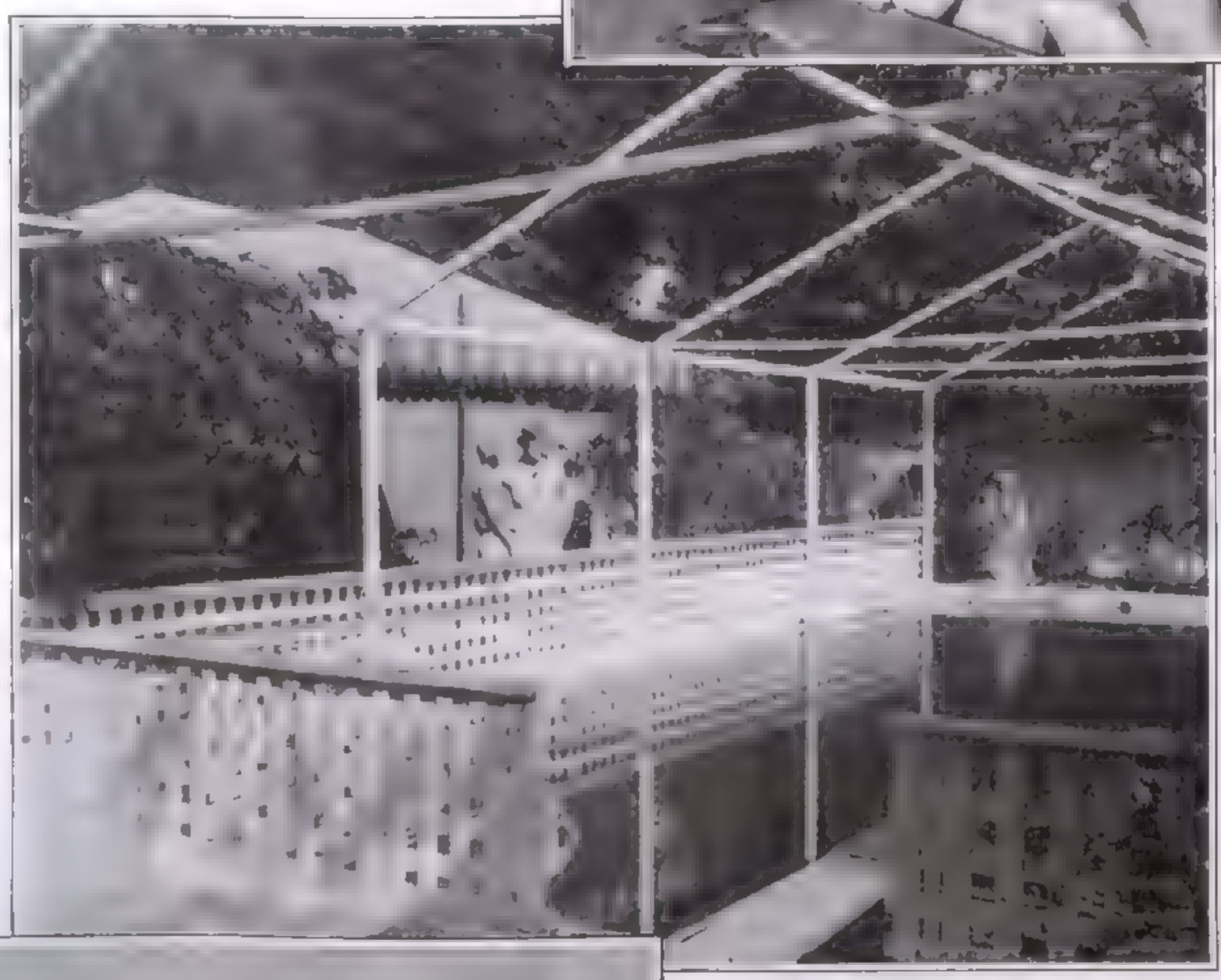
I myself came into close contact with Mr. Griffith very seldom and he never directed me, although he supervised all the productions of the directors under him. Whenever I was not working myself I loved to watch him rehearse the different players. He was the first director to rehearse a company two or three weeks before starting production. This idea was quite new and exceedingly interesting to me, who had been accustomed to making a whole picture in less time than Mr. Griffith gave to preliminary preparations. His purpose was to have all the members of each cast thoroughly familiar with their parts and to glean from them their own analysis of their individual rôles. He would then compare their interpretations with his own ideas. Sometimes he would have older, more experienced players rehearse scenes for the benefit of newcomers.

### A Background for Character

FOR instance, if a girl of eighteen were to play a soubrette in a *café chantant*, he would select from one of the companies a woman of advanced years who might be playing mother rôles at the moment but who had actually been a soubrette in her youth, and ask her to rehearse the scene. Then the ingénue would add her own personality to the characterization, but imitate the more experienced woman's technic.

Mr. Griffith was never autocratic; he welcomed constructive suggestions Just to recount one of the many instances of his open-mindedness, I recall the rather amusing experience of Bertram Grassby, when Dorothy Gish and Richard Barthelmess were playing in The Hope Chest. Mr. Grassby, whose home houses one of the finest collections of antiques in Hollywood, has always been a student of period furniture and dabbled a little in interior decorations before he became an actor. Consequently he was utterly appalled at the conglomeration of Sheraton, Adam and Louis XVI furnishings crowded into the dining room of a Fifth Avenue mansion to be used in Dorothy's picture Dot asked Grassby how he liked the set, and without mincing words, Bert told her he thought it was simply terrible, as it was overcrowded and the kind of person who could own such a home as was depicted in the story would be unlikely to mix so many periods in one room. Dorothy, thinking to impress Mr. Griffith, pointed out the incongruity to the director. The latter suspected that Dot was quoting someone. On further inquiry he discovered that the criticism had originated with Bert.

*A Bedroom in Norma's Town House*



*The Swimming Pool at Her Hollywood Home*

*Her New Home, Just Completed, at Santa Monica Beach, California*

Shortly afterward there came a loud knock on Bertram Grassby's dressing-room door. André Beranger, then known as George, one of Mr. Griffith's runners, announced that the chief wished to see Bert.

"There must be some mistake," argued the actor. "I am not working in Mr. Griffith's unit."

"I told you he wants to see you right away," Beranger insisted.

With considerable misgiving, thinking perhaps he had failed to please Mr. Griffith in his work, the actor started for the chief's office. On the way he met Dorothy.

"Gee!" she said. "I am afraid I've got you in a peck of trouble," and explained her conversation with D. W. G.

"I will go with you," Dot volunteered, "and we will face the music together, since I am responsible for getting you in wrong." But Grassby refused to hide behind a girl's petticoats, and proceeded to Griffith's office

"Sit down," said the director cordially when Grassby entered. Then abruptly: "What do you know about sets?"

"I know very little about sets, Mr. Griffith," Bert replied, "but I do know something about furniture and decorations. I have had some experience in arranging rooms and I have studied art and decoration a great deal."

There followed a long discussion as to why Bert considered Dorothy's set in such bad taste.

"I hardly imagine," said Griffith, "that the public pays as much attention to detail in settings as you think, but I am extremely interested in your point that the background of a room should reflect the character of its occupants. Come and see the set I am working on. I will be glad to have the benefit of your knowledge and judgment."

### A New Kind of Director

ON THE strength of Bert's constructive criticism Mr. Griffith went so far as to offer him the position of supervisor of all the companies under his direction at Triangle in connection with the designing and furnishing of sets. When Grassby did not accept, preferring to go on with his career as an actor, Mr. Griffith engaged an experienced man from the East to act in this capacity. As far as I know, this was the first time any company created a position of this sort for a high-salaried technical director. Hitherto a man who had been graduated from the property department was considered sufficiently capable of taking care of sets. The artistic and accurate settings of

(Continued on Page 172)

# Competition That Raises Prices

## By FAYETTE R. PLUMB

*As Told to Charles G. Muller*

I SLAMMED the door of the car, plowed across the sidewalk into Doc Warden's drug store and shook off the snow that had swirled over me.

"Pretty rough out, eh?" said Warden, whose pharmacy is the main one in the section of the town where I live.

"Some!" I answered, collecting a tube of tooth paste, a tube of shaving cream and a bag of peanut brittle. Then: "Here's a bottle, Doc, I want refilled for our little boy. How long will it take?"

The druggist read the label. "Oh, three or four minutes. I'll send it over."

I started to thank him. Then I had a thought. "Say, Doc," I said, "you know I live half a mile away."

"Sure I know it."

"Why, then, when you saw my car outside, didn't you tell me you'd have the bottle ready for me to take along instead of sending your delivery wagon on a special trip out to my place?"

"Well, Plumb, most people appreciate the extra service."

"Would they, if they knew what it costs them?"

"Oh, I don't charge for it," said the druggist genially.

"How do you get your money back then?" I insisted.

"Include it in the general overhead, of course."

"Then you make all your customers, whether they get delivery or not, pay the cost of sending that little bottle to me when I could just as well take it, eh?"

"Guess I do, but so does every other man that calls himself a merchant."

### *The Increased Cost of Business*

WARDEN pointed an accusing finger at me. "It's just as bad in your business," he said. "A few days ago when I wanted an ax for my boy's birthday, I phoned over to the hardware store. They told me they were just out of the kind I wanted but would see I got one the next day. I did—by parcel post from a wholesaler thirty miles away, which certainly cost more than any delivery of mine. You made the ax, so you ought to know!"

"I do know," I said. "And that special delivery is one of the reasons why it now costs the retailer and the wholesaler two and a half times as much as it did before the war to distribute hardware.

"An article which sold to the consumer in 1914 for one dollar used to cost the merchant seventeen cents to handle. The same article now sells for two dollars, but instead of costing only thirty-four cents to handle, it costs the merchant forty-four cents. If it cost only twice as much, we could explain it by the general advance in prices, increased wages and rent, higher freight rates and things of that sort; but the extra rise of 50 per cent in the cost of doing business is due to changes in the way of doing that same business."

"Yeah? What of it?" asked the druggist.

I waited a moment before popping a question that I had sprung on other dealers in various parts of the country: "Be frank, Doc. Are you making lots of money?"

He hesitated. Then: "Well, I find it pretty darned hard "

"So does everybody else like you and me who is trying to make a living by selling such ordinary things as groceries, shoes, drugs, dry goods and hardware. Men all over the country have even admitted: 'I've worked all year for nothing!' Listen!"

I had just been to a meeting of the National Industrial Conference Board, whose business it is to bring out information on industrial conditions, and so I had information that threw light on why the average manufacturer and distributor of staple merchandise is pushing himself to the limit to make a living. Based on data from the United States Treasury Department, this material showed that in 1924, the latest year available, 41 per cent of all manufacturing corporations lost money to the amazing tune of $832,000,000!

Yet the country is prosperous. For one reason, because the other 59 per cent of the manufacturers made money, wiped out the deficit of the losers and left a balance of $2,750,000,000. And for another reason, because all the companies, including those that made no profit, kept their workers well employed and paid them good wages. I told this to the druggist.

"Why can't I make plenty of money then?" he asked. "If people are making good wages and ——"

"For about seven reasons, Doc, such as your willingness to deliver a little bottle half a mile when you could just as well let the customer take it. We all are trying so hard to get business that we're keeping up our prices and eating up our profits. Like you the rest of us have saddled ourselves with all sorts of expenses in trying to make people buy more of our goods. Yet although we know that the price a customer pays is largely what regulates how much he'll buy, we go on spending so much money to get the same business away from one another that we can't bring prices low enough to sell to more people."

### *More Gross Business, Less Net Profit*

THE druggist plainly was interested. "But we do make more sales. My volume of business has been increasing every year."

"And it costs you more to get that increase than you profit on the added sales. You work harder, do more gross business, yet make less money. Am I right?"

Warden nodded his head. "I told you I've been finding it pretty tough to make any money."

"And I'm telling you the reason is because it's costing you so much more than it ever did before to get your goods into your customers' hands. That extra 50 per cent rise in the cost of distribution is your own particular problem. It's not due to general conditions like higher freight rates and increased wages. Listen again."

Wherever you talk to merchants, I told Warden the druggist, whether they are selling shoes, dry goods or groceries, you'll find the same story that was brought out in a very recent survey of the hardware field. As chairman

(Continued on Page 66)

*As Chairman of the Committee Which Dug Out the Facts, I Discovered That Everyone, From Retail Merchant to Manufacturer, Agreed on Seven Main Reasons for the Increase in the Cost of Getting Goods to the Customer*

# The long road to Perfection grows shorter every day

When a man buys a motor car today, he demands one better than the last.

And if his new car be a Buick, this demand is satisfied.

Because, with Buick, past achievement is the starting point for new accomplishment.

Consider Buick activity at the great General Motors Proving Ground, for instance.

There, Buick motor cars are subjected to rigorous tests to determine their efficiency—and the effectiveness of suggested changes. Instruments and devices for measuring a motor car or its parts are available—specially developed for this purpose.

Every move the Buick test cars make, every trial they undergo, is charted. Daily inspections determine the value of suggested improvements. The keenest minds in the automotive industry check results.

And the outcome is—Buick steadily drives ahead to accomplishments and triumphs even greater than those of the past.

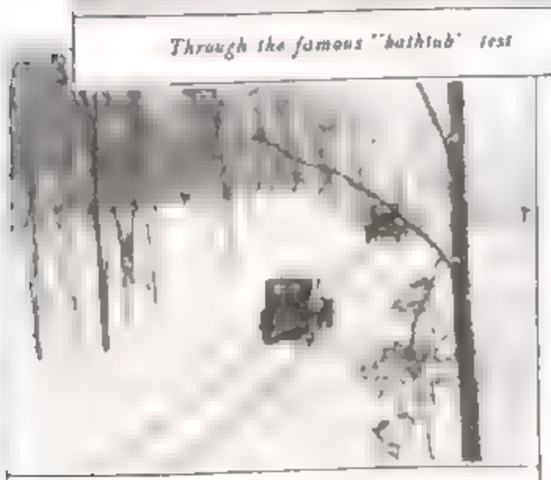
The road to perfection is long, but each day, Buick makes it shorter.

* * *

BUICK MOTOR COMPANY, FLINT, MICHIGAN
*Division of General Motors Corporation*
*Canadian Factories:* McLAUGHLIN-BUICK, *Oshawa, Ontario*

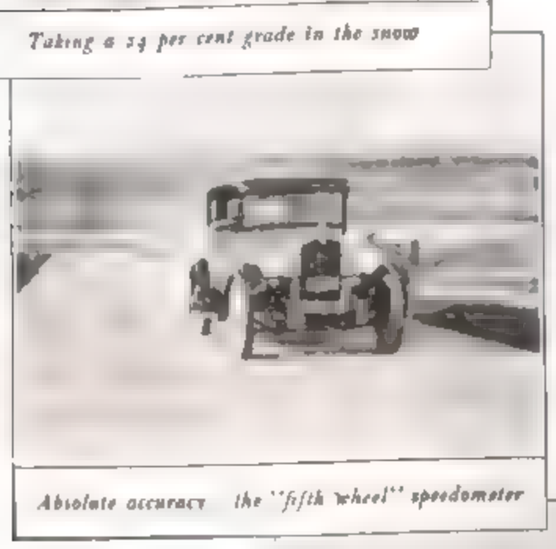
*Through the famous "bathtub" test*

*The sky is the limit on speed*



*Taking a 24 per cent grade in the snow*

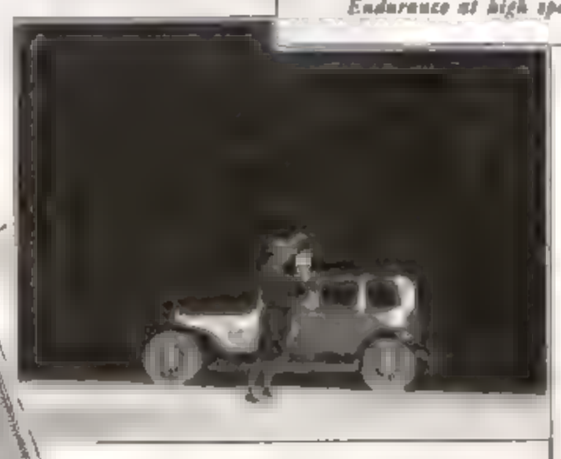
*Testing steering at various speeds*



*Absolute accuracy the "fifth wheel" speedometer*

*Endurance at high speed on rough roads*

*Tough going through deep sand*



*Testing for reflection at the driver's seat*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT, BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

# DIOGENEA

By STEPHEN AVERY

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

MRS. LANE never doubted that the loss of De Steynarch, famous old beau that he was, was not too great a price to pay for a truly classic bit of repartee. He had undertaken to justify the universal lying - call it flattery, philandering or any pretty name—which even men of the strictest honor among men, of course—practice upon women.

"It is because, madame," he said, "the most invariable characteristic of your interesting sex reacts to it. Not all women, unfortunately, have beauty, nor intellect - nor, alas—virtue! But they do have vanity."

The reply, still recounted to the credit of Marcia Lane in those intimate Continental circles which she and her dusky, curious daughter inhabited, was sufficiently stage-whispered to be heard across the dinner table.

"Your speaking of vanity, *mon cher* De Steynarch," she said, "is as much out of place as your toupee."

It was that sort of spice of life which kept these debonair souls searching blithely over Europe for gay times and gentle seasons, like indolent peacocks on a lawn. They knew the old jokes of life by heart, or thought they did, and they had done with reaching after fool's-gold stars. No hopes, no fears, a good day today and no tomorrow was the tradition they adored.

As usual, however, with people who have difficult traditions, they could not hold the pose. There were among them too many young faces and too much yearning and an unconfessed joy in their bright world—winter chalets in the Riviera hinterland, gay corners of the Bois de Boulogne listening eagerly as children to that absurd Pan piping which Paris blows in spring. And now before the earliest tourist and the first lethargy of summer they have gone scudding to the sea, for the sake of its cool pale blue and for the keenness of dark pine-covered dunes and for the duotone of surf upon a sculptured strand. They have gone to Christobal.

*"Phillip Told Her the Moon Was Made of Green Cheese and Eve Said, 'Phillip, If You Say So, Green Cheese It Is'"*

They have gone into the warm shadow of the Pyrenees where Christobal languors in purple and gold like a jewel wrapped in a sultan's turban, or like a secret from the world. There are a few Americans with modest incomes and a taste for beauty, several British who take beauty rather for granted, a number of Italians, Spanish, even a monocled Russian; and, of course, those ones who have the manner of knowing what others may only hope to learn—the French. But chiefly they are all one, cosmopolitans, elusive, clever, vague. They know the value of vagueness—"Christobal? Ah, yes, I've heard of it"—lest their white bauble of a paradise be invaded and they be forced, gasping, to some mere Deauville or a dull Biarritz.

Christobal was unreal enough without Marcia Lane's daughter attempting to endow it with mystery. But Eve was always dreaming mysteries and wondering about things which were obvious to average people. Possibly she had never outgrown her why stage; and whereas a mother might cope with a seven-year-old "Why do birds have nests and flowers don't?" the thing was more difficult when at twenty it was "Why should a girl be allowed to trip across the beach at Lido in a scanty slip of blue bathing suit and then be plagued about the décolletté of her ball gown?"

So Marcia was prepared for anything when Eve drew a green wicker lounge chair alongside hers on the small third-floor porch which with its striped awning and low rail had lured them to this particular hotel suite. Their gaze swept the bay, the beach and the little yacht club, over the white plaything city and far up into those high dune shadows where gleaming spots marked the roofs of villas in the pines.

"I always feel this place is lost," said Eve. "You know, Marcia? I mean that once we're here, all the roads are obliterated."

"What about the roads? Obliterated?" Her mother, inevitably soothed by that charmingly disrespectful "Marcia," inclined her slender neck enough to show an exquisite profile and one fragile lifted brow. "I hope they are not obliterated. How would Victor get here? I can't face July without Victor. Do leave the roads as they are, dear Eve, not good but passable."

Yes, Marcia Lane would be expecting a Victor or a Sir Gerard or a Conte Colonna or a somebody. It had been so ever since the distant Philadelphia day when dear old Bob Lane died—not more than a month after he'd said to his life-insurance adviser, "Well then, I'd better double it. I can't bear to think of Marcia's ever having to work." That would have been a pity.

"Do you love Victor so very much?" Eve was pensive. "Do you believe in him?"

"Believe him!" Her mother was shocked. She even arrested a languid intent to smooth an uneven fold of her peach-colored tea gown. "I believe no man, silly. If they lie to you beautifully, and you are amused, that's all they are for." Marcia Lane had her own ideas about the proper protection for a pretty daughter.

Eve was almost too pretty, one might think. That type of ingénue, shadows and white and rose, is not supposed to be precisely brilliant, and one might easily have been fooled about this one, unless he observed that her hair, though dark, was both alive and alight, and that her deep blue eyes were smoky with a kind of wondering behind which smoldered the dangerous sincerity of youthful ideals.

For the rest, she was round and slender as twenty can be, and one might feel with a certain pleasure that if he touched her she wouldn't jump. No doubt Marcia's caution was justified.

Eve sighed. Would she ever be as clever and as beautiful and know as much as Marcia? She reached as languidly as she could to smooth a fold of her own tea gown, which was pale yellow and might have been uneven too.

"So then," she asked tentatively, "if a girl—I mean a woman—if she has a lover, she in reality only has a liar? Is that it?"

"Of course, you dear infant. That's the fun of it." Her mother was laughing. "When it comes to love and women a man lies as naturally as a fish drinks—or do fish drink?"

But Eve wasn't so gay.

"And not one is honest, meaning every word, straight out?" She was remembering one night long ago, some years after they'd come to Europe. She was supposed to be too young to know then. But there was a tall gentleman, sort of Scotch, who brought flowers to her mother and toys to herself. And then that night he was laughing and trying to make her mother laugh too. But she wouldn't, so he went away and her mother remained in a white heap on the floor of their apartment in Paris. It was Eve's first knowledge that mothers could cry, and she remembered that hers had looked up finally and said, "Eveton, when the first fair-haired boy kisses your eyes, you tell him he lies." And that very winter in Switzerland a boy had promised her his skis and had given them to a guide instead.

(Continued on Page 49)

# Why *changed* motoring conditions demand a new margin of safety

# How can comfort threaten oil? It does!

No. 7

New riding comfort is here. But mischief goes with it unless your lubrication has a new margin of safety.

Today's low cars fairly hug the road—for comfort. You roll on balloon tires—for comfort. Steering is still easier—for comfort.

New comfort—everywhere. No. Not quite that.

No comfort inside your engine. For your improved car and the improved highways invite you to drive faster than ever before.

More work for your engine. More work for your lubricating oil. More heat. More friction.

It is a fact that many oils which "worked all right" in 1922 show serious shortcomings today when used for sustained fast driving.

As cars have changed, Gargoyle Mobiloil has been steadily improved. The 1927 Mobiloil surpasses the 1922 Mobiloil as strikingly as the 1927 cars excel those of 1922.

Here at the Vacuum Oil Company we have watched every change in car design and driving conditions. The effect of these changes on lubrication is constantly studied and taken care of in the progressive improvements in Mobiloil.

**YOUR guide**—If your car is not listed here, see at your dealer's the complete Chart and remember that . . .

**182** **automobile and motor truck manufacturers approve it!**

The correct grades of Gargoyle Mobiloil for engine lubrication of prominent passenger cars are specified below.

| NAMES OF PASSENGER CARS | 1927 Summer | 1927 Winter | 1926 Summer | 1926 Winter | 1925 Summer | 1925 Winter | 1924 Summer | 1924 Winter |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| Buick | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Cadillac | BB | Arc | BB | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Chandler Sp. 6 | A | A | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... | ... |
| " other models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Chevrolet | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Chrysler 60, 70, 80 | A | A | A | A | A | A | A | A |
| " other models | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | | |
| Dodge Bros. 4-cyl. | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Essex | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Ford | F | F | F | F | F | F | F | F |
| Franklin | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB | BB |
| Hudson | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Hupmobile | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Jewett | . | .... | A | Arc. | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Maxwell | . | .... | .... | .... | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Nash | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Oakland | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc |
| Oldsmobile | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Overland | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc |
| Packard 6 | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | A |
| " 8 | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc |
| Paige | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc | Arc. | Arc |
| Reo | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc |
| Star | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | Arc | Arc |
| Studebaker | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc. | A | Arc |
| Velie | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc | A | Arc |
| Willys-Knight 4 | . | | B | Arc | B | Arc. | B | Arc |
| " 6 | A | Arc | A | Arc. | A | Arc | ... | . |

Your need of the Mobiloil margin of safety has never been so great as it is today

Automobile engineers know that. Mobiloil is by long odds their favorite oil.

Automobile manufacturers are awake to the need. That is why Mobiloil is recommended by more of them than any three other oils combined

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Any lubricating oil which has simply maintained its standards during the past few years is not good enough today.

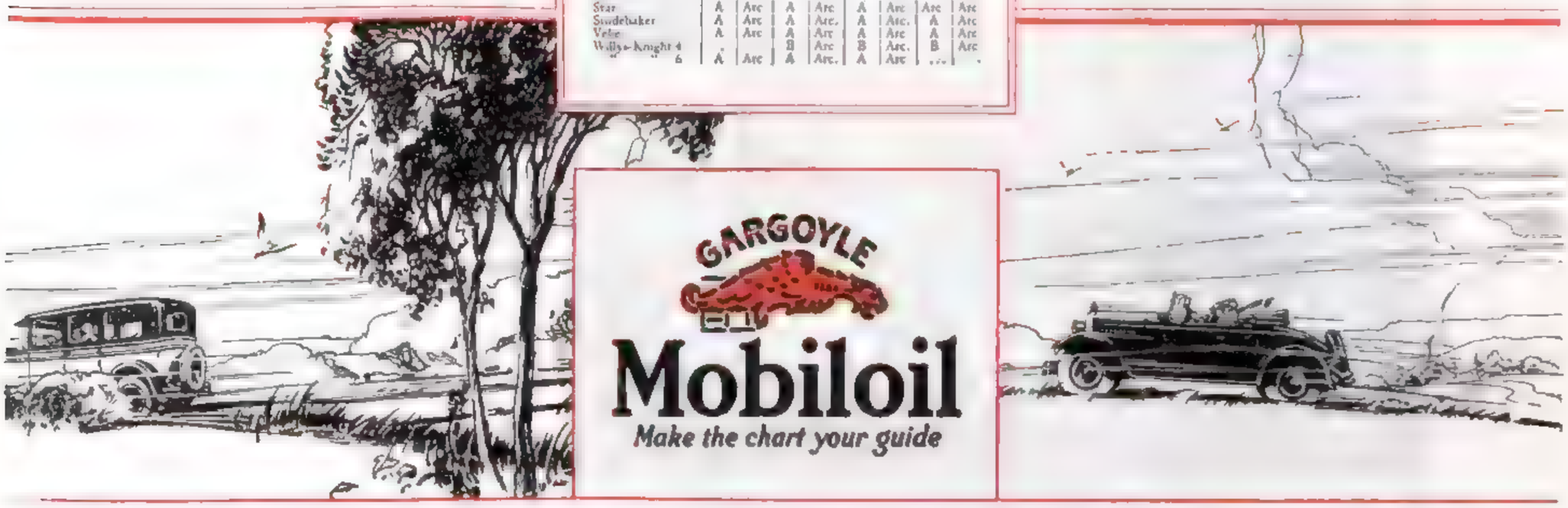
Not if you are at all particular

Make sure of your lubricating margin of safety.

You can get it with Mobiloil.

The Mobiloil dealer has the Mobiloil Chart. From it you can quickly determine which oil to use—with scientific exactness.

That oil is designed and produced with 1927 driving conditions in mind. That is why it gives you the greatest obtainable economy and operating efficiency.




VACUUM OIL COMPANY

MAIN BRANCHES: *New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Buffalo, Detroit, Pittsburgh, Minneapolis, St. Louis, Kansas City, Dallas.*

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# They tell me this is an excellent way to avoid sleeplessness . .

By CARRIE BLANCHARD

WHAT is so miserable as a sleepless night! I have some good news to pass along to those troubled by sleeplessness.

"Why don't you say more about the value of Postum just before bedtime?" friends have urged me. "We serve it every night, and it is wonderfully soothing. I go right to sleep now, and sometimes it used to take me hours."

Hundreds have told me the same thing. The theory, I believe, is that the hot drink draws the blood away from the brain. Postum doesn't counteract this good effect by stimulating the brain and nerves. It is made of roasted wheat and bran—contains no trace of caffein or any other artificial stimulant.

Instant Postum made with hot milk, instead of the usual boiling water, is particularly valuable for this purpose—more soothing, perhaps, because of the added nourishment of the milk. I can vouch for the smooth, mellow, satisfying flavor of this drink. Everyone likes it—even those who don't care for the taste of milk alone.

The idea of the bedtime repast appeals to me for its social qualities as well as its aid to sleep. Those last few minutes before parting for the night can be made so cheerful and companionable! And when Instant Postum is the drink—with some wafers, perhaps, to accompany it—preparing the little snack won't be any bother.

*Have you made the thirty-day test?*

I would like to send you one week's supply of either Instant Postum or Postum Cereal to start you on a thirty-day test of the drink. This test has been a revelation to so many others that I believe you will want to make it, too.

Perhaps you would prefer to start the test today, instead of waiting for the week's free supply. If so, you can get Postum at your grocer's. It costs much less than most other hot drinks—only one-half cent a cup.

For one week's free supply, please fill out the coupon, and indicate whether you prefer Instant Postum, prepared instantly in the cup with boiling water or hot milk, or Postum Cereal, the kind you boil with water. I will also send my personal directions for making Postum so its flavor is most delicious. Mail the coupon—right away!

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MAIL THIS COUPON NOW!

P—S E P—5-21-27

Postum Company, Inc., Battle Creek, Mich.

I want to try Postum. Please send me, without charge, one week's supply of

INSTANT POSTUM . . . . . ☐ Check
(prepared instantly in the cup) which you
POSTUM CEREAL . . . . . ☐ prefer
(prepared by boiling)

Name

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In Canada, address CANADIAN POSTUM COMPANY, Ltd
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Postum is one of the Post Health Products, which include also Grape-Nuts, Post Toasties, Post's Bran Flakes and Post's Bran Chocolate. You can buy sells Postum in two forms. Instant Postum, made in the cup by adding boiling water, is one of the quickest drinks in the world to prepare. Postum Cereal is also easy to make, but should be boiled 20 minutes.

(Continued from Page 46)

But Eve had not despaired. Only a year ago there was a lover of Marcia's who said what he said very bluntly and it sounded true, and Eve had believed in him and hoped her mother would. Yet this one had been traitor to Marcia, too, and in a way Eve would never tell her about—a terrible way. It happened at Mentone.

She brought herself back from dreaming.

"Did Victor say he was coming alone, mother?"

Marcia Lane must have had a dream herself, for she started. Then a gleam of fear drove the distance out of her eyes.

"No; only that he hoped he was coming alone; but that he supposed our camp followers, Gerard and Colonna, could not be long eluded."

"Well, as long as the other doesn't come, the one from Mentone. I'm glad you insulted him the night we dined at Frère Thomas. Why am I glad? Oh, just because I thought you were going to like him very much, and trust him."

"I!" Her mother laughed. "Trust him! Oh, you innocent! An ingenuous, overly frank, too sweetly considerate man is always the greatest liar of them all. He was a fake, dear child. Didn't you know that?"

"Oh, of course," said Eve quickly; "of course I did. How did you know he was, mother?"

Mrs. Lane pondered that.

"How did I know? Well, when a man insists too much on being an English gentleman, mentions casual feats such as crossing the Sahara from the Niger Valley with two natives and three camels, and refers to his 'little place in Devonshire' as too slow for a young bachelor, you may be sure he is a common adventurer, a braggart, and that he has left a plump little seamstress wife in a London flat. Besides that, I never trust a man who makes love to me at tea time and then kisses my daughter in our Mentone garden before the stars are all out."

"Marcia! You knew? Well, don't you mind, mother dear. I hit him with the muddy side of a garden spade."

Marcia Lane very apparently didn't mind. She hadn't heard about the garden spade part of it and she stood up laughing and stretching her arms becomingly. She was so joyous that Eve had to laugh, too, like the tinkling of a Japanese wind harp in a morning breeze. A maid appeared from their rooms with a note.

"It's from Colonel Mills-Brackett," said Marcia presently. "We are to dine at the villa tomorrow and meet house guests, and he wants you particularly, Eve. Madame, he says—his famous French wife, you remember—has unfortunately remained in Paris more gracefully to relinquish one of her former lovers. I do enjoy the colonel.'

Alone on the porch, Eve seemed absorbed in the sudden yellow sparks of street lamps here and there, outlining in the gathering darkness a luminous pattern of Christobal's Grande Place—though it wasn't so grand—its central band stand, the entrances of a miniature municipal theater and of the Café Gai Monde—which wasn't too gay. But Eve was not thinking of street lamps and dusk. She was thinking in a very charming and serious way, which is the way twenty thinks when it does think, about men, and she was wondering why they are often true to an ideal, a flag, a profession or an art, even to a horse and a dog and a brier pipe, and yet never to a woman.

The idea, frankly, made her furious; and when her glance was drawn to a side porte-cochère of the hotel, where a young gentleman in white riding breeches was giving his horse to a groom, she felt like throwing something down at his head. But there was nothing to throw because the maid had taken the teacups inside.

Eve had been at the Mills-Bracketts' villa often enough to recognize, at the end of their drive up the curving dune road, its low white wings stretching across a pine-covered knoll and the straight-backed handsome figure of the colonel waiting for them on the veranda steps. Beyond it rose up a looming back drop of higher dunes.

Mills-Brackett was as cordial as a thoroughly expatriate Briton can learn to be. He held Eve's hands just long enough and said to Marcia, "You are one woman, Marcia Lane, who would dare have a daughter as pretty as this."

Eve remained upstairs only to leave her wrap, and descended to find herself quite alone for the moment and free to explore the slightly gorgeous old rose and gold of a Louis XV hall, drawing-room and library. There were ancient dark-toned pictures under the high ceilings and mirrors in heavy gold frames.

One of the hall mirrors was hung low enough to be useful. Eve passed before it plucking at her dress, which did not please her because it was mostly white chiffon and too decidedly in at the waist and then out. Even the almost utter absence of arms in the dress didn't save it from her scorn. It was too youthful, and since she was a woman now, Marcia ought to let her have more suitable dresses.

"These people will take me for a mere girl," she muttered.

She wandered into the library, thinking about the dresses she might have had for what the ones she did have had cost. Through a half-open French window at the far end of the room she glimpsed a high toss of fountain spray and remembered that there was a charming walled garden behind the Mills-Bracketts' villa, where an impudent marble nymph sat on the edge of a fountain. But Eve could only think how simple a nymph's clothes problem was as compared with hers.

Voices reached her from the hall, the sound receding until she judged that the guests had moved out to the veranda for *apéritifs* perhaps. What a chance to escape the chatter for a few minutes more, to steal a bit of solitude with a whole garden all to herself! She pushed open the window.

But Eve didn't go out, because she saw in the semi-dark that there was a man in the garden, sitting most unconventionally on the edge of the fountain right next to the impudent nymph. He seemed young, and she didn't like that. From his manner of flicking away his cigarette, he seemed debonair, the sort of young man who would look well in white riding breeches, and she didn't like that either. When he rose and moved toward her window Eve scurried back through the library, headed for the safety of the veranda. In the hall Mills-Brackett stopped her. He was in jovial mood.

"Your mother, my dear, is a genius. After ten minutes she is treating my confounded guests as though they were her brothers."

Eve understood. "Marcia's sheep," she murmured. So they had followed their Mary already. She preceded the colonel to the veranda, where the gracious Victor, the pleasantly inconsequential Sir Gerard and the grave Colonna hovered about her marvelous mother, while, through a blue fog of cigarette smoke and from amused sleepy eyes, two English ladies looked on.

"Where's Waightstill?" demanded the colonel suddenly. "That's the devil of these young scoundrels. They take liberties. Rode two of my horses into a sweat all day and then doesn't show up for dinner. Hoped you could take something out of him, Eve."

One entire side of the dining room was windowed to the floor and open to a series of smooth terraces, already whitening under a crazy moon. The table was not extremely large, but it was bright and cool with embroidered linens, old silver and the arrays of fragile glass; for the colonel was an epicure. Far down below, over the terrace and through the tops of the first pines, appeared misty spaces which imagination could easily make into the sea. All of it impressed them with a momentary appreciative silence, which was the ill-chosen occasion for Mr. Philip Waightstill to attempt to take his place in the party as unobtrusively as possible. Instead, however, the young gentleman achieved an almost dramatic introduction and the flush which crept about his gray eyes proved how little he liked it.

"Sorry, colonel," he said. "I was in the garden and didn't notice the time. You have a very pretty garden, sir."

"Yes," growled the colonel. "And I have very pretty dinner guests also. Take your place beside Miss Eve and don't bore her with horse talk. She's accustomed to something better."

As soon as the interest of the table turned from a general discussion of such a person in this place and that—they knew half the interesting people in Europe, it seemed, and all the

(Continued on Page 74)



*Those Two in Their Riding Clothes Were Known in Every Peasant's Hut in the Christobal Dunes*

# GAMING WITH LIFE

## By Margaret Lathrop Law

"HAVE they ever succeeded in deceiving you?" I asked my friend the old insurance doctor, a veteran of thirty years' experience, and now, as medical director of a large company, occupied with sifting applications and death claims from every state. His eyes, deep-set and rarely twinkling, seemed to bore gimletwise into the verities. Personally, I should not have dared try to defraud him as to a great-uncle's diseases, a colorful past, or even age, that favorite theme for women's lies.

But he said soberly, "Yes, I have been deceived. So has every medical examiner, if the truth were known. No government, no corporation, no individual is entirely impregnable and infallible, least of all those who boast that they are. Even the Rock of Gibraltar has a few natural cracks and fissures," he laughed.

Though insurance frauds do not require the daring of gem thieving, bank robberies or bootlegging, the many schemes devised by unscrupulous workaday individuals to defraud the great insurance companies are as varied as the hues of the rainbow. From white lies they range via lesser swindles to calculated murder. Cleverly set and charmingly concealed the traps and snares of the defrauders may be, but the companies have long since marked these pitfalls one by one, and outlined a definite path around each. Since every fraudulent claim makes insurance cost proportionately more for the policyholders, insurance companies are waging relentless battle to make their fabric fraudproof. Concocting and defeating insurance frauds comes to be an absorbing and exciting game, resolving itself into company versus crook, wits against wits, right against wrong, and upon some trivial detail or some legal technicality hangs the winning of the game.

The old physician, dealing daily with the tragedy and comedy which are the stuff of life, is learned in the lore of human beings. He knows, for instance, that about 5 per cent of all applicants for life insurance must be declined, and that about 2 per cent have in their private life some obliquity, physical or moral. The medical examiner who has listened for years to the initial lies of applicants finds there a repetition of motif and method as logical as that in the pattern of a Greek border. The swindler who originates a little plan never seems to realize that the same was tried a century or more ago when insurance was still in swaddling clothes. "The deceivers of insurance companies may, in Chapter I, be somewhat gay, but as we write 'finis' they are decidedly lacking in *joie de vivre*," mused the doctor.

Consider the substitution frauds—just to send someone else to be examined in your place seems so easy and so simple, doesn't it? Imagine two sisters living a lonely and impecunious life together. A physician tells the younger that she has a fatal disease and her weeks are numbered. During sleepless nights the elder concocts the scheme of taking out a little insurance under pretense that she is the younger—so easy, isn't it? With great self-assurance she makes application, passes a splendid examination, and when her sister dies a few months later, prides herself that she has contrived without work to gain $5000, the only flaw being that in four weeks her flimsy scheme is laid bare and her only achievement is a threat of jail. Men with fragile wives send buxom ones borrowed for the moment. Foreigners impose upon the fact that our doctors are less keen in recognizing non-American facial distinctions.

### What is Good Health?

SUBSTITUTION is rivaled by misrepresentation, or in plain English, lying. Lying is the best tool of all defrauders, time old, yet ever sharpened, varying in degree, but not in principle, and particularly useful to those trying to deceive an examiner, demanding neither great courage nor great imagination, hence abetting the largest number of insurance frauds. It is curiously true that unless an applicant tells the whole truth and nothing but the truth as to his past medical history, and that of his family, even the most rigid and scientific examination will not reveal all that should be known in considering him as a risk. In spite of lying, the three major possibilities of lungs, heart and kidneys can be determined, but there is great uncertainty in diseases of the digestive tract.

Obviously the search of the insurance company is for men and women who are normal mentally, morally and physically, since it is obliquity from normalcy which spells increased risk. In discrimination as to good health, the question naturally arises, "What is good health?"—a question which was finally taken to court, where it was defined as a state of being free from any serious functional derangement. So numerous are applicants who pretend ignorance of family symptoms and write "don't know" in answer to questions, that medical examiners refer to "that dread disease 'don't know' of which so many seem to have died." It is so convenient, isn't it, for the man who is underweight—and suspects the reason—to say that his sister died of rheumatism and not of tuberculosis? That means he can obtain insurance with the disability provision, perhaps pay one premium of $300 and be paid $100 a month as long as he is sick; quite a tempting proposition to one who is weak in will as well as in physical inheritance.

Most amusing are the lies of women, who, the insurance doctors declare, have a lower standard in truth telling than the opposite sex, whose delinquencies more frequently take other outlets. Women lie about their ages partly from that traditional coquetry which causes a simpering grandame at the polls to hold up a long line by refusing to divulge more than that she is the legal twenty-one. But a more potent reason is that twenty dollars will at one age buy you $1000 worth of insurance, but at an age ten years in advance only $800 worth.

### Remembering Only the Favorable

ONE interesting case is that of a woman and her husband both wanting to take policies—he was refused and she accepted. The records showed it necessary for her to have been married at fourteen. This the agent refused to believe, and arbitrarily raised her age five years. For twenty years she paid premiums at a rate based on his conclusions. On her death her husband, the beneficiary, made affidavit as to her age, the family Bible proving her right and the insurance agent wrong. The amount of insurance which the premium paid would have purchased at her true age was then paid her husband. In cases where the company is cheated by an age lie, it is usually discovered at the death of the liar, who at least dies believing she has completely fooled them, even though a deduction must be made in the amount paid to the beneficiary.

Women are, according to some doctors, gifted with a psychic power which enables them to foretell oncoming disease and insure against it at a time when no tangible symptoms exist. Other doctors explain this by saying women so persistently dwell upon their imaginary symptoms that naturally a certain percentage come true. Many women counteract their defrauding sisters by insistence upon nonexistent symptoms and even resent the medical examiner's failure to find them. Although the longevity of women in general exceeds that of men, many insurance companies for various reasons refuse to insure them, others only at special ratings. Yet some offer insurance at the same rates granted men.

Today an increasingly large investing power rests in the hands of women, because the phenomenal growth of American industry and commerce causes the richly filled horn of plenty to overflow toward magnates' wives and daughters. Many of these seek insurance both to provide for estate taxes and to arrange charity bequests, but the insurance doctor has learned to be chary of women insuring with husbands as beneficiaries. Business women assuming the rôle of breadwinners often have dependents, and so make natural insurers, the widow's child and the spinster's old mother being logical beneficiaries; but a reversal, such as insuring the child or the mother, is unnatural and immediately calls for caution.

Both men and women like to confide in their attendant physician, but not so their medical examiner for insurance. Recently a trained nurse, applying for insurance, declared she had never had an operation, but it happened that the surgeon at headquarters who read her papers had once operated on her, remembered and proved it. She got nothing, when had she told the truth, she could have had insurance at special rating. A man concealing that he had sinus trouble, shortly after being insured died of spinal meningitis resulting from the concealed disease the company lost

"It is simply amazing," said the old doctor, "what poor memories applicants for insurance have about their family skeletons, not to mention past diseases. If two years ago you had been ill for weeks with pneumonia and had a punctured lung, would that item be apt to slip your mind? This happened just last week to a bright young man who, when trapped, confessed that he wanted a policy with disability benefits. His lie profited him nothing, whereas truth might have secured at least a specially rated policy."

Misrepresentation has many ramifications and is somewhat aided by incontestability laws, which usually provide that unless fraud is detected in two years the insurance company has no redress, but must pay in case of death. Intercompany competition has caused some companies to reduce this time to one year—a still further invitation to fraud through misrepresentation.

Many an applicant conceals the amount of insurance carried with other companies. Recently such a man said, "If you make me tell, I'll not take a policy with you." This threw the company on guard. "Is he a crank or a crook?" they wondered. Investigation proved that he was overloading, which is always to be watched. When a man takes out an amount of insurance disproportionate to his normal mode of living or beyond his supposed ability to pay, he is usually planning to commit suicide or to disappear, or he fears impending disease.

Recently a man was heavily insured because he knew what no one else suspected—that his apparently prosperous business firm would soon fail. In another case of overloading followed by suicide, the payment of $250,000 by the company hinged on whether the overloader had killed himself at ten minutes of three or ten minutes after, the stroke of three marking, both dramatically and legally, the expiration of the policy. A few weeks ago an acrobat who, on account of his work, could get no insurance, remembered that he owned a small house and two lots, so posed as a real-estate man, hoping that this sounded a bit more safely earthbound than tumbling through the air on trapezes and hanging by his teeth.

Telling the examiner that you are younger or healthier or wealthier than you are offers the same temptation that the small boy knows when he defies the traffic cop, dodges through a maze of cars, and from the safety of the pavement, screams a triumphant, "I'm over all right!" The same gleam lurks in the eye of the octogenarian who at twenty-three was refused insurance by three companies, and in defiance outlived all the doctors who examined him, proving the exception to all mathematically compiled tables of risks.

### A Fat Chance for Insurance

THE fat lady of side-show fame, though she be able to eat and digest as much as an ostrich, would never be able to pass the examiners who say "yea" or "nay," and neither would any of her fat sisters or brothers; 20 per cent overweight being dangerous in a risk, and after the age of fifty-five overweight being so dangerous that some insurance ends then. The enormously fat are penalized by having to pay higher than average rates, hence the mad rush to reduce before taking out a policy. Once having tasted the joy of tipping the scales at 130 instead of 180, many an overweight forswears permanently the pleasure of too many pastries, too many drinks, too little exercise.

It is consoling to know that our native Americans lie less than foreign born, whose family records from over the seven seas it is obviously difficult, if not impossible, to trace. For example, New York, Massachusetts and other states with a large foreign population register correspondingly the largest number of applicants' lies, while South Carolina and North Carolina, with their limited immigrant population, register the least.

Collusion with the medical examiner has in the past history of insurance played the initial part in many a ghoulish crime. What more easy for a scalawag than to choose a number of dirty beggars and paupers tottering on the brink of the grave, then get a physician to declare each a good risk. Shortly afterward these risks totter—either naturally or unnaturally—to the grave and the doctor gets his share of the spoils.

A decade ago in a Southern state even a yellow dog was endowed with a name, necessary papers signed by his doctor, and at his demise heavy insurance paid. In another case one corpse smuggled from the potter's field was declared by an unscrupulous doctor to have died nine times, like the proverbial cat. Each time it was resurrected, rechristened, and endowed with a wife and home, who at the proper moment mourned its loss, staged a funeral, and received insurance.

(Continued on Page 82)

Fisher's high standards of beauty, comfort, strength and long life, have always been far in advance. They are far in advance today. The result is, that a car with Body by Fisher, whatever price class it may be in, is unmistakably the leader of its group in both exterior distinction and interior luxury

# FISHER BODIES

GENERAL MOTORS

# AMERICANA

*EVIDENCE that hope of alleviating human suffering is still cropping up, as reported by the Associated Press in a dispatch from St. Louis:*

A gift of one million dollars to establish a radiological institute for the study of cancer at Washington University School of Medicine here was announced today. The donors are the General Education Board, the Rockefeller organization for the advancement of education, and Edward Mallinckrodt, St. Louis manufacturer, and members of his family.

*Symphonic recreation in the short-grass country, as related by the Kinsley correspondent of the Kansas City Times:*

The members of the Kansas City Little Symphony and the soloist, Mrs. George R. Cowden, motored from Hays yesterday almost at the risk of their lives, because of slippery roads. The orchestra arrived at two o'clock, with one hour to unload piano, harp, trunks and instrument books from the trunks, and for luncheon. At three o'clock an audience of twelve hundred was in the gymnasium, one thousand of whom were school children. Tonight an audience of eight hundred brought the number to two thousand who heard the orchestra in spite of rain and muddy roads. Busses with school children came from twenty-five miles away.

*Astonishing account of one little deal by business men in which there was no hope of a cash dividend, as set forth in the columns of the Philadelphia Inquirer:*

Gaston Rutledge, the seven-year-old child who had become known as the tube baby, died yesterday in Jefferson Hospital following an emergency operation resorted to by surgeons of the bronchoscopic clinic in a last effort to save his life. Five years ago, when the boy was hardly two years old, he swallowed some lye. Surgeons in Memphis, Tennessee, the child's home, assumed the task of feeding him by the use of a tube. Efforts to open the child's esophagus by operation proved unavailing, and the parents of the little sufferer had almost given up hope when the Memphis Kiwanis Club offered to assume all financial obligations necessary for the best treatment of the case that the country afforded. Approximately $20,000 is said to have been spent.

*Commentary on the age of jazz in a dispatch from Providence, Rhode Island:*

Flapper books are not popular in this old New England city, according to officials of the Public Library. Providence, the librarian says, adheres to old New England traditions and exercises good taste in its reading. The classics and history continue in favor.

*Chicago dispatch via A. P., indicating a hitherto unsuspected community of interest between Rotary and revolution:*

King Albert of Belgium and the royal family will receive Rotarians at his palace in Brussels between June 10 and 14, the International Board of Directors was informed today by Felice Seghezza of Genoa, Italy, board member for Continental Europe. Signor Seghezza also brought word that Premier Mussolini of Italy is not opposed to Rotary, as he said had been reported in this country. "There are seventeen Rotary Clubs in Italy," Signor Seghezza said. "Mussolini's brother is a member of one, and four of his cabinet are members."

*Narrative of how one American performed one of those deeds that never happen, as related by the Associated Press in a cablegram from London:*

A Shanghai dispatch to the Sunday Express, describing the murder of the Rev. Dr. J. E. Williams of Shawnee, Ohio, vice president of Nanking University, says that a soldier, failing to wrest a ring from the doctor's finger, chopped the finger off to secure the jewel. Instead of resisting the looters, Doctor Williams smiled at them and literally turned the other cheek.

*More about missionaries, as told in an A. P. dispatch to the Atchison Daily Globe from Shanghai:*

Approximately one hundred American missionaries are refusing to leave their posts in the Yangtse Valley, notwithstanding the advice of the American authorities to do so because of a situation that is fraught with dangerous possibilities.

*The American attitude toward orphans, as reported by the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin:*

"Orphan asylums will be a thing of the past within ten years," Sophie Irene Loeb, of New York, president of the Child Welfare Committee of America, last night told executives of relief and child reclamation agencies in the auditorium of the Y. M. and Y. W. H. A. "Every year contributions increase and authorities are seeing the necessity of housing children in private homes instead of sending them to asylums," she said. "Sixty million dollars is spent annually in the United States to care for 150,000 children in asylums, and $13,000,000 is spent for the care of children in private homes."

*Æsthetic product in perpetuity gained by all the citizens of one community, from a glass factory and a typical American, as set forth by the New York Times:*

Approximately $20,000,000 will be turned over to the Toledo Museum of Art under the terms of the will of the late E. D. Libbey of that city, it was announced yesterday, at the completion of a final estimate of the value of Mr. Libbey's residuary estate. Through the bequest the Museum will have an ample endowment to carry out its plans for development. These include the erection of a building to house an art school and a school of music, the establishment of which is provided for in Mr. Libbey's will. Mr. Libbey, who died November 13, 1925, established a cut-glass business in Toledo in 1888. From this beginning he developed one of Toledo's greatest industries. He sponsored the erection of the present art-museum building, contributing more than half the cost. While his principal interest was in art, Mr. Libbey also took an active part in the development of Toledo's schools. As president of the Board of Education, he was responsible for the establishment of the present high-school system.

*Miami dispatch by A. P., containing further information as to what's on the business man's mind:*

The will of Charles Deering, former farm-machinery manufacturer, was filed for probate today. The will contains bequests for approximately one million dollars, including $500,000 for Northwestern University; $340,000 for Wesley Memorial Hospital, Chicago; and a trust fund of $100,000 for the Jackson Memorial Hospital in Miami.

*Inspiration and self-help in the Bible Belt, as reported by the Atlanta Constitution:*

With prospects of more than $4000 raised toward the Warner Hill Educational Foundation, recently organized by the Judge W. H. Hill Bible Class of St. Mark's Episcopal Church, preparations to aid students through Methodist schools by means of repayable loans are scheduled to be completed this fall, it was announced by George E. Knott, president of the class of more than 250 men. The educational fund was instituted at the inspirational meeting held at the church recently.

*A chamber-of-commerce activity—also reported by the Constitution:*

Formal organization of the Credit Union League of Georgia took place Wednesday, when representatives of several credit unions met in the offices of the Atlanta, Birmingham and Atlantic Railway Employes Credit Union to elect a board of directors and officers. The credit union associations are being sponsored by the Junior Chamber of Commerce in its campaign against loan sharks. They were established subsequent to special legislative enactment August 27, 1925, Georgia being the twenty-fourth and most recent state to adopt a credit-union law.

*Incredible item about the man with the hoe, from the city-news columns of the Atchison Daily Globe:*

John Brown recently gave Bert C. Wells a photograph of White Clay Creek between Fourth and Fifth Streets, before the storm sewer was built and the area converted

into a parkway. It is hard to realize that ugly stretch shown in the photograph is the same that now is in lawn and flowers.

*Editorial in the Chicago Daily News inspired by the Slow Clubs now being formed in many big cities:*

Youth is clean at heart and serious thinking has not departed from it. Denial in too many homes of the simple pleasures which count for much, and the charming intellectual contacts essential to culture, is a bitter wrong to the alert younger generation. Perhaps such agencies of revolt as its Slow Clubs and its Drama Leagues, to mention no others, will grow in power and influence to the point where presently the callow cake eater with a flask on his hip and about as much real conversation as a blue-faced baboon will be generally recognized in young society for the total loss that he is.

*Note on the "somewhat shopworn term service," as outlined in a dispatch to the Duluth Herald from Clarksville, Tennessee:*

The nickel lost one of its best friends when the Clarksville trolley system increased its fare to seven cents. But Clarksville folk, proud of their three trolleys and three and a half miles of trackage, refrain from criticism, because they know the city's railway company holds a unique position in the annals of municipal-transportation agencies. Serving 15,000 persons the trolley company is capitalized at only $3300 of stock held by 187 representative citizens, who expect no profit, but adequate service. W. E. Beach, coal dealer and former mayor, is president and general manager, but draws no pay check. Likewise without financial return are the vice president, secretary and treasurer.

*Dispatch from Williamsport, Pennsylvania, indicating that progress is not all in the headlines:*

The closing address of the conference was made by Edward R. Kilsey, secretary of the Rotary Club of Toledo, Ohio, pioneer in the Rotary Club's work for crippled children. Several years ago, he said, there were only two small agencies looking out for crippled children, while today there are thirty-five national agencies in the work, chiefly as the result of the interest which Rotary has taken.

*Literary note from Minnesota, furnished in an A. P. dispatch from St. Paul:*

That residents of smaller towns read more than city dwellers is shown, according to Miss Clara Baldwin, state librarian, in the department's annual report. Aitkin and Coleraine, two Northeastern Minnesota points, the latter a mining town, have records, Miss Baldwin says, which typify the wide interest in reading in the rural centers. Last year Aitkin's public library registered 2142 separate borrowers. This is more than the town's population according to the 1920 census, which placed the total at 1490. Coleraine's record is equally impressive, having 1720 borrowers. Its 1920 population was 1300.

*Further evidence of the relation between culture and commerce, contributed to the Philadelphia Evening Bulletin by Dean Robert B. Burke of the College Department of the University of Pennsylvania:*

Demands of business have been responsible for changes in the curriculum of the technical schools of the University of Pennsylvania, according to Dean Burke. "Today big corporations do not want simply a trained engineer," he said. "They want a cultured man who can address a board of directors, who can write a report in acceptable English; not only a shopman, but a man with a broad background."

*"A fair example of how average Americans regard their duties as citizens"; as reported by the Associated Press in a dispatch from Buffalo:*

Another chapter was added to the story surrounding the shortage of Federal department operating funds here today when twenty-five jurors at the civil term of Federal Court volunteered to serve without pay. Judge Hazel told thirty-six talesmen at the opening of today's session that they could have the choice of serving without payment or being excused. Eleven asked to be excused, and the others volunteered to serve. The court would have been unable to continue in session, Judge Hazel said, without their gratuitous service.

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# Dependability, Fine Appearance and Economy — *now* the world's most Popular Gear-Shift Truck!

In every section of the country Chevrolet Truck sales are breaking all previous records—definitely establishing Chevrolet as the world's most popular gear-shift commercial car.

This decisive preference for Chevrolet is based on a matchless combination of fine appearance, dependability and economy—plus the public's confidence in a product of General Motors.

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Extremely low consumption of gasoline and oil, combined with day-after-day dependability that reduces maintenance costs to the minimum, makes the Chevrolet Truck the most economical haulage-unit available—a fact that has been conclusively proved by the experience of every type of user, from the single truck operator to the largest fleet owner.

If you use trucks in your business, see the nearest Chevrolet dealer!

*—at these Low Prices!*

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| 1-Ton Truck Stake Body | $680 |
| 1-Ton Truck Panel Body | 755 |
| 1-Ton Truck Cab and Chassis | 610 |
| 1-Ton Truck Chassis | 495 |
| ½-Ton Truck Chassis | 395 |

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In addition to these low prices Chevrolet's delivered prices include the lowest handling and financing charges available.

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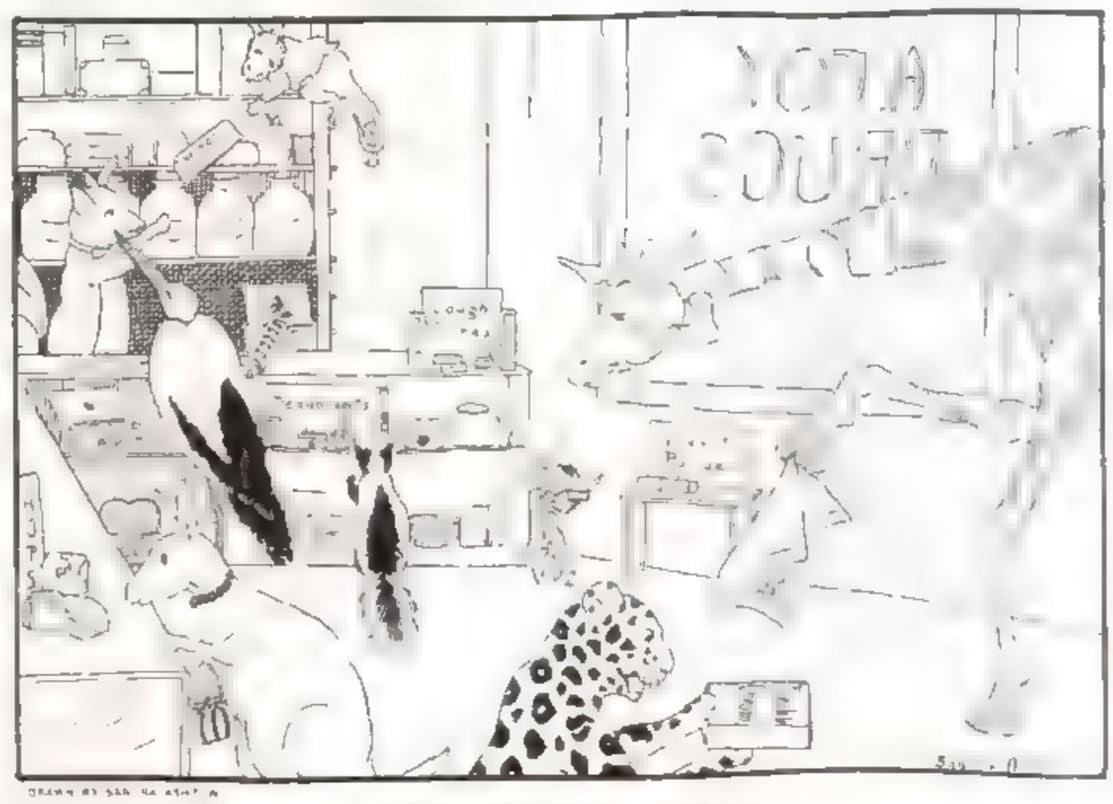
# CARTOON AND COMEDY

Cowpuncher (With Eyes Shut, Hanging On for Dear Life): "This is the Speediest Cayuse I Ever Rode. I Feel as if I Were Flying"

Mrs. Jones Tunes In on the Hog-Calling Champion

Grounds for Divorce. "Now My Wife Doesn't Like Me to Tell This, But —"



Mr. Fox Sets Up a Drug Store

Practicing. Knife Thrower (to Movie Extra): "Well, I'm Not Bragging About This One; Still They Say It Can be Done"

Friend: "How Do They Land Them Good Garbage-Wagon Jobs?"
Street-Cleaner: "Like Everything Else—Influence"

# "—no other sedan provides so much quality at so low a price"

*Body by Fisher*

You can go over the fine car market with a fine-toothed comb—and you will not discover another automobile which offers all the advantages of the Oakland 4-door Sedan at anywhere near $1195. Other manufacturers in Oakland's price class offer broughams, coupes, roadsters and touring cars at this figure—but none offers a 4-door sedan!

Every demand for comfort, smoothness and luxury is satisfied in this value leader of the Oakland line. The body, in Cobalt Blue Duco, bears the Fisher nameplate. The powerful, economical six-cylinder engine has all the freedom from vibration which caused the Harmonic Balancer to be so widely adopted. The chassis has all those progressive features which created the Oakland reputation for advanced engineering — balanced revolving parts from crankshaft to rear axle; an oiling system which at 35 m.p.h. forces over 100 gallons of oil an hour through moving engine parts; tilting-beam headlights with foot control, and others equally important.

4-DOOR SEDAN

$1195

Come in! See and drive this widely preferred four-door enclosed car! Here is value that challenges comparison on any basis—for *no other sedan provides so much quality at so low a price!*

*Touring, $1025; Sport Phaeton, $1095; Sedan, $1095; Landau Coupe, $1125; Sport Roadster, $1175; 4-door Sedan, $1195; Landau Sedan, $1295. The New and Finer Pontiac Six, $775 to $975. Pontiac De Luxe Delivery—Panel, $770; Screen, $760; Chassis, $585. All prices at factory. Delivered prices include minimum handling charges. Easy to pay on the liberal General Motors Time Payment Plan.*

*The Greater*

# OAKLAND SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS ∾ ∾ WINNING AND HOLDING GOOD WILL

609

# Watch This Column

## Our Weekly Letter

*Scene from*
**"MEN OF DARING"**

**Old-timers can recall for you the mad gold-rush to the Black Hills back in '74 and the thrilling scenes enacted across the limitless wastes of South Dakota. It was in the very heart of the Dakota-Sioux country at a time when the Indians were at their worst, and they added immeasurably to the perils of the gold-seekers—hundreds of whom never reached their destination.**

**In *"Men of Daring"* Universal has sought to reproduce that** historical event in all its vividness and made the picture in and around the Black Hills and at Deadwood, now a thriving community, but at that time the gold camp where adventurers of all kinds and from all parts of the world congregated. Life was held cheaply in those days and men endured untold hardships in the scramble for the yellow metal.

**Universal's reproduction is accurate to the last detail. The** modes and manners of the people are faithfully portrayed. The Sioux Indians borrowed for the picture entered the battles with old-time enthusiasm and seemed to forget that these are times of peace. There are over 500 of them in the picture, as well as cavalrymen, plainsmen and miners, including a squadron from the 4th U. S. Cavalry at Fort Meade. We had the help of most of the residents of the territory who entered into the picture with tremendous enthusiasm.

**What do you think of these historical dramas? Don't you think** they are highly informative and better than the written pages of history? I will appreciate your comments. Write me a letter.

**"Beware of Widows" is the latest delightful Laura La Plante** farce. I will tell you more about it in succeeding talks, but now I want to warn you to be on the lookout for this one if you enjoy clean rollicking laughs. It is from the play by Owen Davis, the famous playwright, and Wesley Ruggles directed.

*Carl Laemmle*
*President*

(To be continued next week)

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**UNIVERSAL PICTURES**

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# AT ALL COST

(Continued from Page 15

The captain gave them their final orders. He had planned what he would say as he came from the dugout. They, too, already knew the situation—knew what red enterprise was ahead. It was all reiteration. But there could not be too much reiteration. Those orders must be remembered under later racking torment of soul. Those orders must rise out of the chaos of minds that would be goaded almost to madness in the hours to come.

Captain Gail spoke through clenched teeth. Unconsciously, his lips played about his teeth as he spoke and the muscles of his face worked convulsively in emphasis. His platoon leaders wondered at this strange new mannerism as he lashed out his orders at them.

"At all cost!" he snapped out, a biting emphasis on each word. "Let every man understand that!" he commanded. "Remember, we are not attacking for the purpose of capturing Gesles and the heights east thereof! We attack and capture Gesles—and the heights east thereof—at all cost! Get that into every squad leader's mind. Tell him he is part of the great machine—that he is carrying out the will of the Supreme Allied Commander—that every man will go through—at all cost! That's all! Move out quickly!"

He plodded along beside the marching column until the break-up into platoon columns threw him to the rear. His eye was alert now, studying the morale of so many riflemen, serially numbered, so many parts in the hitting machine that was to take Gesles and the heights east thereof at all cost. He was Captain Gail, infantry.

III

THE men took up the approach march with light step, balancing themselves deftly as they slipped in the mud. It was now broad daylight. The jump-off line, after which enemy machine guns and strong patrols might be encountered, was at the edge of a series of brushy swales. These swales protected them just now from overhead observation and fire. He watched his serially numbered bearers of rifles and automatics form into lines. In a few moments there were five thin lines of men, one line behind the other, with several yards intervening. This gave depth to the company's hitting power, as the arm behind the fist gives it driving force.

He stood waiting fifty yards behind the rearmost line. His jaw was set, his eyes firm and alert. There was a shrill blast of a whistle on his left. It went through him like an icy chill. Its ominous portent shook Captain Gail. For an instant the suppressed Mr. Gail struggled within him for expression. His legs weaved. Through eyes that suddenly had begun to stare and swim he saw men moving ahead on his left. Captain Gail asserted himself and reached for his whistle. He blew the whistle stoutly and swung his arm over his head, pointing straight ahead. His platoon leaders repeated the signal. The rifles and automatics moved out of cover into the open. He took up the march behind them, followed by his two buglers and eight runners.

His heart began pounding. For a hundred yards he followed his men steadfastly. Nothing happened. The strain began to tell upon his nerves. The men had settled down to a steady pace. They held their rifles at their right hips, magazines filled, one shell in the barrel ready to fire. Direction, movement and morale were faultless. Those words, "at all cost," had not shaken them. They walked with straining eyes, gingerly as on eggshells. But they held their battle formation, intervals and distances faultlessly. The suspense began to tell upon Captain Gail. The fear crept in on him of an ambuscade, of a withering storm of fire that might crash forth at the next instant.

He heard someone whisper audibly behind him. The sound irritated him at this moment. He turned in sharp reprimand to the men at his heels. They protested that they had not made any sound. They thought he had whispered. He heard a bee buzz by. It explained the whisper.

A man in the second line in front of him lost his footing in the mud and fell heavily to the ground. It seemed to set a clumsy example to two others, who let go of themselves before the first man was fully on the ground. One of these two men was in the rearmost line of serially numbered riflemen, distant sixty yards. Captain Gail was raising his voice in reprimand when the man rolled over on his back, writhing, his hands clapped to his stomach.

In the same instant the captain heard a woodpecker drilling on a hollow tree. Then riveters on a distant steel building got to work. Another woodpecker, and another. More riveters. Wings began rustling gently overhead. The thing in the air began to whistle, then to screech. As it swept nearer, the screech grew into a hissing, uncanny shriek that ended in a blinding, roaring crash. The crash set a black geyser to spouting momentarily in among his men. When the daze cleared he saw there were now a dozen of those serially numbered rifle bearers writhing in the mud.

The air became suddenly filled with crawling, hissing, shrieking, snarling things. The squally gust grew in a twinkling to a tempest that lashed furiously at the men. A cry of agony, another intermingled with the uproar met his ear. Someone cried, "First aid!" Someone else repeated the cry shrilly. Others took it up. A serially numbered rifleman gave a sharp gasp, an involuntary cry, as of one who has been struck a savage blow in the pit of the stomach. He fell in the mud and cried, "First a-i-d!"

Captain Gail stood, legs spread far apart, head thrust heavily forward, eyes staring in horror. The iron soul of Captain Gail had abandoned him again. For the moment he was not Captain Gail who had been tempered in the white crucible of war training against this test. He was seeing with the weak eyes of Mr. Gail, pharmacist—the peace-loving, sympathetic Mr. Gail of a year ago. Those broken men on the ground were not serially numbered riflemen, they were not military tenpins bowled over in the first rolling of the ball of battle. There lay young Smith, the grocer's clerk—Smith who had thick black hair and a gold tooth in the center of the upper row that he was always showing under his upturned lips. There lay Jones, whose mother had asked —

The captain ran to the fallen figure of Smith. He jerked his first-aid packet from its pouch and slipped his finger through the ring. The lump in his throat rose to choke him. Smith was lying on his back, his face rigid. The gold tooth shone through an agonized frozen grimace. He was beyond need of first aid.

For a moment the captain stood over Smith, the grocer's clerk. A bugler rushed up and pulled Captain Gail by the sleeve, calling to him to throw himself on the ground. The others were all on the ground now, seeking refuge from the hurricane. The captain alone was standing, and the bugler. He saw the bugler at his elbow stiffen, clutch at the air, then spin and dive face foremost in the mud. The bugler did not move.

An uncontrollable frenzy swept him. He turned to the east and raised his hands above his head in absurd protest. His voice was the maudlin, screeching voice of Mr. Gail, pharmacist.

"Stop it! In the name of God, stop it!" he cried. "You are—murdering—my—men!"

An unseen thing that seemed to screech back at him in derision shrieked to the ground, spattering him with a defiant shower of mud. He ambled forward and dropped into the hole the thing had dug.

He lay there looking about in a daze at his storm-swept men. He saw that they were all lying close to the ground. Some continued to dig deeper into the mud with bayonets or intrenching shovels. Some were firing their rifles into the teeth of the storm. It came to him that there was nothing to do just now but lie close to cover and let his men live out the storm. Human life could not move forward in the face of such a seething blast.

Someone pitched into the shell hole. He turned to see a winded soldier lying beside him. The man was a runner from the battalion commander. He thrust a sheet of paper into the captain's hand. The captain stared at it some moments before he could read it:

Push ahead vigorously. Battalion takes crest of rise 500 meters to front. Do not stop until that point taken. Hold there for further orders, at all cost!

The scrap of paper was magic. It cleared his eyes of that first inevitable battle panic. It stirred the iron soul of Captain Gail, tempered in the white crucible of war training. Mr. Gail was swept back into his peaceful pharmacy.

Captain Gail scrawled three brief messages with feverish energy. He motioned three serially numbered runners forward to him and gave to each of them a sheet of paper. The runners, bending low to the ground, moved by short rushes to the platoon commanders. A few minutes later he saw the platoon commanders get up and begin waving their arms for the advance. Serially numbered riflemen rose as from a magician's wand. They began moving forward in thin lines, firing rapidly from their right hips, without aim.

When the units of his serially numbered fighting machine were in motion, stalking steadfastly into the teeth of the leaden tempest, Captain Gail saw with a start that the ground was becoming dotted with stark figures. There were cries of "First aid!" in the air. The medical men who brought up the rear were working slowly among the stricken. There were not enough of them to clear the field of its red harvest. He felt an impulse to send some of his runners to help with the wounded. Then he put the thought aside with a snap of his teeth. He would need those runners. If he let them go, he must replace them with riflemen from the line. That would lower his hitting power by so many serially numbered riflemen. He must think with the trained mind of Captain Gail, infantry.

He rose as his rear line moved ahead of him and walked forward, crouching low, his eye sweeping his line. He saw that men here and there had failed to go forward. A few were still digging in. His teeth snapped again. He changed his course and rushed toward the first malingerer, shouting him out of his cover. He ran to another man and another, shouting at them angrily. Their place was out in the storm. The men climbed dazedly to their feet and went on.

One man fell again the moment he was on his feet. Captain Gail began raging at him. The man rolled over, his face white and torn by agony, clutching at his breast. For a fleeting instant the captain was gripped with horror. He reached for his first-aid packet as he leaned over the fallen rifleman. Two runners sprang from behind him and began lifting the man to carry him to the rear. Captain Gail suddenly remembered—at all cost!

"Let go that man!" he shouted. "Leave him for the litter bearers. Follow me!"

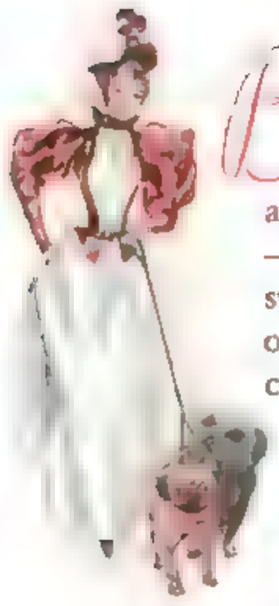
He ran forward again. The riflemen were all up and moving ahead of him now—all but those who had been bitten by the copper-jacketed serpents. It startled him momentarily, the number of stark figures. There was no time to count them. There must have been forty—a heavy toll of his serially numbered riflemen. It was a serious loss to his hitting power.

(Continued on Page 58)

# A Vogue

## which made FRESH Silk imperative

For silk must now be young and strong to give stockings sufficient elasticity at the knee—a feature of our hosiery, because you deal *direct with our Mills*.



BACK in those halcyon days of long tresses and longer dresses—when the skirts swept majestically on the ground—cotton stockings were primly concealed beneath billows of lace and silken flounces.

But Dame Fashion is whimsical, and little by little, up—up—crept the skirts. Ere long the ankle had "come in!". . . Cotton stockings? Impossible! . . . Silk alone would do—but silk hosiery with strong lisle at the knee.

o o o

All was well until Paris—fearless sponsor of the ultra-mode—decided to take matters into her own dainty hands. Instantly, higher—higher moved the silken horizon—'til the knee "came in!". . . Or, had it simply "*come out?*" In any event, now only hosiery with the silk extending well above the knee would do.

No longer could one take refuge in sturdy lisle reinforcements . . . The silk itself had to be strong enough to keep the knees in check.

o o o

Trouble was brewing! . . . Women soon found their stockings going into the discard at a rate that appalled the thrifty and spread consternation among all . . . The knees, indeed, were "coming out!"

What was to be done? . . . The answer—perplexing at first—proved really very simple . . . Women found that Realsilk Hosiery offered a definite solution to this new style problem . . . and literally millions quickly took advantage of it.

o o o

For Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery is made of FRESH silk—silk as strong and flexible as when it first comes from the cocoons.

Only 13 days are required to speed the raw silk from Yokohama to the Real Silk Hosiery Mills at Indianapolis. In less than 2 weeks more (*because Realsilk deals direct with the consumer*) this same silk can be fashioned into exquisite hosiery, in all the newest styles and colors, and delivered *direct* to Realsilk customers anywhere in the land. No time-consuming, in-between steps give the silk a chance to grow old. You wear this hosiery while the silk is still FRESH.

o o o

When the silk is FRESH, stockings are elastic—they can be stretched without ripping or "running" or sagging . . . They have a certain "give" to them . . . They hold their shape.

FRESH silk assures a snug, smooth silhouette from toe to top . . . It keeps that radiant *new* look even after the hose have been worn and reworn, washed and rewashed many, many times. The colors—even daintiest pastel shades—invariably remain clear and true.

Meeting so completely every hosiery requirement of the present mode, it is little wonder that Realsilk has become the world's largest producer of silk hosiery and that the Gold Button Men, who bring Realsilk Hosiery Service *direct to the home*, receive such a cordial welcome when they make their calls.

If you have not been wearing Realsilk Gold Button Brand Hosiery it will pay you to give it a trial. 'Phone our local Branch office or write the Mills and we will send a Representative to see you any time you say.

This gold button identifies the Realsilk Representative when he calls at your home or office

REAL SILK HOSIERY MILLS · INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA, U. S. A.
*World's Largest Manufacturers of Silk Hosiery and Makers of Fine Lingerie*

250 BRANCH OFFICES IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA. CONSULT 'PHONE DIRECTORY FOR YOUR LOCAL OFFICE

REALSILK
*Gold Button Brand*
HOSIERY
and SUPER-SERVICE SOCKS

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*Enjoy* your drink
*in an individual Dixie*

WHETHER it is a sparkling iced drink or a soda piled high with goodness, a drink tastes better in a snowy Dixie. Everything around the fountain is bright and clean. By serving each drink in a fresh Dixie, the proprietor has eliminated unsightly glass washing.

The spotlessly clad soda man serves you quickly with clean, dry hands. A click of the lever and a new Dixie drops into his silver holder. Not even he touches the Dixie you drink from. *Your* lips are the first to come in contact with it. And the tall glass container protects the Dixies for the next 100 customers.

You like the atmosphere of that fountain, and you go there for things tempting, clean and quick.

You can always tell a Dixie by its name embossed on the snowy white surface.

What is a DIXIE?

A dainty, inviting, individual container for good things to eat and drink. You use individual DIXIES not only at the better Soda Fountains, but also in the stations and coaches of railroads, in offices, theatres, hotels, restaurants. At most drug, stationery and department stores, you can get DIXIES in convenient cartons for home or picnic use. And of course you know DIXIES as containers of individual 5¢ portions of only the highest grade of Ice Cream.

INDIVIDUAL DRINKING CUP CO., Inc.
EASTON, PA.
*Original Makers of the Paper Cup*

Nowadays they eat and drink from *Individual* DIXIES

(Continued from Page 56)

The tempest raged on, its fury rising and falling. Men fell here and there. It puzzled him that so few fell. It puzzled him that human life could survive at all in this crimson bedlam. But he was cooler now. In place of the lump rising in his throat as men fell, the thought whirled in his brain, "At all cost!" He kept saying it aloud to himself. He did not notice that he was thinking in spoken words, telling himself aloud what to do, where to go.

He saw things through a hectic daze. He did things intuitively, without reasoning them out. But it was the intuition of Captain Gail, tempered in the white crucible of war training. He went true to his training.

The crest of the ridge was now little more than a hundred meters away. His lines banked in dank brush clumps at its base. The storm was blowing with a new fury from off that crest. He could see no sign of life there. It might all have come from the lair of some demon of the air that had neither shape nor substance. A runner brought him word to hold at the base of the ridge for ten minutes and keep up a heavy fire.

The left support company was maneuvering to strike the crest in flank. When the flanking company hit he would press his company forward up the slope at full charge. The enemy had shallow trenches there. They would be driven out at the point of the bayonet—at all cost!

The falling of serially numbered riflemen as he moved up that slope clutched at him. The monster at the crest threshed about in a frenzy of defiance. Its myriad-forked tongues spat venom in a reeking crimson spray.

His lines merged into two lines—two lines of survivors as the supports fed themselves into the human blow at the crest of the hill. The two lines melted as they rushed pell-mell, bayonets flashing, firing now from the shoulder, without aim. They did not falter. Their one escape from the fury now was at the crest—in sinking their bayonets into the thing at the crest and driving it from its lair.

Captain Gail went up the hill with his fighting men. He pushed his way to the front line and waved and shouted the men on furiously, flourishing his pistol in the air.

He was in the throes of the frenzy of assault, moved by mysterious forces that welled from deep within—from those hundreds of thousands of years when might was the one law of survival. He saw the first of his men reach the crest. The demon there now showed itself. It had human form. It parried with long sharp knives at the ends of rifles, or fired with pistols, or yelled and screamed and tore with its hands. The men joined in the shouting at the sight of the thing. Another squad, and another, reached the crest, leaping into the lair of the beast and firing and stabbing desperately.

He leaped into the lair with the men. He saw in a blur of action. It was all as incoherent as the parts of an express train roaring close by at full speed. A distended, gaping face appeared before him. It flashed into his mind for a fleeting split fraction of a second that the face was that of a tow-headed boy.

There was terror in the face—a frenzied, desperate sort of terror. In another fraction of a second he saw that underneath the tow head and distended face there was the fog-gray hue of the monster. He shoved his pistol at the thing and fired. It staggered toward him, clutching at the air. He jumped aside to avoid having it fall against him.

The mad red orgy of the grapple raged on relentlessly. The indescribable horror of the scenes that caught his eyes in the split seconds out of the flashing panorama was lost to him. It was a struggle for survival—a struggle that must be fought out at all cost. The loser must stagger back with the deadly lashes of steel whipping behind. Passions that must have been awakened out of forgotten generations fed the desperate abandon with which man leaped at man, with reeking blade and smoking barrel.

IV

CAPTAIN GAIL became conscious that it was raining He felt the cold pressure of loggy, water-soaked garments. His throat burned with an insistent thirst. He was hungry and weak. The storm was dying down. He remembered vaguely that there had been a storm. His serially numbered riflemen were firing intermittently now. They fired at fleeting gray figures that ran with clumsy bounds down the east side of the slope. He was coming slowly into possession of his senses. It was as if he were newly awake from the throes of a grisly nightmare, or his mind clearing from the motley scenes of an orgy of red liquor.

He saw one of the lumbering figures tumble into a ball of flesh on the steep reverse slope of the hill. The momentum of the fall threw the man's feet in the air. The figure remained in that grotesque attitude, its feet kicking spasmodically. A gurgling laugh rose in the captain's throat. It ended in a groan. The thought flashed through his mind that the rolling thing with its feet in the air was a human being. The man was dying. It was not a thing to laugh at.

He remembered to move about among his men. He must orient himself and take stock, now that the storm was over. Some had laid their rifles aside and were munching their emergency rations. Others were firing. Others were sitting with their weapons between their knees, staring vacantly. Many of them were busy giving first aid to men who sat slumped against the side of the shallow trench or lay on their backs in the mud. He stepped over silent or groaning men as he walked. He became conscious of the havoc of the storm as he surveyed the survivors. The cost began to tug at him. It must be that half his men were gone.

A runner handed him another sheet of paper. He steadied himself and read it. The message was from battalion. It told him tersely to consolidate his position, reorganize and prepare to move forward on order.

Move forward! He remembered that this was not the end. He turned to the east. Gesles lay there in the distance—a dim jagged hulk of torn buildings that stood out through the rain like a typhoon-shattered derelict at sea. There were the heights beyond Gesles. Half a mile more! The tempest would rise again on those slopes beyond the ruined city. The dragon would flail them from its second lair.

The runner came again. This new order was that he report the number of his casualties. What did that matter? His mind was tormented enough with trying to think out the problems of reorganizing the broken remnants of his platoons. He tried to make an estimate of the dead and wounded so that he could fill in the columns of the blank form. He groaned as he saw that the blank form called for segregation. He must show the number of dead and wounded, by grades. It meant a count—a count at a moment when he needed every ounce of his flagging energy. Why couldn't this wait until the action was over—until the whole cost was reckoned? Why couldn't he merely estimate the number he had left lying along the crimson trail?

He sent for his platoon commanders to make the count. They did not come. Three sergeants responded in their places. He rose in irritation. The lieutenants had disregarded his order. Substitutes were not what he wanted. He had ordered them to ——

"Sir, the lieutenant is dead. I command the first platoon," said the sergeant on the right.

"Sir, the lieutenant is dead. I command the second platoon," said the sergeant in the center.

"Sir, my lieutenant is dead. I command the third platoon," said the sergeant on the left.

The captain stood looking at them dumbly a long time. He had not reckoned with the full toll of the storm. It all seemed long weary weeks gone by, that fury of ten minutes ago. He swallowed the lump that rose in his throat and sent them out to make the check by grades. Then he wrote the official obituary for his platoon commanders in the column ruled out on the form for officer casualties: "Lieutenants, 3."

Panic clutched him as he took the reports of his platoon commanders and added the totals: Killed in action, 42; wounded, 67; total losses, 109; balance on hand, 147. Nearly half gone and the worst storm yet to face.

He felt a sudden irresistible desire to rush the survivors back. He would go to the major and protest against the slaughter of the remainder of his men. His nerves were getting out of hand, when another runner came up. He took the message feverishly, in the sudden hope that it might mean reprieve. The hope faded as he read:

By runner from regiment: Men selected for officers' training camps should not have been taken with attack. You will round them up and send them back immediately.

Conflicting emotions rose out of the message. It meant four of his sergeants. He needed these sergeants if he was to go on. Then the thought flashed into his goaded mind that it meant the saving of four of his men. They could be held out of the final cost sheet. He sent runners for them. One sergeant responded. Of the three others, one was dead, two severely wounded. He recognized in the lean erect figure before him the new commander of his first platoon.

"You are ordered back, sergeant. You will go at once. All officers'-training-camp men to the rear. Report to regiment at the edge of the old ravine!"

His voice rang with enthusiasm. He was the bearer of glad tidings. It was within his power to save this man from the red destruction.

The sergeant looked back at him solemnly, with level eyes. The captain thought he must not have understood. He began to repeat his words.

"Sir, I am needed to command my platoon," replied the sergeant evenly.

"You have your orders," the captain snapped, pressing the peremptory spirit of the message. "Your orders come from regiment. You will obey them at once!"

"Sir," persisted the sergeant, his eyes unyielding, "I do not wish to leave my men now. The captain can report me a casualty."

"I am not in the habit of making false reports to my regimental commander," Captain Gail snapped querulously. It nettled him, this man's persistence in refusing to go to the rear. Was the fellow out of his mind?

The sergeant with a deft movement stripped off his slicker. The right sleeve of his olive-drab uniform was slit to the shoulder. The right arm below the elbow was tightly wrapped in gauze from a first-aid packet. The arm was black and swollen where the bandage did not cover.

"The captain will not be making a false report to his regimental commander, sir," the sergeant said.

Captain Gail sat blinking in silence. The sergeant put on his slicker, saluted with his left hand and turned back to his platoon. It came to the captain that there was something about his men that he had not quite understood until now. It had not come to him out of the training. It had escaped him even in this morning's crimson tempest. Now he understood. The sergeant's words kept ringing in his ears.

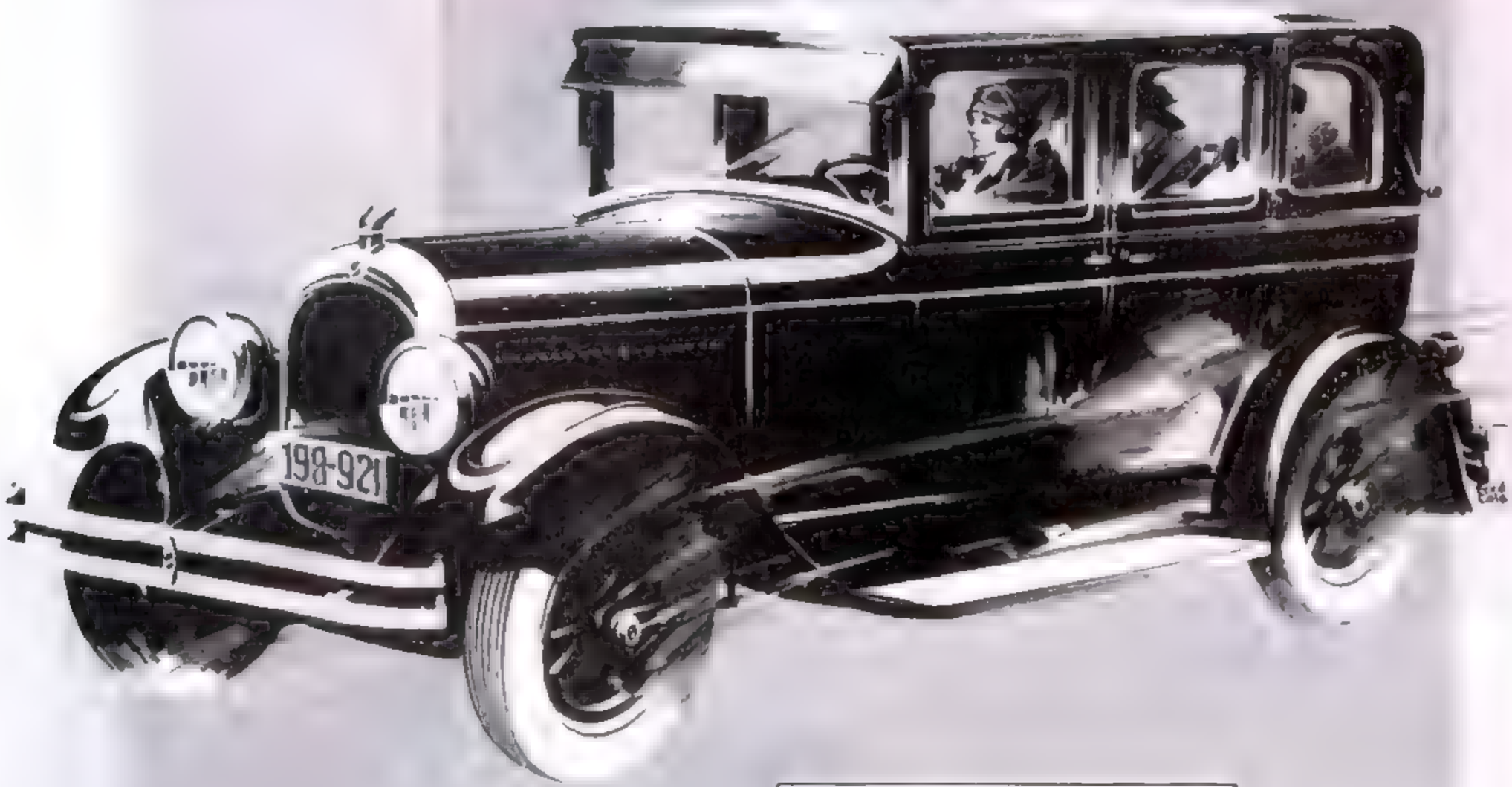
He reached for his canteen to relieve his parched throat. The canteen was strangely light. Some small round object had bored a hole through it clandestinely this morning and let the water out. He went to where a stark figure lay face downward in the mud. Gently he unhooked the canteen. It was half filled with water. He drank it all.

When night lowered its black veils, Captain Gail lay in a pool of water in a shell

(Continued on Page 61)

*The car conception which started the sweep of Chrysler to 4th place*

# CHRYSLER 70




TODAY, more emphatically than ever the finer Chrysler "70" is pre-eminently the 70-mile-plus quality car of its class—vogue-established and value-established as unique, alone and literally above competition.

In planning the original "70" three years ago Walter P. Chrysler and his engineers conceived a smart, swift, fashionable car which would be, to the public, a refreshing departure from previous conventional design.

It was the car conception which started the sweep of public acceptance which, in three years, has lifted Chrysler to 4th place among the world's great motor car manufacturers.

Not a day has since ensued that Mr. Chrysler and his associates have not striven to clinch the magnetic appeal of the finer "70", with the result that today it is as new and as advanced over the ordinary as it was at its introduction.

Standardized Quality reflects itself in every phase of "70" construction and "70" performance.

Finer, more exquisitely graceful bodies with military front and cadet visor—smaller wheels—greater luxury of comfort—greater riding ease—rich upholstery—greater perfection of appointment—more attractive color blendings far in advance of current harmonies.

*Sport Phaeton $1495; Two-passenger Roadster (with Rumble Seat) $1495; Brougham $1525; Two-Passenger Coupe (with Rumble Seat) $1545; Royal Sedan $1595; Two-Passenger Convertible Cabriolet (with Rumble Seat) $1745; Crown Sedan $1795, f.o.b. Detroit, subject to current Federal excise tax. ✎ Chrysler dealers are in position to extend the convenience of time payments. Ask about Chrysler's attractive plan. ✎* All Chrysler cars are protected against theft under the Fedco System.

CHRYSLER MODEL NUMBERS MEAN MILES PER HOUR

*What a facial massage is to a tired face, ... No. 7 Duco Polish is to the finish of your car, gentlemen!*

THE way No. 7 Duco Polish takes the dust and grime and oily film off the finish of your car is a caution! It's just about the finest little beauty specialist, when it comes to an automobile finish, that the world ever saw; and that goes—whatever kind of finish you have on your car—Duco, or any other kind. No. 7 Duco Polish is simplicity itself to use; all you need is a good soft rag, a little green can of No. 7 and your car will think it belongs back in the showroom!

(It's an open secret, but you had better not tell your wife. No. 7 Duco Polish simply works wonders on furniture and pianos. If you expect to be able to keep your can of No. 7 in the garage, you'd better—just out of self protection—get another can for use in the house!)

*Meet two new members of the No. 7 Family!*

No. 7 AUTO TOP FINISH

Brush the top of your car with No. 7 Auto Top Finish to waterproof it and give it a high lustre. It may save you from having a new top or deck put on your car.

No. 7 NICKEL POLISH

Rain spots and tarnish simply give up in despair when you give the nickel-work on your car a rub-down with No. 7 Nickel Polish!

MADE ~ ~ BY ~ ~ THE ~ ~ MAKERS ~ ~ OF ~ ~ DUCO

(Continued from Page 58)

hole at the crest of the heights east of Gesles. The water seemed warm against the chill of the sharp wind that swept the ridges. There was no immediate sound now except the whine of the wind, the sloshing of feet through the mud and the suppressed moaning of a wounded runner who lay near at hand.

The captain's mind was as numb as his body. He had just reckoned the cost sheet again. Corporals now commanded his platoons. They had brought him the tally and held a slicker over his head to shut out the rain while he filled in the columns in coarse, almost illegible writing by the glaring of his flash light. Killed in action, 78; wounded, 112; balance on hand, 60. The thought did not oppress him. That final storm had sapped the last of his emotions. The well was dry for the moment. He did everything now in a sort of stupor, guided by some mysterious sixth sense that seemed to keep him moving about and looking after his responsibilities.

Far to the north, and again far to the south, he could hear the rumble of artillery. Distant gun flashes crashed against the wall of night and shot smeary yellow beacons across the leaden sky. The enemy lines were silent here. They had been driven from the heights. They had been thrown back in counter attacks. With the falling of the curtain of night they had become strangely quiet. But perhaps it was only the quiet of the gathering storm.

At all cost! There were but few more serially numbered olive-drab credits on the books. He had been to conference with the major. The other companies were hard hit. The whole battalion was now a company. But it held its objective. Tortured eyes fought off sleep and stood vigil. The position was consolidated. The remnant slept on its arms; slept in holes in the mud—uncovered holes into which the water drained—slept with four bodies, or five, or six, packed compactly into a watery hole for the vague glow of warmth that was interchanged. After the black years since the dawn of this day, sleep needed no accessory of soft bed and warm roof.

Captain Gail heard his name in the darkness. He shouted back his location and got up. It was a runner again. He groaned. Runners meant trouble—more work—perhaps the torture of one of those form reports.

The runner gave him a message. The captain took off his soaking slicker, shook out the water and held it over his head. He took the flash light from his musette bag. It gave a faint glow of light. He had to decipher the message word by word. His brain was heavy and sluggish. Thoughts no longer leaped through his mind. He could catch the meaning of words only slowly. He thought vaguely that this might be word of reenforcements coming forward to relieve the expended battalion. The major had sent back for reenforcements. That was early this morning. No, it must have been tonight. It was at the conference, and it was dark at the major's station. He pieced the message together:

By runner from regiment: You will abandon the heights east of Gesles immediately and return to your rendezvous of last night. Battalion and company commanders report to regiment on arrival here. Added by battalion: Form at once at ruins of Gesles, leaving only light holding force to follow as rear guard hour later.

He read it again. The meaning of it was hard to grasp. It was not anything he had been expecting, anything his worn brain was prepared for. As its meaning reached him he crumpled the paper and reeled. He sat down with a noisy splash in the watery hole. An oath escaped his lips. Then he got up out of the muddy water and began rousing the exhausted unexpended balance of his serially numbered riflemen.

■

HIS legs were leaden as he lifted his feet, painfully, one after the other, along the thin trail through the wet brush that brought up in the tangled thicket. They had begun to fail him when he saw the last of his men into the wooded ravine just off the muddy road that led through the tangled fastness from the east. He was joined by a group of grim figures that seemed to struggle up to this spot at the same moment. A short, thick man with a heavy, weary voice counted the figures. Then he led them back down the slippery narrow steps into the dugout.

Four candles cast their flickering light over the map that was spread on the table. A fire crackled in a small iron stove. Beside it sat the tall, thin man. He arose as they entered and came forward, out of the shadows, the light playing on his thin set face and casting a gleam from the silver on his shoulder. He stood looking at them sharply.

"Corps ordered the diversion of the division on our right this afternoon," he said. His voice was firm and precise. His mobile lips played loosely about his set teeth as he spoke. "Gesles therefore ceased to have any further value to us. We sent the word to you by runner as soon as we received it. Under the new scheme of maneuver, Gesles will now be pinched out without reference to us."

He paused and looked from one to the other. The number of those before him was the same as he had faced for this morning's interview. In place of three of the captains were mud-spattered sergeants. If he noted this fact, he offered no comment.

"You accomplished your mission," he went on. "It was what was expected of you, but it is gratifying that you did it so well. It will interest you that your losses will be wiped out promptly—your full strength restored. No company in the battalion will lose a man."

Captain Gail felt a stirring within him as he heard those words. Not lose a man! Into his tortured mind there crept a picture of Smith, the grocer's clerk, writhing in the mud. The whole crimson scene of stark and writhing men rose before him. He was swept by a racking impulse to cry out in protest—a strange recurrence of that frenzy that had seized him when his first men fell before the first blast. His brain reeled. He set his jaw to still the flood of feeling. It must be that the hot, stuffy room had opened the floodgate. A fear gripped him that the voice within would break through his set jaw. It meant ruin.

The tall, thin man began speaking again in his sharp, precise voice: "Replacements to cover the losses of the battalion have been wired for. They will arrive at midnight. You will prepare to receive them. Tomorrow at dawn, in your present positions, you will reconstruct your companies in readiness for emergency. That is all. Move out quickly!"

Captain Gail jerked his leaden arm mutely to the rim of his steel helmet in understanding. The flood of feeling within him was swept aside harmlessly. He was seeing again through the trained eyes of Captain Gail, infantry, tempered in the white crucible of war training. The red entries in the military ledger had been deftly marked off. Smith was gone, and his platoon commanders, and those others whose first names he knew. But their places were being filled promptly, efficiently. The books were balanced. There were no losses. At all cost would be at no cost. In the morning he would be at the head of his full quota of serially numbered riflemen. Gesles was as nothing.

He groped his way back up the slippery, narrow steps into the thin, warped trail that led through the dank, wet brush into the wooded ravine. With an effort, he fought off the rending toxin of exhaustion. It was eleven o'clock. In an hour his three platoon commanders would stand before him, hands at the rims of their helmets. Behind them would be a shadowy serpentine of serially numbered riflemen. They must be shown where to unroll their packs in the sequestered ravine at the edge of the muddy trail of a road that led to the east.

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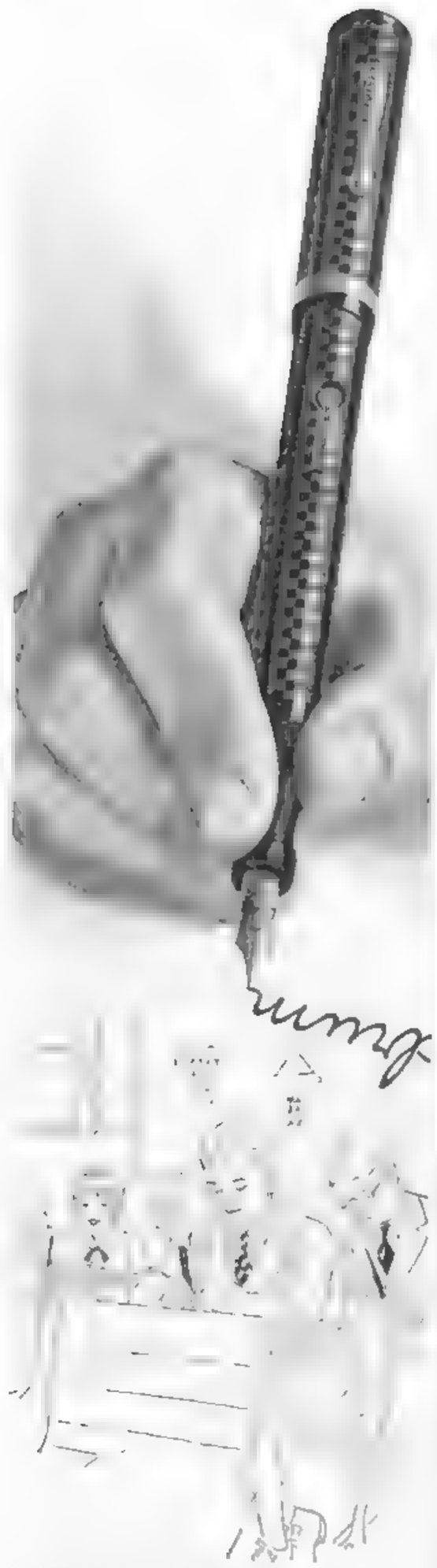

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# R FOR REVOLUTION

(Continued from Page 23)

remember Charles A. Dana, then on the Tribune staff; Mrs. E. F. Ellet, a prominent story-writer at that time; and Alice and Phœbe Cary, the poet sisters. I remember the latter as dressed with very low necks and arms bared to the shoulders, while their skirts trailed upon the floor. Around their necks were hung huge boas, four feet long, the style of that day, as a protection, I suppose, from the cold. These, being heaviest in the middle, were continually sagging out of place and kept the wearers quite busy adjusting them. I confess to a feeling short of admiration for this dress display at a little social gathering in midwinter, and my estimation of the good sense of the Cary sisters sank accordingly. And I never read of them to this day but that those bare shoulders and necks and trailing skirts appear before me. They, no doubt, were as much disgusted with my short dress and trousers which left no part of the person exposed. Tastes differ, that is all; and I was not used to seeing women in company half dressed.

"It was in the early days of spiritualism, when the Rochester rappings had excited much wonder throughout the country. Horace Greeley was known to have taken a good deal of interest in the subject; to have given time to its investigation and to have entertained its first propagandists, the Fox sisters, for days at his house. During the evening of our visit that subject came up and Mr. Greeley warmly espoused the side of the spiritualists. He said many things in confirmation of his belief in the new doctrine of spirit visitation. Standing midway of the two parlors and pointing to a table that stood against the wall and the front windows, he said: 'I have seen that table leave its place where it now stands and go back to its place without anyone touching it or being near it.'"

### The Bloomers Move West

The Bloomers went West, Mrs. Bloomer continuing to edit The Lily whenever they rested long enough to get out an issue. At one of these stops she brought from the East a woman typesetter, and in a masterly fashion put down the resulting strike of annoyed male coworkers in her establishment. In March, 1850, she reports that the legislature of Tennessee "have in their wisdom decided, after gravely discussing the question, that women have no souls" and, presumably as a consequence, "no right to hold property."

Against such attacks, against divorce laws which tied frail but sober women to property-holding and soul-endowed drunken males, she lectured in the backwoods. As she proceeded from Chicago to Alton she noted deer and other game along the railroad tracks. At St. Joseph her lecture was announced by bell ringers. On the way to Iowa, carrying "choice shrubbery and fruit grafts" to make glad the wilderness, she met Kit Carson on a stagecoach and was apparently interested in, but not favorably impressed by his buckskin coat with fringes. When she arrived at Council Bluffs the Omahas were dwindling away and she saw one of the last transfers of the vanishing race to a reservation. The city of two or three thousand inhabitants in which the Bloomers settled was a collection of log houses, and paths through fields of sunflowers served for sidewalks and streets. Cottonwood boards on the outside and muslin tacked to the logs within made the cabin warm, and if Amelia suffered, it was only with a nostalgia for civilization:

"Situated as we are three hundred miles west of the railroads connecting the Mississippi with the cities of the East, we, of course, neither hear the shrill shriek of the locomotive nor see the trains of cars dashing through our streets with a velocity that outstrips the speed of the light-footed deer; but we are living in full expectation of the day when these things will be familiar to us as they are now to my Eastern readers."

But the West was to become the real pioneer in suffrage, and Mrs. Bloomer was happy there. She wrote, she spoke, and she participated fully in the life of the times. When the Civil War broke out she was a loyal Federalist, but almost unique among women pioneers, she was not actually an abolitionist. It was her duty to present a flag to the infantry leaving Council Bluffs and she did it with her customary dignity and enthusiasm:

"Soldiers: We cannot part with you without a few words of counsel and warning. In the new and dangerous path you are entering upon, let us entreat you to guard well your steps and keep yourselves aloof from every vice. Avoid, above all things, profanity and the intoxicating cup. The latter slays annually more than fall on the battlefield. The hearts of mothers, wives and sisters go forth after you. Many tears will be shed and many prayers offered in your behalf. See to it then that you so conduct yourselves that whatever may befall you in the service of your country, you will return to gladden the hearts of the loved ones you leave behind and to enjoy the peace you will have conquered—that no sting will pierce their hearts, no stain rest on your fair name. Go forth in your sense of right, relying on the justice of your cause, seek peace with God, your Saviour, that you may prepare to meet His summons should it come suddenly, or to enjoy life should it please Him to spare you for many days."

She was interested in everything that concerned women and she was apparently right in all her predictions. Inspired by a famous invention, she wrote: "It will be no strange thing to see, within a few years, women merchants, bookkeepers, jewelers, booksellers, typesetters, editors, publishers, farmers, physicians, preachers, lawyers. Already there are some engaged in nearly or quite all of these occupations and professions, and as men crowd them out of their old places, the numbers will increase. . . . It is well that it is so. Woman has long enough stitched her life and health away, and it is merciful to her that sewing machines have been invented to relieve her of her toilsome, ill-paid labor, and to send her forth into more active and more lucrative pursuits, where both mind and body may have the exercise necessary to health and happiness. Men are aiding to forward the woman's-rights movement by crowding women out of their old places. Women will be gainers by the change, and we are glad to see them forced to do what their false education and false delicacy have prevented them doing in the past."

### Tailored by Act of Congress

One observes the balance and the breadth of interest in Mrs. Bloomer, particularly when one compares her with Dr. Mary E. Walker, whose fame is more justifiably limited to her interest in dress reform. She was a doctor, a prohibitionist, a violent hater of tobacco; she put on men's clothes because she could not do her work in the field as a first lieutenant on the surgical staff during the Civil War in her own. She was captured and spent some time in Libby Prison; she won a Medal of Honor and her right to her choice of costume was confirmed by Congress. She herself wore men's clothes amply. Some twenty years ago I saw her sitting very erect and unconscious of her surroundings, driving a buggy over a country road, and I recall how my own bewilderment was in no way lessened by the jeers and hoots of my companions. The clothes in which I saw her must have been an ordinary black serge suit, an ordinary white shirt and black tie. But when she appeared at the Court of St. James's she wore black silk trousers with velvet side stripes and a loose black silk coat with velvet bands on the pockets. This was not, however, the "American Reform Dress" that she offered to women with an earnestness and vehemence almost unique in the history of women reformers:

"The dress is made with high neck and loose waist, and whole drawers, and long sleeves with waistbands attached; thus making a complete undersuit in one garment. The drawers are folded over the ankles and the stockings adjusted over the drawers, thus keeping the ankles warm and also keeping the stockings arranged without elastics or other bands, or any troublesome or injurious arrangement, most of which impede the circulation and produce varicose veins and weariness in walking.

"The pants are made like men's, and are either buttoned to the waist of the undersuit or are arranged with the usual suspenders. The dress is made to hang free of the body, the waist and skirt of one piece like a sack coat, and falling to the knees to prevent its being stepped upon when descending stairs, or of becoming soiled on rainy days; but principally because of a needed relief to women from its shortness. Thus for general wear but three garments are required.

"Woolen and cotton, flannel and silk may be made the same as the ordinary linen suits—with the exception of waistbands—when the season makes more clothing necessary, and these can be worn either under or over the linen; thus giving the required amount of warmth without expenditure of vitality to carry the clothes about, or of money to purchase them. The time is coming when every woman will dress in this style, for the advantages are too evident to be much longer overlooked."

### Sensible Dress Relief

She dedicated her book on dress reform on four successive pages; first to her parents, and afterward to her professional sisters "of whatever school or pathy," and to the great sisterhood of women suffering "trials and worries that God has not given men the power to comprehend." But, above all, the book is dedicated "to the practical dress reformers: The truest friends of humanity, who have done more for the universal elevation of woman in the past dozen years than all others combined. You who have lived the precepts and principles that others have only talked about. You who have been so consistent in your ideas of the equality of the sexes, by dressing in the manner to fit you for the duties of a noble and useful life. You who have written and spoken and been living martyrs to the all-important principles involved in a thoroughly hygienic dress, and thus given to the world an indisputable proof of your unflinching integrity. . . . To you, in a word, who are the greatest philanthropists of the age, this second Dedication is made."

The intelligence of Mary Walker's ideas is a little hard for us to understand for two reasons: We have either forgotten or never known the clothes against which she protested, and we have seen a dress reform no less approved by science and far more attractive to the eye. The adaptations from the harem which Mrs. Bloomer, Mrs. Stanton, Miss Anthony and Mary Walker favored are all of exceptional hideousness, but the thing against which they protested was worse still. It was so bad, in fact, that one pioneer is on record as having found the bustle a sensible and attractive relief from the dress of the time. Women, it would seem, were aware of the incompleteness of Doctor Walker's proposals. While boys threw eggs at her as she walked along the streets, it remained for horrified members of her own sex to set bulldogs at her, and she was extremely unpopular with suffragettes because she held that women already had the right to vote and considered the ballot not very important.

(Continued on Page 64)

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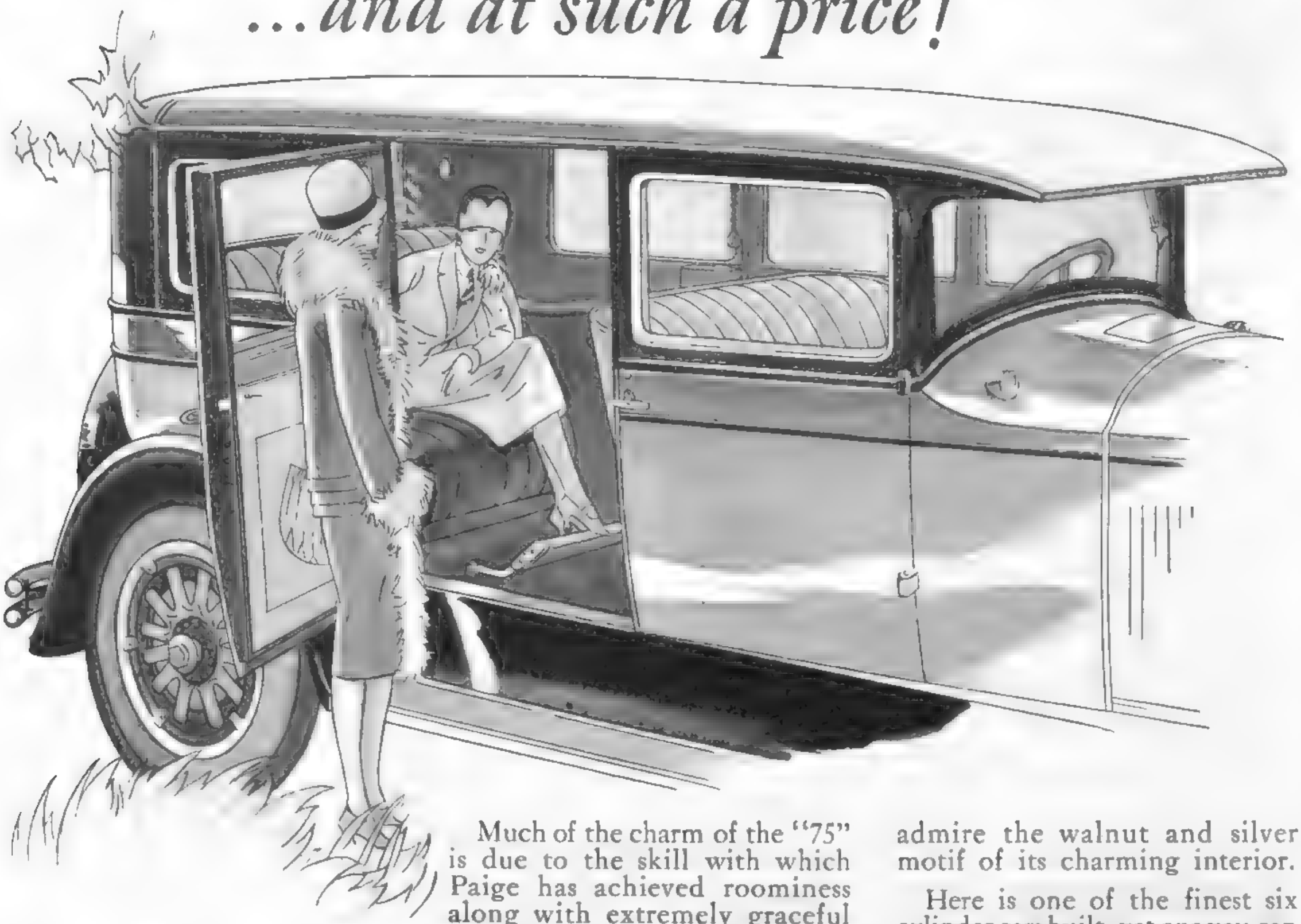

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*(Continued from Page 62)*

One reads her book with a definite feeling that she was a monomaniac on her subject, not because of her intensity of feeling but because she seems to reduce all earthly ills to one and to find the panacea in dress reform. "So much of the nervous energy is expended on Dress and dressing and carrying the burdensome stuff that a morbid sensibility is induced which women cannot prevent. At the exhibition of this, men lose their patience, believing there is no necessity for a woman ever to be nervous and easily annoyed at such matters. Not only does the husband and father suffer from this continuous irritation, but the children that are, and those that are to be, partake of the same. . . . The greatest sorrows from which women suffer today are those physical, moral, and mental ones that are caused by their unhygienic manner of dressing! The want of the ballot is but a toy in comparison."

Apart from dress reform, she must have been an excellent physician and easily deserves the thanks of every man, because when she began wearing shirts she refused to suffer the chafing of the back collar button, and with an outburst of domestic inspiration created the inside neckband which now separates the button from the neck. But the thanks of the male might be tempered with deep regret, for Doctor Walker, who was comparatively indifferent to drinking, is a pioneer in the war against nicotine: "Many a lady has married a 'mild Tobacco user' who was not herself aware of the depth of her disgust for the weed until she found the restraints of society thrown off by the husband, and Tobacco used freely by him. . . . The wife's eyes are often dim with tears as she says half aloud: 'Oh! I wonder if the men are all so selfish that they will smoke when they know how sickening it is to their wives? His breath is so bad, and his clothes are all full of the odor, and even in the washtub and in the ironing room, one cannot pass the door without catching something of the odor! Oh! If he would only not smoke, or if I could only endure it! But my heart is broken. He, yes, he promised so faithfully that he would not smoke any more! And now, when I am married to him, and must stay, I am to be tormented all the rest of my life with Tobacco! Oh, dear, dear, what would I give if I were only single again, and at my own home, where I would be out of all traces of Tobacco!"

### *Next to Self*

She had one other interest—literary expression—and this, too, was intended to make domestic life happier. She would gladly have cut down a ten-hour working day to eight hours of labor and two of literary composition. "Who will not say that the marriage relations would not be made much happier if the laborers had time to think and write, for as it affords me happiness in expressing my ideas, and makes me more noble, so it would another human being. Every noble expression adds a title to one's own soul's nobility. There are branches of labor where one cannot stop and pen the burning words that rush out of the brain and demand paper to rest upon and a pen to hold them there. But if they labor a fewer number of hours they would not be so weary that they would forget how to clothe their beautiful ideas. . . . Many a laborer has listened to such appeals with a sorrowing heart, knowing that his or her want of time to clothe would result in the interment of the neglected gems, and they could only attend the funeral, for that takes but little time, and so everybody can attend funerals. The immortal Tupper, in the following words, has beautifully expressed the necessity for clothing the 'naked' ideas as soon as they are called for:

*'Hast thou a thought upon thy brain*
*Catch it ere it fly*
*Or other thoughts will intervene*
*And it will soon take wing.'"*

She prefaces her book with a few remarks about herself, but recalling that it is not considered decent for women to use the personal pronoun, she says, "next to self is the phrenologist," and quotes one on her capacities. She believes sincerely in work and alludes with contempt to the "shoddyocracy" who look down upon labor. She worked for the reform of marriage laws and, with Mrs. Stanton, believed in a woman's right to keep her own name after marriage.

### *Her Mark of Individuality*

This is a reform with which Lucy Stone is associated. She was a direct actionist, and believing what she did, she kept her own pretty name when she married Henry Blackwell. As Mrs. Stanton said, "A woman's dignity is equally involved in a lifelong name, to mark her individuality. We cannot overestimate the demoralizing effect on woman herself, to say nothing of society at large, for her to consent thus to merge her existence so wholly in that of another." Lucy Stone herself, having taken the step, seems to have put it out of her mind. The question of her maiden name was certainly not a "complex" with her, as it occasionally seems to be with her modern disciples. When, on May Day, 1855, the Rev. Thomas Wentworth Higginson married Lucy Stone and Henry B. Blackwell, the high contracting parties issued a joint protest of which Doctor Higginson so approved that he had copies made and sent to other clergymen. It was a protest against the injustice of the marriage laws by which "the legal existence of the wife is suspended during marriage." The two signers agreed that in case of dispute between man and wife it would be preferable to choose an arbitrator, rather than trust oneself to the courts, for every law relating to marriage was in favor of the male. The odd thing about this protest is that it does not mention the preservation of the maiden name, and, in fact, one of Lucy Stone's journalistic supporters, publishing the protest, referred to her as Lucy Blackwell. Yet all her work for education, abolition, temperance and suffrage is nowadays forgotten in favor of the incidental circumstance that she kept her maiden name.

Comparing men and women reformers, one is struck by the fact that though they coöperated in many movements, the typical reform led by a man is a politico-economic one, resulting in a settlement or a colony, and the typical reform led by a woman is a social and moral one, resulting in a movement or a political party. The latter wins the laurel of success. Even when the precise object fought for was not attained, women seemed to have perception of the way in which things were going. If they wanted to divert a stream, at least they did not try to make it run up mountainsides. In one general quality the men and women of this epoch were alike, and alike differed from later reformers. They were positive, not negative. In the fight for suffrage and for dress reform, they looked for an extension of privileges, not for a checkrein on the natural impulses of men and women. They wanted to give women the vote, not to take it away from men; and their whole program, had it come into existence, would not have stolen an essential liberty from anyone. They were not the only women reformers or the only type; the secondary interest in the life of Mary Walker—her hostility to tobacco—foreshadows another kind of reformer. It is the type which feels a natural impulse to interfere with the rights and wrongs of other people; which is entirely willing to take away a privilege in order to remedy an abuse or destroy a vice. It was in the early years of the twentieth century that this type came excitingly into prominence.

The crank, prophet or charlatan of today who justifies himself by calling on the prophets of the past can make out a fairly good case in the experience of women reformers. He can say, "They were persecuted, as I am; and they were proved wise and great by the future, as I shall be." It is an argument just a little too simple. What the women leaders of the nineteenth century fought for was a change in the structure of society, and it was the most obvious thing in the world for society to resist. Otherwise the women might have suspected that what they asked was hardly important. Society was bound to defend itself. If suffrage was worth fighting for it was worth fighting against. The thing the reformer tends to forget is that society defends itself not only against great prophets but also against criminals, and the fact that prophets and profiteers are both jailed does not belittle the one or excuse the other.

### *Relegated to Limbo*

In general, only the successful reformers—the prophets whose words come true—are remembered. We forget that in proportion to the total number of visionaries these are only few and their occurrence in history rare. It ought to make one cautious, in dealing with new things, to recall how frequently the current verdict has been set aside by the appellate court of time. There remain the other instances in which anger and ridicule have thwarted visionary schemes which lacked the stamina to withstand criticism and so passed into limbo. These were the thousands of cases in which the contemporary judgment was correct, or at least so powerful that no revision has ever been needed, since the visions and ideals so disposed of never returned. If organized society mocked at Darwin, it also mocked at the prophet who predicted the end of the world on the second Tuesday of last January; and there have been scores of such prophets to a unique Darwin. If it is true that all forerunners have been laughed at, it is no wonder, for most of them were running in the wrong direction. It only happens that in America, of the few who ran where the world eventually had to follow, so many were women.

*Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of articles by Mr. Seldes. The next will appear in an early issue.*

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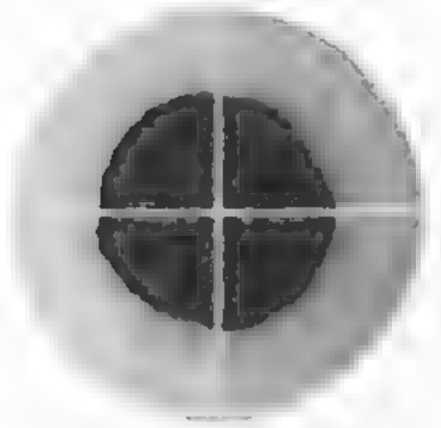
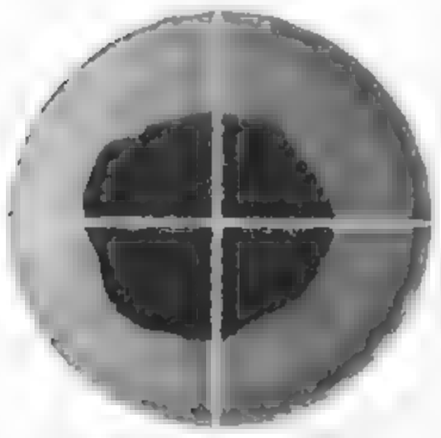
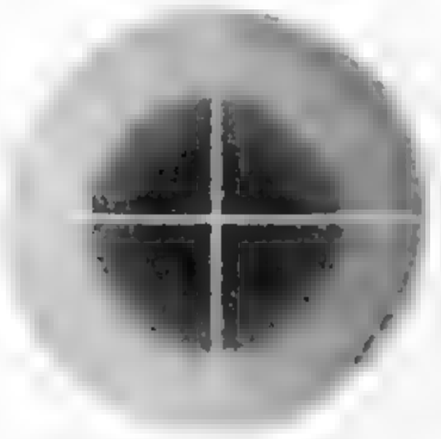
Ball A—Missed 84 out of 100 putts



Ball B—Missed 56 out of 100 putts



Ball C—Missed 52 out of 100 putts



"U. S." Royal—Registered 100 out of 100 putts

THE X-ray discloses the mystery of many a missed putt. Putting accuracy depends upon the *inside* trueness of your ball. A golf ball will not roll true simply because the *outside* is spherical. Hundreds of X-ray tests have proved that in the "U. S." Royal can be found *unfailing* trueness of center—and therefore maximum putting efficiency.

Now, with a patented, scientific putting machine we have proved in practice the truth of the X-ray findings. Four different makes of golf balls are shown here. No retouching has been done on the photographs.

Ball A. How could this off-center ball be expected to putt true?

Ball B. A ragged, uneven center construction means a poor putting score.

Ball C. Note the irregularity of center. Putting accuracy is proportionate to trueness of center.

THE "U. S." ROYAL. Here the center of gravity is accurately and permanently fixed at the exact center of the ball. Our exclusive method of manufacture insures this in *every* "U. S." Royal. Compare this center with Balls A, B and C. In the putting-machine tests this "U. S." Royal sunk 100 putts out of 100.

In laboratory tests and in actual play the "U. S." Royal has proved its position as the finest putting golf ball made.

No other ball will give you greater distance. This is the best finished and painted ball made. The cover is as tough as it is possible to build a golf ball cover without lessening resiliency and distance. *Every "U. S." Royal is fully guaranteed.* From your professional or authorized dealer—75 cents each.

United States Rubber Company

# COMPETITION THAT RAISES PRICES

(Continued from Page 44)

of the committee of the Hardware Council which dug out the facts, I discovered that everyone, from retail merchant to manufacturer, agreed on seven main reasons for the increase in the cost of getting goods to the customer.

The first is one that has been widely discussed—hand-to-mouth buying. The production of staple goods since 1920 has been in excess of demand. For this reason manufacturers have been willing to dispose of their goods on any terms. And in consequence wholesalers and retailers have taken advantage of the condition to order in small quantities, their purpose being to sell rapidly and reorder in small amounts, thus making many profits on small investments.

Rapid transport has aided this buying method, and for a while rapid turnover proved desirable. But like many a good horse, it has been ridden to death.

Here's a case in point: The Stevens Hardware Store used to average 4 per cent net profit on a business which sold $100,000 worth of merchandise in a year. Fred Stevens used to carry a stock of $40,000 and sell it two and a half times annually, which meant a turnover of two and a half times.

Several years later, because the price of everything had risen so, he had to pay just twice as much for that same amount of stock. That was all right, because Fred raised his prices accordingly, and merely by selling the same amount of goods, he could do a business of $200,000 a year instead of $100,000. At 4 per cent he stood to make $8000 profit instead of $4000, which, considering increased living costs, was as it should be.

But there was one fly in Fred's business ointment. Instead of paying $40,000 for his stock, he now had to pay $80,000. That was a lot of real money to lay out, and Fred had either to borrow or get it out of the business. He decided to take it out of the business by cutting his stock in half and trying to sell it five times a year instead of two and a half. That meant he would keep less merchandise on hand and reorder in small lots.

With quick transportation, with manufacturers and wholesalers producing in such large quantities that they were glad to accommodate anybody who wanted to buy, Fred saw hand-to-mouth buying as the factor that would save him from doubling the money investment in his business and yet would give him the necessary $8000 profit.

### Work Without Profit

So Fred Stevens gradually cut down his stock. To drop to the $40,000 mark, which, due to doubled prices, actually was only half the stock with which he formerly did business, he began to place his orders with wholesalers in small quantities. The jobbers made no kick. Fred was a good customer, and accommodation was his. Fred got six of an article instead of twelve, and he got the six twice as often.

Then Stevens' wholesaler began to play the same game, cutting down on his orders from the manufacturer. Thus the manufacturer got smaller orders more often. Everyone then still was getting the same amount of business, but in each case he got it in smaller quantities at a time. After a while one manufacturer began to realize, as his orders became smaller and smaller and more frequent, that perhaps the extra cost of filling such small orders was eating up his profit. He sat down, wrote out the steps required to execute any single order, and found these ten:

1. Enter order.
2. Make out acknowledgment and mail.
3. Tabulate to factory production record.
4. Tabulate to customer's order record.
5. Take items from stock or from tools in process.
6. Pack specially instead of in standard cases. This involves extra cost for a small shipping case and extra labor in packing, besides extra weight in proportion to the contents when paying for freight.
7. Secure bill of lading or express receipt or parcel-post receipt.
8. Make out invoice and mail to customer.
9. Post invoice in ledger.
10. Post payment when received.

"We found," said the manufacturer who figured this out, "that the cost of these ten steps amounted to more than $2.50 per order. This was 10 per cent on an order of $25, and on some of the smaller parcel-post shipments amounted to more than the selling price!"

### Getting Down to Facts

Rather startled at the findings of the manufacturer, the wholesaler sat himself down to see what he had to do to handle each individual order that came to him, and this amazing list of steps was recorded:

1. Order opened and sorted.
2. Stamped with received time.
3. Tickler card got out and date stamped, and if mail order, copies put upon house order blank and checked back.
4. File number and routing put in and spaced for departments.
5. O.K. by credit department.
6. Registered.
7. Stamped with time stamp and sent out in warehouse.
8. Layouts selected.
9. Duplicate copies made.
10. Stencil for tags cut.
11. Tags and stickers printed.
12. Stamped with time stamp.
13. Original orders and copies sent to various departments.
14. Orders and copies worked and returned.
15. Copies assembled and checked back against original shipping accounts and weights transferred.
16. Sent to checkers; goods to be packed are checked.
17. Sent to packers and packed.
18. Packed goods sent to shipping room.
19. Orders rechecked to catch omissions of original shipping accounts and items not filled stamped with time stamp.
20. Sent to office and bill of lading made.
21. Back order items taken off and stamped with time stamp.
22. Sent to register department and checked off to billing department.
23. Priced by price clerk.
24. Costed by cost clerk.
25. Extended and footed.
26. Extension checked for errors, dating, and so on; placed on order.
27. Sent to billers and invoice made.
28. Order and invoice separated, order spaced for distribution of sales.
29. Invoices folded and mailed out.
30. Copy of invoice sent to bookkeepers for posting.
31. Posted to ledger.
32. When paid, credited on ledger.

"The study of our office and warehouse salaries showed," said this wholesaler, "that it cost for labor alone just one dollar an order to go through this procedure. The average total cost of handling each order was about $3.50."

Fred Stevens' wholesaler took all these figures to Fred, who in turn sat down and roughly listed what he had to do with each order.

Fred had never realized all that he did in each transaction; that he gave the salesman the order, made a record of it, called at the railroad for the shipment, opened and unpacked the box, put the goods on the shelf, received the invoice, checked it, paid for it. All of which increased his expense for clerical labor.

When the cost of handling each order was totaled up by the manufacturer, the wholesaler and the Stevens Hardware Store, a great part of the 50 per cent extra increase in the cost of distribution was accounted for. And Fred saw one of the reasons why his attempt to get five turns on his $40,000 stock was costing him more than the profit

(Continued on Page 68)

Mr. W. F. Bouton *and a little friend in the park, Oakland, Calif.*

# "I was slowly but surely drifting towards a breakdown"

"Some months ago *I had an experience that I simply can't keep to myself.*

*"After every meal I was troubled with that heavy, overfed feeling, and nausea. No matter how carefully I chose my food I was positively unable to assimilate it properly.*

*"Coincident with these disturbances constipation set in—that insidious modern enemy of health. My nerves became frayed, I began to lose weight—I found I was slowly drifting towards a general breakdown.*

*"This was my plight when a friend recommended Yeast to me. He persuaded me to give it a fair trial, claiming it had rid him of constipation.*

*"Today I am a different man! My health is good. My constipation is a thing of the past. My complexion has cleared—I really* look *well—all due to my perseverance in eating Fleischmann's Yeast."*

Wilson F. Bouton, Oakland, Calif.

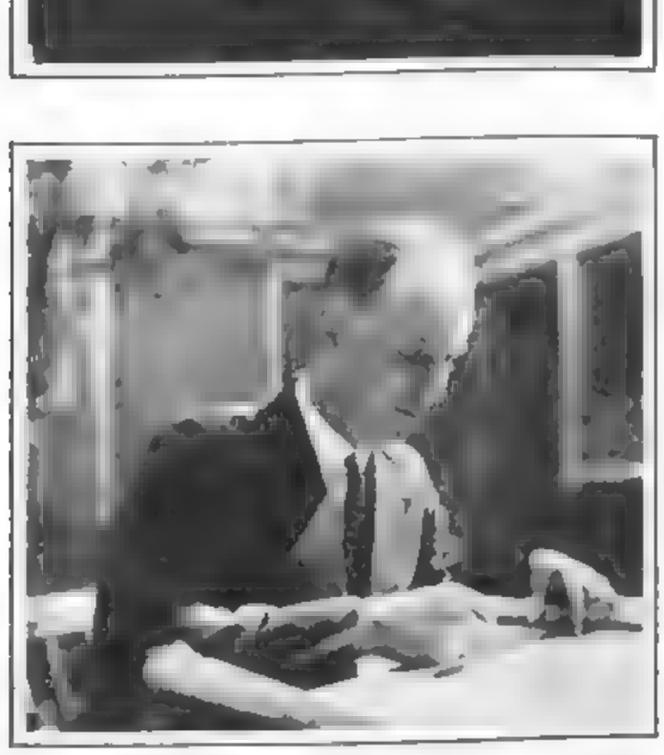
DAY by day Fleischmann's Yeast removes the causes of constipation—corrects indigestion—clears the skin—fills the whole body with new life and energy.

That is because Fleischmann's Yeast does two things. It keeps the system internally *clean*. And it keeps it healthily *active*.

Yeast is not a medicine. It is a fresh corrective food—a living plant, rich in the health-giving nutrients that abound in the malt and grain in which it is grown. The countless tiny yeast plants in every cake have the peculiar power when passing through the digestive tract, to cleanse it and to help prevent the absorption of poisons by the body. They also stimulate and strengthen the intestinal muscles, aiding the processes of elimination.

Start today: make Fleischmann's Yeast a part of your regular diet. Your digestion will become healthy, skin eruptions will disappear—before you know it you will be your old, vigorous self again!

All grocers have Fleischmann's Yeast. Buy two or three days' supply at a time and keep in a cool, dry place. Write for a free copy of the latest booklet on Yeast for Health. Health Research Dept. D-37, The Fleischmann Company, 701 Washington St., New York City.



"DURING THE GREAT WAR I filled various military appointments of a confidential nature and returned with nerves shattered and an organism so completely unstrung that I could neither work, eat nor sleep. I finally had to go to the Maine woods for a complete rest. While there I happened to eat by mistake a small bowl of homemade Yeast which the guide had prepared for baking. The next day I felt fine—whether it was the Yeast or not I can't say. At any rate, on my return I decided to try eating Fleischmann's Yeast. I began eating two cakes a day, with the result that in three months I was able to take up my old duties as a structural engineer and never felt better in my life. For three years now I have eaten two cakes of Yeast a day. It has contributed to giving me the cool head and clear mind so much needed in building operations."

Raymond M. Hutchins, Methuen, Mass.

BELOW

"I AM A STUDENT. I have always had very good health until a short time ago, when, as mother said, I seemed to be constantly complaining. I had frequent headaches, felt languid and listless and had pains and aches all over my body. I seemed, too, to be losing out in my studies, and to make matters worse a fine eruption appeared under the skin on my face. Mother, having had an experience where Fleischmann's Yeast worked wonders for her, immediately started me on three cakes a day, spread on crackers. In about five weeks my skin had cleared and my other troubles seemed to fade away, too. Now, whenever mother or I do not feel as we should, we go on our Yeast diet."

Adela P. Schleich, Jersey City, N. J.

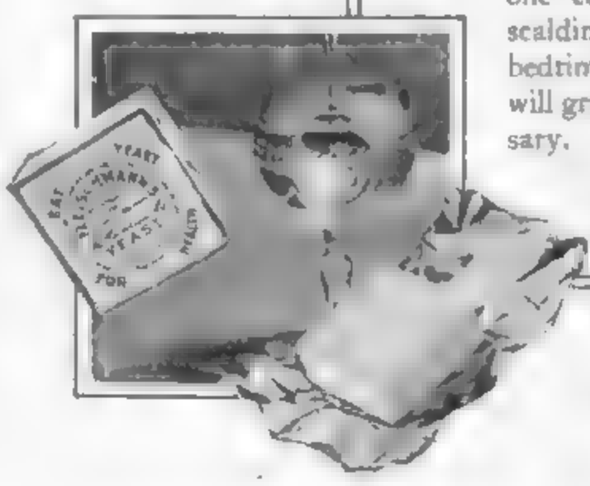
BELOW

"AT TIMES I could hardly drag myself around, I felt so weak and miserable. For years I had suffered from the worst kind of indigestion—my stomach was in a terrible condition. I tried just about everything, but didn't seem to get any better . . . One day a friend of mine told me to try Fleischmann's Yeast. I shall never forget her. After eating three cakes of Yeast every day for four months I can honestly say that I am completely well. Fleischmann's Yeast cakes can never be too much praised."

Mrs. A. T. Rider, Jacksonville, Fla.

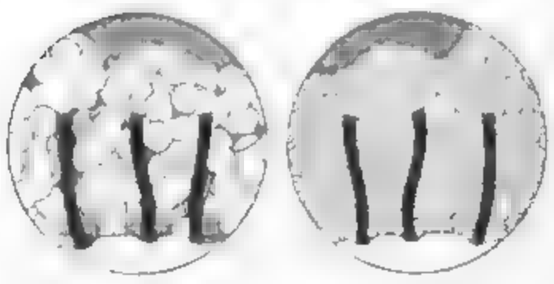
## *Health, Vigor, Happiness —you can easily make them yours . . .*

Eat three cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast regularly every day, one before each meal: just plain in small pieces, or on crackers, in fruit juice, milk or water. For constipation physicians say it is best to dissolve one cake in hot water (not scalding) before meals and at bedtime. Dangerous cathartics will gradually become unnecessary.



# "Small Bubble" Lather soaks every whisker

*Holds water like a sponge. Softens each hair right where it grows out.*



ORDINARY LATHER
This lather-picture (greatly magnified) of ordinary shaving cream shows how large, air-filled bubbles fail to get down to the base of the beard; and how they hold air, instead of water, against whiskers.

COLGATE LATHER
This picture of Colgate lather shows how myriads of tiny, moisture-laden bubbles hold water, not air, in direct contact with the base of the beard, thus softening every whisker right where the razor works.

AT the base, just where the razor edge works—that's where Colgate lather battles whiskers. Sopping-wet with water are its minute bubbles. They snuggle around each tiny hair, as the pictures above show.

*How "small-bubble" lather works.* The moment Colgate lather forms on your beard, two things happen:

1. The soap in the lather breaks up and floats away the oil film that covers each hair.

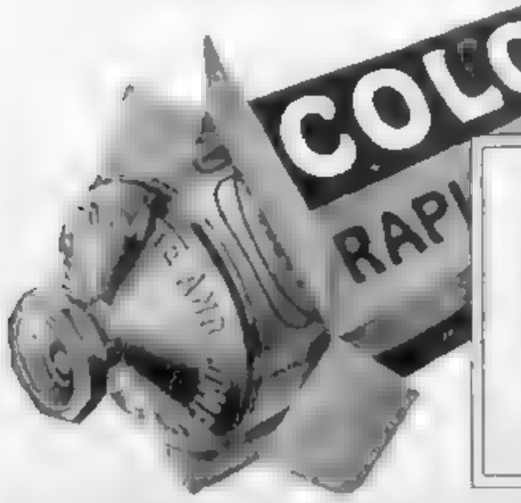
2. With the oil film gone, millions of tiny, water-saturated bubbles bring and hold an abundance of water down to the base of the beard, right where the razor does its work.

Because your beard is properly softened at its base, your razor works easily and quickly. Every hair is cut close and clean. And your face remains cool and comfortable throughout the day.

*FREE*
*A WEEK'S SHAVES*

Try this unique "small-bubble" lather at our expense. The coupon below will bring a generous trial-size tube—free.

*EXTRA DIVIDEND!* We will also include a sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men—the new after-shave powder that *keeps* your face looking freshly shaved all day long.




Colgate & Co. Est. 1806

COLGATE & CO.
*Dept. 500E1,* 595 Fifth Ave., New York
Please send me the FREE sample tube of Colgate's Rapid-Shave Cream for better shaving. Also sample box of Colgate's Talc for Men.
Name
Address
City State

SOFTENS THE BEARD AT THE BASE


(Continued from Page 66)

on those extra turns. Hand-to-mouth buying was being overworked.

Several other costly things were going on at the same time. One was the arrival of the small order in so-called broken lots—less than the standard number of articles without the stock box. This meant that Fred's merchandise had increased chance to get dirty and thus become unsalable. But Fred was insistent on small amounts, and he got them. Neither the wholesaler nor the manufacturer could do anything about it. And to think how my own father in a former business generation went over orders and marked up the quantities to full shipping cases when a customer ordered less!

Something else was going on that Fred did not realize cut into his profits. Pete Preston, an old friend, told me about it. Some years ago Pete was a he man in Texas, the kind who could sell the hide off a mule and keep the mule. He was an expert merchandiser and made his pile. Now he is browsing around New England. He happened to be in Fred's store one day when a woman wanted to buy an ice-cream freezer, two-quart size.

"Sorry, madam, but I'm out of that size," said Fred to the customer. "I've got a couple of the one-quart size."

The woman shook her head firmly and went out in further search.

The second customer wanted a sixteen-inch lawn mower. But the nearest Fred had to it was a twelve-inch machine. Fred offered to order the right size and have it in two or three days, but the man wanted it at once, and he, like the woman, left.

Then Pete, who had been getting overheated at this exhibition of selling, asked Fred why the Boston wholesalers hadn't been around the previous fall to get his spring orders for ice-cream freezers and lawn mowers. Stevens said they had, but that he was trying to get a greater turnover on his merchandise and so was letting the wholesaler carry the big part of the stock.

"Unluckily," said Fred, "when I ordered a couple of two-quart freezers last week, the wholesaler also was out of them."

"Blah! The answer to your turnover method is," put in Pete disgustedly, "that you can't turn over stock you haven't got! Since I've been in here you lost the sale of a freezer which would have given you one dollar profit, and you lost the sale of a lawn mower on which you could have made three dollars. Where's the money in that?"

### *Wasteful Side Lines*

There has been much talk of hand-to-mouth buying as a new method of business come to stay. That I believe, from much research and observation, to be only partly true. It is flourishing because manufacture generally has been in excess of demand, and it has been easy for the distributor and the merchant to get prompt deliveries. But as the United States is a growing country, consumption is increasing. Already it is absorbing part of that excess of production which existed five years ago. And even if increased consumption does not absorb it, excess capital, which is now in manufacture because of the belief that consumption will constantly increase, will be put to work elsewhere where needed.

Hand-to-mouth buying has grown to meet a present condition, but when this condition reverses, instead of buying sparingly, merchandisers will want to buy in quantities in order to anticipate price rises and protect themselves against the difficulty of securing delivery. They will want to safeguard their business with larger stocks.

But meanwhile, as I related to Doc Warden that snowy day in his drug store, hand-to-mouth buying, when carried to excess, has been the first reason for raising the cost of distribution.

"What's the second reason?" he asked.

"Excessive competition all along the line."

"Competition? I thought that was supposed to be the life of all trade."

"Excessive competition," I replied, "as evidenced by men taking on too many new lines of goods, increasing their territories so they overlap with others and using more extra salesmen, known as specialty and missionary men, than can earn their keep. Too much useless competition."

Briefly this is what our survey showed: A lawn-mower manufacturer who felt he needed more volume of business four or five years ago started to make hammers. In about two years he gave it up. He had wasted his effort and his money. A maker of ammunition started to turn out axes. He, too, lost out, and his plant was scrapped. That was waste, which someone somewhere had to pay for.

Such examples have been common in every line—factories adding lines where the manufacture of such goods was already more than ample.

Wholesalers or distributors have done the same overlapping into one another's fields, two doing the work of one. Here's Joe Lyons, close to Philadelphia, who is solicited by a wholesaler 300 miles away. And at the same time Philadelphia wholesalers are trying to sell retailers 300 miles from Philadelphia. One Philadelphia concern recently began a truck-delivery service to New York, and so a New York jobber in retaliation placed salesmen in Philadelphia. Each is offering his best bargains to the other's customers. The retailers are enjoying it, but it is expensive and is a wasteful duplication of selling effort that customers or stockholders have to pay for.

### *Slowing Up Turnover*

Retailers, because of the rush for more business, are taking on lines foreign to them. Grocery and drug stores are adding hardware. Hardware stores are adding glassware, silverware, toys, automobile accessories, radio and even drugs! The result is that clerks, having so many things to sell, don't know how to sell any of them well.

"Maybe I don't know that," interrupted a chap named Stone who had joined the group that had collected about Warden and me during the past twenty minutes. Stone has just opened an electric-goods store in Warden's block. "I have a terrible job trying to refuse all sorts of lines that salesmen come in to sell. And yet I don't dare fail to see a single salesman, because he may have just the thing to make money for me. The result is that I spend a good part of every day talking with them."

"One hardware retailer told me," I supplemented, "that he had an average of seventy-five salesmen call on him every week. That's high, but it shows how much effort is being made to get hardware distributed. I understand it's even worse in the dry-goods trade."

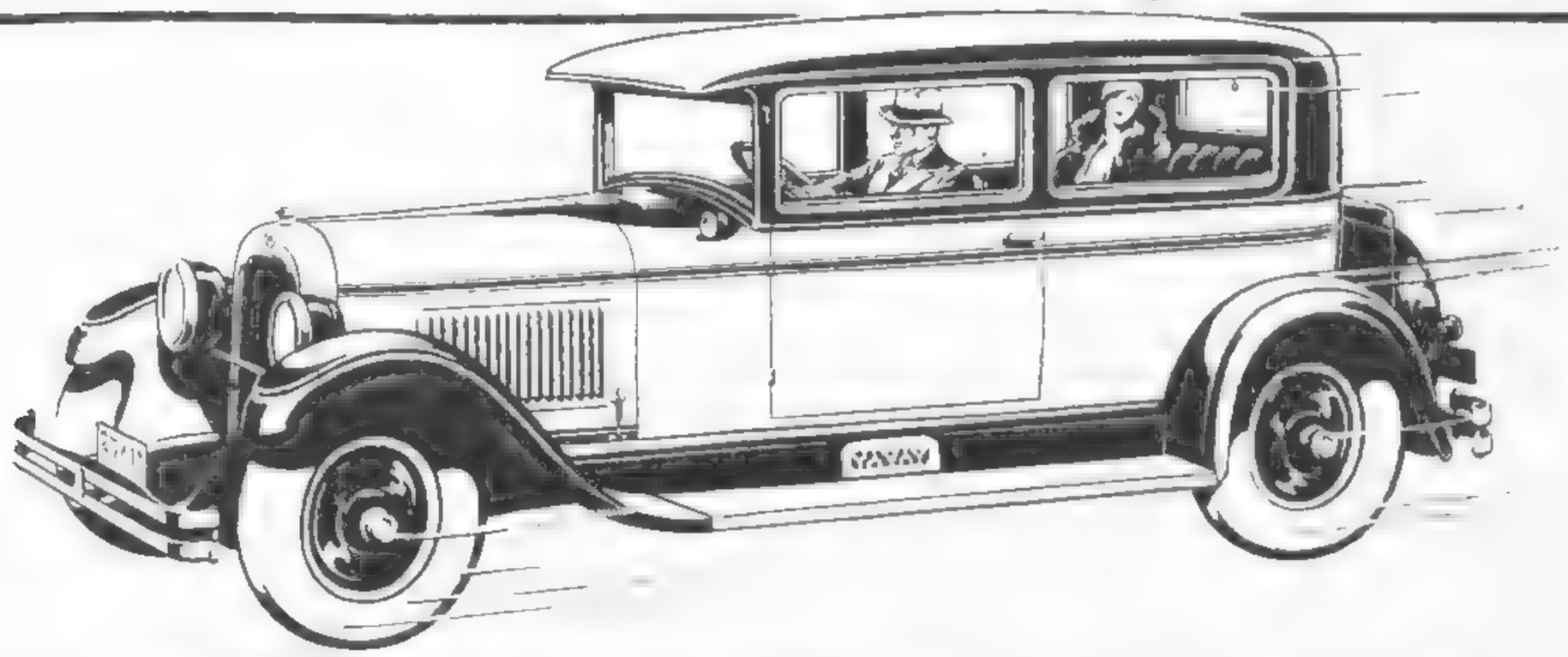
What it all comes down to is this: Both manufacturers and jobbers are paying salesmen to sell practically the same merchandise to the same dealer. Sales expense is duplicated right there. Then when the dealer does take on a wide variety of lines, the same manufacturers and wholesalers send out special salesmen to give the merchant individual instruction in how to sell particular items. Again duplicated expense. And though much of it is worth while, such excess selling effort helps greatly to increase the general cost of doing business for everybody in the industry.

Such selling effort also has caused a great deal of confusion. Dealers have come to think that the more they sell, the faster their stocks sell, and each so diversifies his stock that, without realizing it, he actually cuts down turnover by handling goods that few customers call for—slow movers.

The case of a hosiery dealer shows this. A representative of the United States Department of Commerce, making a survey in behalf of more efficient distribution, found a good-sized store whose children's hosiery section had an average monthly investment

(Continued on Page 70)

# EAGER ALERT ALIVE!



## For This is a Pleasure Car

HAVE you ever thrilled at the elusive rush of a fast quarterback through a field of ordinary players? Have you ever seen a destroyer darting, twisting, turning through a slow fleet of merchantmen? Or a Reo Flying Cloud scurrying lightly and nimbly through the clutter of down-town traffic?

There's more than mere speed in the Flying Cloud, more than mere ease of steering alone, more than sureness of braking. For the Flying Cloud combines all these qualities in a way that makes it a thing apart from the rest of motordom.

You'll understand it, the moment you get behind a Flying Cloud's wheel. You'll find whole minutes cut off short city trips—whole hours off cross-country journeys. And you'll have found also a new pleasure in motoring, the pleasure of a car that does its work with a gaiety, a car that eternally strains joyfully at its leash.

Try out a Flying Cloud today. It is a pleasure car. Start it, step on it, stop it. You'll realize a new joy no matter how old a hand at motoring you may be.

*Be sure to try one out*

REO
FLYING CLOUD
SEDAN VICTORIA
BROUGHAM
SPORT COUPE

REO MOTOR CAR COMPANY · LANSING, MICHIGAN

REO
FLYING CLOUD
SEDAN VICTORIA
BROUGHAM
SPORT COUPE

NO OTHER AMERICAN CAR LASTS AS LONG AS REO ~ NOT ONE

*Now a new*

# "Pick-up" drink *from Switzerland*

***Picks you up when you feel low . . . Ends afternoon "let-downs" . . . keeps you on your toes . . . Make this 3-day test***

Modern science now offers you a *natural* means to keep you "hitting on all six." A way that picks you up in a most surprising manner. Both mentally and physically.

It is the delicious new Swiss food-drink called Ovaltine. Not an artificial stimulant. But a quick building-up beverage. Doctors advise it.

Thousands of successful people everywhere now drink Ovaltine regularly at home. In their offices. At soda fountains. It rejuvenates. It sets tired minds a-sparkle. We urge you to make a 3-day test.

***Cause of leginess—How Ovaltine overcomes***

Mental and physical "let-downs" are mainly due to overstrained nerves or digestive unrest —or both.

Delicious Ovaltine helps to overcome this trouble. This is why:

First—it combines in easily digested form, certain vitalizing and building-up food essentials, in which your daily fare is often lacking. One cup of Ovaltine has more real food value than 12 cups of beef extract.

Second—Ovaltine has the power actually to digest 4 to 5 times its weight in other foods you eat. Thus soon after drinking, it is turning itself and other foods into rich, red blood.

*Now more than 20,000 doctors recommend Ovaltine*

This quick assimilation of nourishment is restoring to the entire body. Frayed nerves are soothed. Digestion goes on efficiently. Energy returns. Your mind clears; your body responds. *That is the experience of most Ovaltine users.*

***Doctors recommend***

You will like the flavor of Ovaltine. Unlike any drink you have ever tasted. In use in Switzerland for over 30 years. Now in universal use in England and her colonies. More than 20,000 doctors recommend it. Not only as a quick "Pick-up" beverage, but because of its special dietetic properties they also recommend it for restless sleep, nerve strain, malnutrition, backward children and the aged.

***A 3-day test***

Drink a cup or glass of Ovaltine whenever you feel low or nervously tired. See how quickly it picks you up. There is a new zest to your work—to all your daily activities.

All druggists sell Ovaltine in 4 sizes for home use. Or they can mix it for you at the soda fountain. But to let you try it we will send a 3-day introductory package for 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Just send in coupon with 10c.

OVALTINE

*Builds Body, Brain and Nerves*

© 1927, T. W. Co.

I took Ovaltine for pep and got it. In wrestling an awful lot of energy is used in a short time. I take a cupful of Ovaltine 45 minutes before each match. I am now always full of pep and can get more speed and quick action.

[Signed] F. M. Harlan

I took Ovaltine because I needed something to tone up my system. I found Ovaltine to be more than you claim and use it for its "pickup" results.

[Signed]
C. R. Junnum,
Hoboken, N. J.

The Wander Company, Dept. 1521
37 S. Wabash Ave., Chicago, Ill.

I enclose 10 cents to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your 3-day test package of Ovaltine.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

One package to a person


(Continued from Page 68)

of $55,850, the goods being divided among twenty-six manufacturers. The merchant in this case wanted to have what his customers called for.

The survey showed that 80 per cent of his business, however, was being done in five brands. So, by concentrating on these five lines, the store reduced its investment from $55,850 to $29,000—a cut of 48 per cent. At the same time it actually increased his sales, because it always had those five lines on hand.

But the most interesting result of the scramble for greater volume of business which has led to the 50 per cent rise in the cost of distribution is the very insidious practice of trading down. In a word, trading down means getting more business by selling cheaper goods. The practice is capturing the attention of merchants in all lines. It has drawn small and large merchants alike, and a great deal of thought is being spent upon it, by department stores particularly.

In the mad rush to show an increase in 1927 sales volume over the amount of goods sold in 1926, many stores have fallen into the trading-down pitfall on the principle that cheaper items sell faster and bring greater total sales in dollars. This pitfall is the one that engulfed the revered but simple old apple woman who was found selling her penny apples at two for a cent. She lost money on each sale—"but 'eavens, what volume I gets!"

Concretely here's what happened to Smith: He specialized in a certain article of kitchen ware of a good grade that he had bought for twelve dollars a dozen and sold for sixteen dollars. On each dozen then he made 25 per cent of the selling price, or four dollars out of which he could pay his expenses and take a net profit. But he thought he ought to get more business, and so he began to trade down.

He bought a cheaper grade of this article for six dollars a dozen and readily sold them for eight dollars. Smith was well satisfied, for the difference was still 25 per cent of his selling price, and he was selling more dozens. It looked like easy money. As a matter of fact, though, he was making a mistake which many of his fellow merchants also were making, and all of them were losing money on it. Here's the explanation:

While he was selling the cheaper grade of articles it cost Smith just as much per dozen for freight as it had for the high grade, just as much for trucking in and out of the store, for putting in and taking out of stock, for packing cases, for store light, heat, repairs, depreciation and insurance of warehouse; for office expenses, such as ordering, checking, invoicing, collecting; for rent or interest on value of buildings and many other expenses of the same sort.

### *What Price Volume!*

And when this merchant burned the midnight oil to figure it all out late one night, he found that, on the basis of cost per dozen of each grade, instead of on per cent of profit, it cost him two dollars to handle the low grade. That meant that all his necessary expenses ate up his profit at one gulp. Whereas the four-dollar margin on the high grade covered everything and left a net profit, the added volume brought by the low-grade kitchen ware was all a loss that had to be made up by some other article in the Smith Hardware Company store. "But 'eavens, what a volume!"

Simply the chimera of volume has lost money for many a good merchant, and what with the added expense of new lines, of special salesmen in wide and thin territories, and trading down, the elusive rainbow of greater volume has borne a healthy share of the increased cost of doing business.

The third reason for the additional 50 per cent rise in cost of getting goods to the customer is extra service, which brings us back to the druggist's willingness to deliver a small bottle of medicine.

"Our survey showed, Doc, that too much extra service in the way of very prompt shipments, delivery by special trucks, extra good packing boxes and things like that have boosted selling costs," I said. "As a retailer, how do you see it? Does your experience in drugs check with that of hardware dealers?"

Warden hesitated a minute, as if collecting impressions. "I think it does," he said. "To keep in the swing today I have to do a lot of extra things that I didn't have to do years ago. First I have to have a better store and fixtures. That increases my overhead. Then I have to keep several clerks on full time in order to take care of rush hours. They're too many for regular hours, but they're absolutely necessary for peak periods. That's costly. With deliveries I'm in the same boat with most other merchants. I have to keep a car ready for quick deliveries. My trade wants that service, and I have to supply it. I can't make one or two regular trips a day and hold my customers. Taken altogether I should say it does cost considerable to give the sort of service my customers want."

### *Too Much Service*

"And it costs the jobber considerable to give you the service you want, too," I added. "Our survey brought from wholesalers the fact that one of the heaviest service increases was in deliveries. Years ago only city customers had store delivery; but through competition, delivery was extended to twenty or thirty miles from the wholesaler's warerooms. Too, the trips have to be made more frequently. On top of this many jobbers now have to maintain three shipping departments to separate parcel post, express and freight goods, instead of handling them all through one department, which all adds to distribution costs for the jobber.

"In just the same way the manufacturer has to render excess service and to increase costs considerably by rushing through special orders that make other work come off machines. When one of these hurry calls comes to our plant from a good customer whom we want to do all we can to accommodate, we have to send his special order through the factory on an express schedule. This means the undivided attention of one dispatcher and several foremen, with the cost of three hours' time for the former and three hours' altogether for the latter. That's extra service, and it's costly.

"A manufacturer from Detroit told me of another service that brings up expense of distribution. 'The consuming public is more particular than it was years ago,' he said, 'and the manufacturer is required to put up his product better than ever before. His boxes and his printing must be attractive, and he must use them much more than formerly.'

"A wholesaler drew a thumb-nail sketch of this thought when he said: 'Packing expense shows that the cost of boxing is almost double; where customers in olden days were content to get their city deliveries in old boxes or barrels, we are practically forced to send sealed packages nowadays.'

"Yes, sir, that's service."

"Isn't it all legitimate?" asked Warden. "Why shouldn't boxes be better and customers given the service they want, no matter what it is?"

"Of course it's legitimate—perfectly so. All these reasons we've been over so far for the rise in costs of doing business are merely natural, practical attempts to increase trade," I said. "What I'm doing is simply showing why it costs more nowadays to get merchandise from the factory to your home."

"Go ahead then, Plumb. What's next?" said Doc.

"The fourth reason is closely tied up with service. It's the effort of the merchant to compete with chain stores. Frequent mention is made by retailers of the lower prices at which certain other classes of trade

(Continued on Page 72)

Your Next Car

# AUBURN

# America's Fastest Stock Car

8-88 Sport Sedan $2095—80 miles an hour—130-inch wheelbase

## Breaks Official A. A. A. 1000 Mile Stock Car Record

## Average 68.37 m.p.h.

Because Auburn knows how rare high speed is in stock cars, we decided to break the 1000 mile stock car record and give the public definite proof of Auburn's honest speed and durability in an official test, sanctioned by the A. A. A., where speedometer readings are ignored.

The previous record was established in 1924 with the very creditable speed of 59.54 miles per hour . . . . a truly remarkable performance. Auburn breaks this record . . . breaks it by the liberal margin of 8½ miles per hour . . . or, with an average of 68.37 M.P.H. beating the former record by two hours, 10 min. and 22 seconds, at Los Angeles Speedway, Culver City, Cal., March 18th.

## BUT, WHAT OF IT?

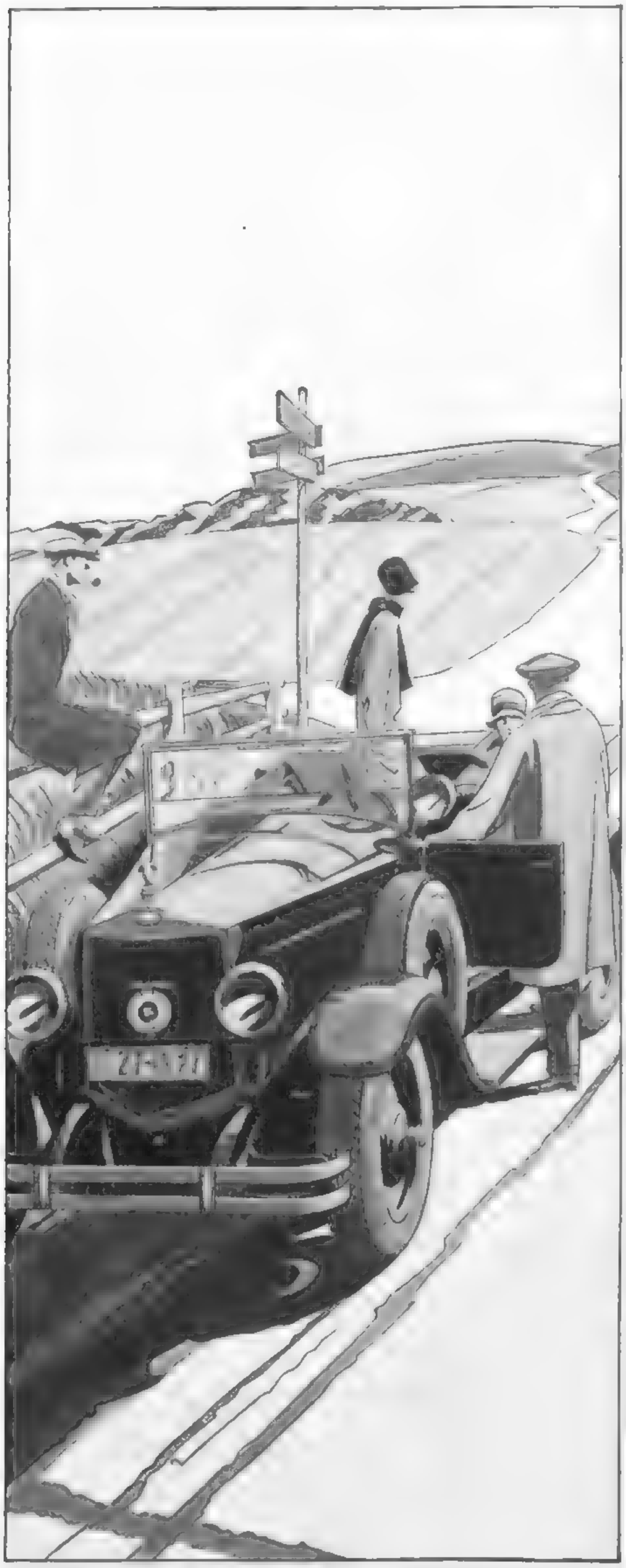
Conclusive proof though it is, of one of Auburn's superiorities, yet it is only fragmentary evidence of Auburn's *value*.

Maybe you do not want to break speed records, but you DO want the built-in stamina, the inherent efficiency that makes such superiority possible. You want the most modernized car; the one that runs smoother; handles easier; rides more comfortably; gives greater value in every way and remains a stranger to the repair shops. You want the most for your money now and the highest resale value later.

Drive the Auburn . . . if it does not give you ALL that you want better than any other car, you will not be asked to buy.

AUBURN AUTOMOBILE COMPANY, AUBURN, INDIANA

6-66 Roadster $1095; 6-66 Sport Sedan $1195; 6-66 Cabriolet $1295; 6-66 Sedan $1295; 8-77 Roadster $1395; 8-77 Sport Sedan $1495; 8-77 Cabriolet $1595 8-77 Sedan $1695; 8-88 Roadster $1995; 8-88 Sport Sedan $2095; 8-88 Cabriolet $2095; 8-88 Sedan $2195; 8-88 7-Pass. Sedan $2595. Freight, Tax and Equipment Extra



*"What can have happened to them? Do you suppose they've had an accident?"*

*"More likely Jim is having tire trouble again; he doesn't seem to learn by experience. I switched over to Kelly-Springfields long ago."*

(Continued from Page 70)

can afford to sell articles in competition, meaning, of course, that they think large store organizations with large buying power have the drop on them.

"In some cases they are right about the chains having a buying advantage. But certainly much useless competition is due to the retailer trying to carry water on both shoulders, by adopting costly forms of service in order to attract business and then imagining that he can profitably meet the prices of competitors who do not render such service, but rely on the price appeal to bring in their customers."

Practically it's up to the merchant, jobber or manufacturer to determine which is the better way to get business—with accommodating service or with low prices. He cannot do both profitably, and sooner or later he has to recognize that the ability to make a profit is a good measure of the service he renders his customers.

If certain services appear to be necessary it is essential to learn what each form of service actually costs and then to decide in cold blood whether those to whom it is rendered are willing to pay the extra cost of the service. A service that is not worth to someone what it costs, is poor business. It merely boosts the expense of distribution.

### *Work, Play and Pay*

I have often wondered why more wholesalers do not apply chain-store principles to the jobbing business. One grocery house does it—by selling no service. A retail grocery can place with this concern only one order a day and can get only one shipment a day. Packages are not broken into small lots, and so on. It all comes down to the minimum of distribution expense, due to minimum service.

Added to the retailer's troubles in attempting to carry water on both shoulders is his dismay at seeing his regular merchandise sold in other kinds of stores. The hardware dealer sees knives in every shop along the block, from the druggist's to the grocer's.

"Yes, and how about me and my volume that decreases because of that hardware dealer of yours who's selling drugs?" put in Warden. "Because every place from the five-and-ten to the department store sells tooth paste and other drug items, I do less business without being able to cut down expenses on what's left me. There's plenty of business, I think, but there are too many competitors cutting into fields that aren't their own."

"That's what I've found in electrical goods," added Stone.

"And that's what practically everybody else says," I finished. "It's part of the excessive competitive scramble that's gulping down perfectly good sales dollars. Competition is the life of trade, certainly; but such excess competition is the knife that bleeds out the profits."

The fifth reason, in the opinion of merchants from all over the country, why it costs more to do business today is the worker himself. Many retailers, store clerks and jobber salesmen are finding it hard, after the ease of earning money and getting sales during the war period, to make the intense mental and physical effort necessary to get business under today's competitive conditions.

Stated in general terms many merchants believe that short hours and easy work have made for disproportionate salaries for their help. Whether this is true or not makes no difference. It is a fact that today's youth wants more than did the old-time clerk. A merchant from South Carolina summed this problem up neatly:

"I find that the younger generation, having been trained at school, need to have recreation as well as work. They are not willing to make slaves out of themselves as we older ones have done in the past. They want shorter hours and more time for vacations. They also expect enough pay to own an automobile and enough to run it. I will not argue as to whether they are correct or not; but when I stop to think how we older ones did strive and slave and deny ourselves in order to run a business successfully, it is no wonder that the expense of selling goods has advanced out of proportion to the increase in their cost."

"I think he's right," said Warden when I told him this, "but what can we do about it?"

"Nothing, maybe. Perhaps these younger workers are wise to take it easier as they go along. Some people think they are. But we all can do something about the sixth reason for hiking costs—rising local taxation," I offered.

In 1919, after the war, Federal taxes totaled about $5,000,000,000 annually and state and local taxes about $3,000,000,000. Now Federal taxes have been cut to about $3,000,000,000, while local and state have increased to more than $5,000,000,000. The relative burden has been reversed.

But the most dismaying feature is not this. It is rather that local officials have been spending money faster than they have been taking it in in taxes. State and local expenses exceed $7,000,000,000, compared to Federal expenditures of slightly more than $3,000,000,000. Since 1922 the increase in local expenses has been particularly rapid, and the funds for this rocket-like rise have come from a borrowing that must be reflected in still greater tax advances in the near future.

The burden of these taxes falls heaviest on business men. From manufacturer down to the owner of the smallest store in the village, they must pay the majority of local taxes, and increased assessments mean increased cost in doing business. The local business man should realize that right here is one of the causes of the present high cost of distribution which he can control. It is within his power to check local expenditures.

Stories that merchants tell would indicate that the seventh and last reason for the increased cost of distribution is a business waste that runs into millions of dollars. It is the supplying by manufacturers of dealer helps, which take the form of counter display cards, window trims, envelope stuffers, booklets and dozens of other helpful business accessories, aimed to reach the consumer and to impress the retailer's customer with the fact that the merchant handles the product they tell about.

### *Selling Helps on Order*

For the most part these go to the dealer by mail, and our survey shows that immediately after reaching the dealer, a large part of them land unceremoniously in the wastebasket.

This hit Warden. "I don't think it can be so bad in the hardware business as it is in mine," said the druggist. "Why, if I used all the stuff that's sent to me, I'd have no room for my stock. It breaks my heart to throw it away, too, for lots of it must have cost someone a pile of money. But what can I do? When I get an elaborate display for something I don't sell and don't want to sell, there's no place but the paper box for it. Yet I make good use of much of it, as you can see, and I couldn't get along without it.

"But if manufacturers would only let me choose what I can use, it surely would save them a lot of money. It wouldn't cost nearly so much to send me a small concise descriptive circular, even with a reply post card."

"That is exactly what many manufacturers are trying to do. They are holding down this type of waste by having the wholesaler's salesmen offer such helps and take a definite order for them. Or else they mail out the helps when the retailer writes for them. But meanwhile you continue to get unsolicited window trims, counter cards and what not for articles you never even heard of, much less carry in stock. And that's another cause for the high cost of merchandising."

(Continued on Page 74)

# The open mind

GENERAL MOTORS HAS AN OPEN MIND. Its program is to provide a quality car in each price field. Already this program has led to the development of cars that differ widely in type and detail, but each designed to serve a definite purpose.

Through its laboratories, whose personnel and facilities are unequalled in the automotive industry, General Motors looks into the future. At its 1245-acre Proving Ground it tests improvements created anywhere in the world.

It is committed to nothing except quality at the lowest possible cost. Every detail is subject to constant questioning and the possibility of betterment.

This mental attitude is of interest to you as a car buyer. You are assured that you are buying the result of *today's* best thinking, not yesterday's prejudices or the mere product of habit.

You are benefitting by contact with active open minds.

GENERAL MOTORS

*"A car for every purse and purpose"*

CHEVROLET · PONTIAC · OLDSMOBILE · OAKLAND · BUICK
LASALLE · CADILLAC · GMC TRUCKS · YELLOW CABS AND COACHES

*FRIGIDAIRE—The Electric Refrigerator*

(Continued from Page 72)

There then are the seven factors which merchants of all degrees have concluded to be the explanation of why it costs 150 per cent more to do business today than it did fifteen years ago, despite the fact that general costs have gone up only 100 per cent. Some of these causes are deep-rooted and not easily to be eradicated. There are others which, this survey indicates, would yield to a treatment which Henry Ford has expressed in his theory of business.

He said that 90 per cent of the people are best served with a standard article. Five per cent more can be brought around to using these standard goods. The remaining five per cent, he said, can afford to go to the custom maker for what they particularly want. Therefore he considered it most profitable to do business with the 95 per cent who would use the standard merchandise and to forget the other five per cent entirely.

Summed up, the suggestion is for retailer, wholesaler and manufacturer to serve most customers best and let the rest slide.

If a man works all year for nothing it is usually because he is too extravagant in his business methods. Too many merchants are trying to give their customers more than they can afford to give, whether it be in too low prices or in too costly service.

Every service in the long line of distribution has to be paid for. Consumers have been taught to ask for more and more service. Would they actually be better served if accommodation were not so freely offered? Service to customers regardless of cost has become too costly, and competition for volume has produced wasteful duplication of effort that defeats its own purpose through mounting costs. The question is, how soon will the pendulum swing toward the other extreme? There are signs that shortly it may start upon its way.

# DIOGENEA

(Continued from Page 49)

interesting places—the Christobal open-air concert season, and a prospective trip to Malta in the colonel's yacht, Eve stole a glance at the brown head at her left. His hair was not far from red, really. Perhaps his mother had red hair. His face, though very much sun-tanned, was otherwise just public school and Oxford and British, and it was only when he turned unexpectedly toward her that she saw how straight he could look out of his gray eyes. She was disconcerted into talk, anything.

"Did the lady in the garden like you?" she asked.

"I beg your pardon?" He appeared almost angry, and Eve decided that if the nymph had liked him it was only because the poor thing didn't get about much and had to make the best of whatever sort of man came along. "What lady?" he demanded.

"Diogenea, of course," she said. "The lady of the fountain. You seemed pretty intimate with her."

"Oh!" He condescended to smile. Eve was glad to see that he could. "Why Diogenea then?" he asked.

"Because she's the daughter of Diogenes, carrying on with her father's hopeless quest for the honest man."

He didn't smile this time, which was unpleasant. What a self-satisfied and stubborn boy, she thought.

He said, "I found the lady hard and cold, though at least ——"

Eve interrupted:

"You were about to say that at least she was silent? All right then, you talk. I remove the colonel's ban. Tell me about your horses and where you hunt and who the master of hounds is and all that."

Philip Waightstill seemed entirely baffled. "See here," he said. "I'm trying to be nice, Miss Eve—I didn't hear your other name ——"

"I answer to Eve," she laughed. "Go on being nice."

"Trying to," he corrected. "I didn't intend to say the nymph was at least silent. I was going to say that at least she was almost as pretty to look at as you are. But it didn't strike me as—well, you know, we're not very well acquainted. But if you're really interested in horses, I ride with the Chester Hunt generally."

"Oh, yes," said Eve politely. "It's famous, isn't it? And who is the master of it?"

Philip Waightstill paused. One must do him that much justice.

"Well, I suppose—I am."

Eve turned away from him, furious. The audacity! The M. F. H. of a renowned hunt at twenty-five or six was too absurd. Oh, they were all alike, even about casual details. Only this one was younger and less adroit and more ridiculous. From across the table her mother's glance touched hers. "Are you silly children quarreling?" laughed Marcia. "Look at them!"

"Not at all," said Waightstill. "We're getting on famously. Aren't we, Eve?"

"Yes, Philip dear." She remembered his name was Philip. When they all laughed she joined them, but there was an edge of metal in her laughter and she was determined to make "Philip dear" regret having chosen her as the buffer for his boasting. Secretly, she was reflecting with no little rage that if she'd had on a certain apple-green-and-silver gown she'd wanted to buy he wouldn't have dared to lie to her. But she had on a white dress and she would see just how far the young man would go.

"Isn't that fine about the Hunt!" she said. "Did you ride while you were at Oxford? Or what did you do? I knew a man on the Oxford crew?"

"Did you? Tell me about him. I'd rather—talk about you."

Oh, no, nothing so obvious as that. By the time their salad course was taken, Philip Waightstill had told her that he had been an Oxford blue with the eights and for boxing, that he was now on the Continent for the Foreign Office, that he had a place in Devonshire which was pretty dull for a young man, and a few other things. Under the mock of her smile she was seething with anger. If he had called her openly a simpleton or an empty-headed child she couldn't have hated him harder. Perhaps some gleam of it came through her eyes, because he seemed embarrassed.

"I wish you hadn't let me tell you all that, Eve. You'll think ——"

"Why, I think it's splendid," she declared. "Of course, all of the English country life is different since the war, isn't it? Weren't we lucky to be too young for that?"

"But—I wasn't too young," he said. "They wanted youngsters for pilots in the R. A. F. They thought they were greater fools, you see, and if more dangerous to themselves, more dangerous also to the enemy. I was seventeen and they took me."

"Really?" It was too much. "I suppose they gave you a military guardian?"

He turned crimson under his tan, certain now that he had been baited.

"No," he said sharply, "they gave me only six official victories, four machine-gun bullets, three broken ribs and two broken legs and the D. S. O." Then he rose abruptly. "Colonel, I shall have to ask your permission to retire. This young lady presumes to think I would take the trouble to lie to her, and I've stood as much of it as seems necessary."

He turned and stepped through the open window to the terrace.

Of course it was awkward. Eve sat there dumfounded, fighting back tears. She hadn't thought anybody would do such a thing.

"Well, I don't care," she stammered. "He told me he was an M. F. H. at twenty-six, an Oxford blue, a D. S. O. at seventeen

(Continued on Page 76)

Your Mower Will Mow More

Do you remember how easily your lawn mower pushed when you first got it? And how the blades whizzed their way across the lawn? It was well oiled and rust free then! . . . How does it work now?

*Don't say it!* But get a Handy Can of 3-in-One and squirt this good oil liberally into every oil hole. Your back will thank you.

Also rub 3-in-One on the blades after using, to prevent rust from dulling the edges.

3-in-One
Prevents Rust - OILS - *Cleans & Polishes*

Just right for all tools, locks, electric motors and other light mechanisms. Penetrates quickly; oils perfectly. Won't gum or dry out—and it is rust's worst enemy.

3-in-One is pure—and it's different. Unlike most so called "machine oils" and other light lubricants, it's a compound of several high grade oils—has qualities that no single oil can have.

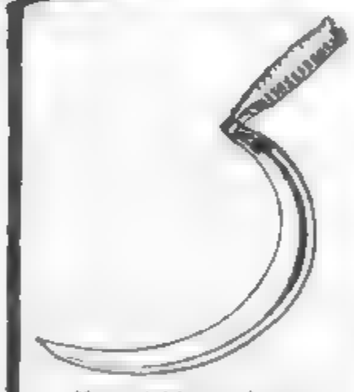
Pay the slight difference in price and get the big difference in *quality*. Be sure to ask for 3-in-One by name. Then look for the Big Red "One" on the label.

Sold by grocery, hardware, drug and general stores, in Handy Cans and bottles.

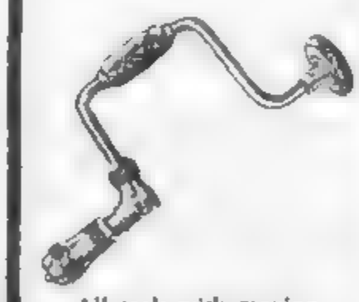
FREE: Generous sample and Dictionary of Uses. Request both on a postal.

THREE-IN-ONE OIL COMPANY
130 William St. New York, N. Y.

*33 Years of Continuous Service*

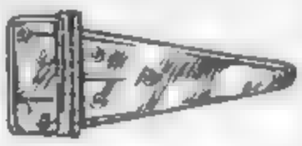


Your sickle won't rust. Also will keep its edge longer if rubbed with 3-in-One right after each using.

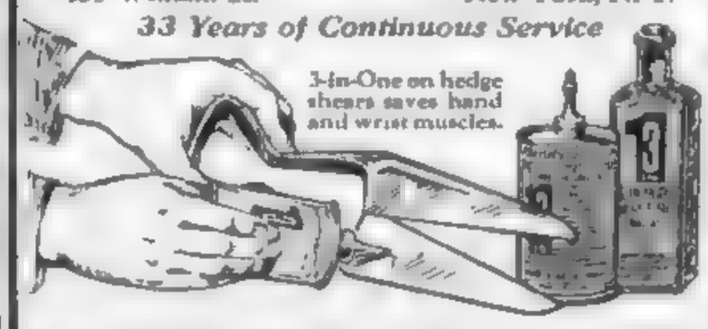


All tools with moving parts work better and last longer when regularly and liberally oiled with 3-in-One.

Saws stay sharp longer and cut better when rubbed frequently with 3-in-One. Stops rust.

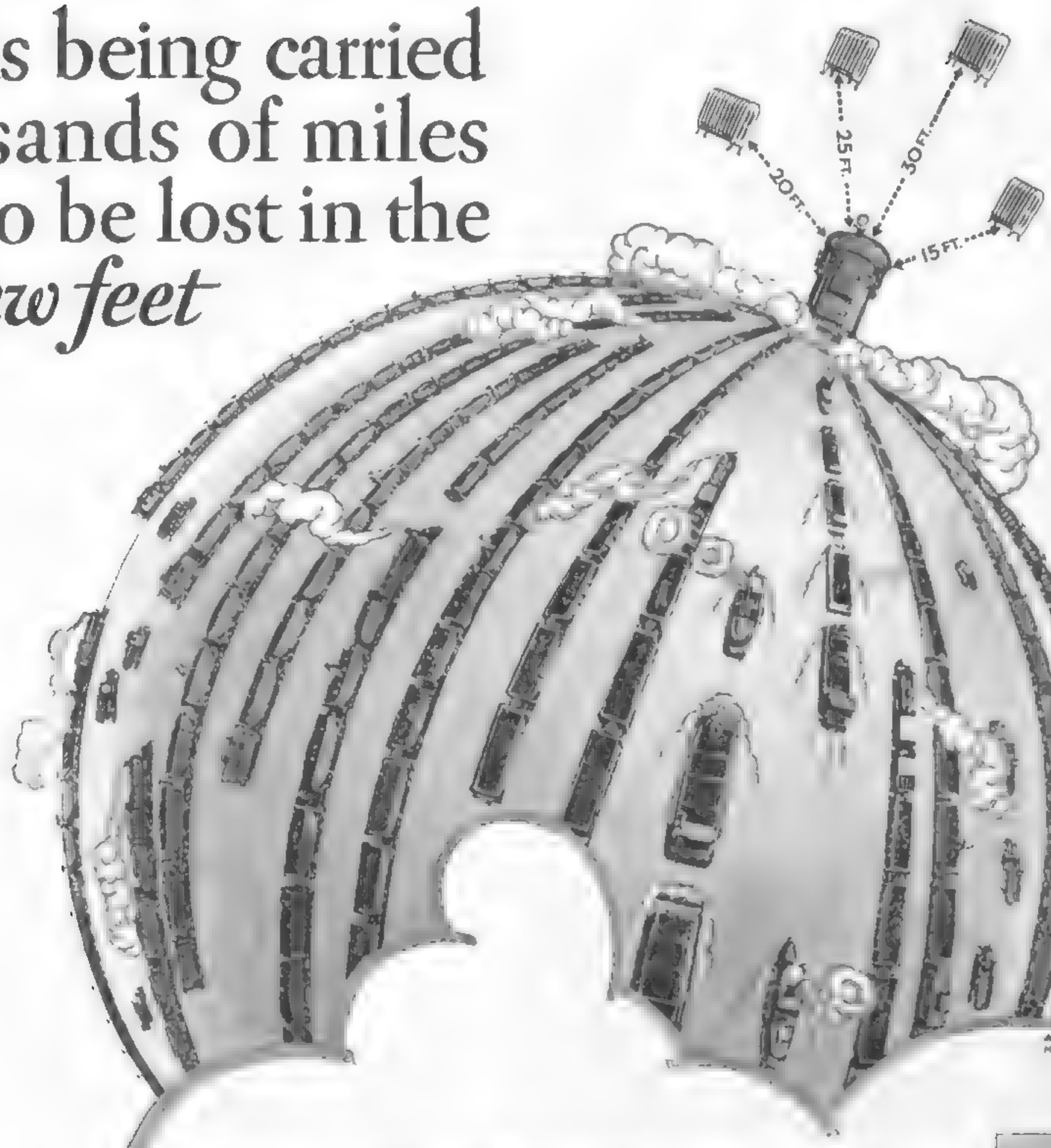


3-in-One instantly kills squeaks in hinges, bolts and locks, window catches and pulleys.



3-in-One on hedge shears saves hand and wrist muscles.

# Fuel is being carried thousands of miles only to be lost in the last *few feet*




## —protect these last few feet with Asbestocel

The digging, lifting, hauling, freighting, shoveling, it takes to put coal in your bin!

And then, transformed into heat, it cannot make the short remainder of its journey without large losses.

Before it reaches your radiators, it escapes through pipes that are bare or insufficiently insulated.

It has traveled thousands of miles with less waste than the waste that occurs in your own heating system.

And yet much of this loss is needless. Johns-Manville Improved Asbestocel is particularly designed to safeguard your fuel-heat during the last few feet of its journey. It is a simple enough thing, merely a piece of pipe covering—*insulation*, an engineer would call it. It's like an overcoat for your heating system; it keeps your heat where it belongs, till it reaches the rooms where you want it.

Your steamfitter knows all about it. Take him into your cellar and get his price on applying it.

You'll be surprised how little it costs. But, of course, it isn't a "cost" at all because you'll quickly save enough fuel to get your money back.

**Ask your steamfitter or plumber**

Have him examine your heating system, now, while your furnace is shut down. Get his estimate on applying Improved Asbestocel this summer.

Asbestos

# JOHNS-MANVILLE

## *Improved* Asbestocel *pipe covering*

THE PIPE COVERING WITH THE RED BAND

JOHNS-MANVILLE CORPORATION
MADISON AVE. AT 41ST ST., N.Y.C.
BRANCHES IN ALL LARGE CITIES
FOR CANADA: CANADIAN JOHNS-MANVILLE CO., LTD., TORONTO

*Employ a Good Painter . . . . Good Painters use* EAGLE

"Wears like lead"—is really the measure of paint service

Tough, elastic, long-lasting—these qualities make pure lead paint the fullest measure of paint service. A man who loves his home can show it no greater favor than to make sure his painter uses Eagle Pure White Lead paint—both for outside and inside use*—from the foundation coat straight through to the finish.

Eagle Pure White Lead is economical in first cost. Master painters everywhere recommend and use it—paint manufacturers use it in dry form for their first quality paints.

Thinned to paint consistency in a few minutes to fit every job exactly—any shade or tint. Ask your painter if he uses Eagle.

*The Eagle-Picher Lead Company, 134 North La Salle Street, Chicago.*

EAGLE *Pure* WHITE LEAD

OLD DUTCH PROCESS

*Eleven Plants*
*Branches in all principal cities*

* *Eagle Pure White Lead paint is used on every type of surface—brick, plaster, stone and stucco as well as wood. It beautifies—and protects with the elastic strength of lead.*

(Continued from Page 74

and—and I'll not be lied to like that just because I'm only twenty and wear childish clothes. I ——"

Colonel Mills-Brackett laughed to reassure her.

"Don't you mind Philip, Eve. I can't understand his being so brazen. The idea of his telling you all that stuff! What amazing swank!" He beckoned his butler. "Miss Lane's glass; all our glasses in fact. That confounded literal young man has disturbed us."

Sir Gerard, petulant all through dinner because Victor had been placed on Marcia's left and Colonna on her right, now seemed to become aware for the first time that anything extraordinary had occurred.

"And I'm demn glad of it," he declared. "Serves him perfectly. What a crust—putting upon a pretty gel. Come sit by me, dear, and I'll tell you what a worm I am."

In the deep tonneau of the car, sliding down the dune road that night, Eve glanced uneasily at her mother.

"Marcia," she said, "wasn't it terrible? But he really didn't boast. I dragged it all out of him, every one of those lies. But why do they have to lie, mother dear?"

Marcia caressed her fingers.

"Don't you worry, Eve. I think it will be some time before young Mr. Waightstill goes in for it again."

"Yes," said Eve; "but I'll never know whether he does or not."

Eve opened her eyes next morning with her customary sense of something impending. But after last night she didn't feel like having anything impend for a while; so she closed her eyes and pretended that she was still asleep. It was no go, however, and peering warily at the section of blue sky which showed under the awning of their porch, she sat up. So far so good. She felt refreshed; it was a bright day; here came the maid with her breakfast tray; life perfectly as usual. But fate always begins with "life as usual," and a genuine premonition is not to be gainsaid for long.

"There now! I knew it! I knew something was going to happen!"

For plainly, distinctly, ominously sitting on her breakfast tray was a bunch of violets. Even Eve knew that violets on a breakfast tray inevitably involved something serious. Under her napkin she found a scribbled card, which she read with speed and astonishment:

"*Dear Diogenea:* I must motor over to St.-Jean-de-Luz and back today and I should be frightfully lonely without you. The motor and I are down here waiting, and we will start as soon as you are ready. Please hurry.

"Your ob't s'v't,
"PHILIP WAIGHTSTILL."

"Marcia! Wake up! Listen to this for monstrous assurance!" While her mother read the card with sleepy eyes and a beginning smile, Eve was trying to think of an answer devastating enough to send downstairs. "The man must be mad," she declared. "Or else, not satisfied with public insult, he wants to murder me by the roadside and throw my body into the sea."

"How interesting!" said Marcia. "What are you going to wear? Your little linen suit with the short coat?"

For such a long, low and mighty motor to have but two small seats seemed extravagant to Eve in her little linen suit with the short coat. But it added to her excitement, which was what she was feeling now rather than fear. Mr. Philip Waightstill, in gray jacket and flannels and very soft panama hat, seemed less dangerous. In fact, he didn't seem dangerous at all, but only young and brown and smiling and perhaps secretly contrite.

"You see, it's quite a long way," he said, "and I knew I would be thinking about you all the time anyway."

They rolled through an ancient side street where grilled balconies leaned toward one another overhead, and then turned out of the city upon a broad highway which curved along the shore, darting in behind a dune occasionally or climbing for a moment into the pines.

"Sorry about last night, Eve." It was the first mention of that. "I happen to have only a very slight sense of humor and no imagination at all; so I probably misunderstood you. What I really wanted tremendously was to make you like me, and consequently I muffed it."

"It was unspeakable," said Eve solemnly.

"That's what the colonel said." Philip rather disarmed her when he smiled. "So let's not speak of the unspeakable any more, although I'd rather have you say you are sorry too."

"I am sorry too," said Eve.

She was looking far out to sea, revolving an idea in her mind, something she'd been thinking of all along. It might be possible to have a true man after all, though she no longer hoped to find one. But perhaps she could take a false one and make him true.

Such an original thought occurred to her naturally with considerable force. She would reform Philip Waightstill. Not for herself, of course. He was beyond that. He'd said he had a place in Devonshire; so she knew very well what he had was a London flat with a little seamstress in it. Philip's must be a very young little seamstress, she thought, and that made it all the more necessary that she convert him to honesty, even with women. Then he would go back to his London flat and Eve would know that she hadn't given him up in vain. So the first thing she must do was to gain a certain power, a certain influence with him. Eve knew pretty well how to go about that.

"Don't you sometimes think you would like to go on forever when you're motoring, Philip?"

"We might go on to Biarritz," he suggested.

"Oh, no," said Eve. "That would be going too far."

They both laughed and then it seemed easier to talk about everything.

It was gay at St.-Jean. When she had freshened up in the hotel for luncheon Eve returned to the lobby, to find Philip in a heated discussion with an eagle-faced old graybeard who might have been French, Spanish, Italian or Russian; but whatever he was, he seemed predatory and terrible. Nevertheless, he and Philip saluted, shook hands and parted amiably enough.

"That was the chap I came over here to see," said Philip, rejoining her. "Now we can play."

But Eve wondered about the old man. Who was he? Someone to whom Philip owed money? A confederate in some dark intrigue? Or perhaps he was the father of a deserted seamstress.

They had luncheon on the terrace under a large striped umbrella. Eve forgot all about seamstresses and told Philip about a man long ago who went back to Scotland and about the boy in Switzerland who promised her his skis.

"The rotten little bounder," said Philip. "I'll get you some myself."

Eve's smile was faintly sad.

"It was not the skis I minded losing, Philip."

They remained at St.-Jean as long as they dared, strolling the walk, poking into bazaars—he bought her an orchid-colored parasol—and then they sat on the sand of a golden beach and watched slow blue rollers crash into the border of foam. They talked about the little world and great destiny and the art of living and how unfortunate it was that so few people understood one another. Eve became accustomed to the unwavering gray of his gaze and she was fascinated by the manner in which his lips settled to composure after speaking, as though he were never to speak again. It seemed to put what he said apart and mark it for memory. And Philip possibly was finally at ease with the fervor which was alight upon Eve's brow and behind the smoky blue of her eyes; and if it was only youth and hope, he recognized it as something even more marvelous.

(Continued on Page 78)

# How an Army test points the way to athletic success

The "ROYAL TREAD"

*An unusually rugged Keds model with tough, molded sole for indoor or outdoor wear. Great anti-slipping qualities. In white or brown.*

The "CHAMPION"

*A popular Keds oxford for sport and school wear. Comes in white or brown with white corrugated sole—or in black with black sole.*

The "SPORTSTER"

*A sturdy athletic-trim Keds model—built for hard wear. Comes in lace-to-toe style—white with black trim or brown with gray trim—both models have gray soles.*



*This is the map of official U. S. Army statistics showing the foot condition of 3,500,000 men examined during the late war. Note that the South, where children go barefoot or wear light, well-ventilated shoes like Keds, had the smallest percentage of flat-footed men*

WAR, LIKE ATHLETIC GAMES, demands strong, healthy feet.

So special attention was given the feet of the millions of young men who enlisted for service in the great war.

Such an appalling number of men—frequently one in every four—was found to have seriously defective feet, that authorities determined to discover the causes.

HEAVY, ILL-FITTING SHOES worn in childhood—always condemned as unhealthy—were overwhelmingly convicted as the chief cause of the millions of pairs of defective feet in America today.

For from almost every Southern state where children usually go barefoot or wear light, airy shoes, 18 or 19 men out of every 20 were found to have almost perfect feet. And those Northern states where heavier, ill-fitting shoes are frequently worn contributed the highest proportion of weak feet.

Keds are scientifically designed to give the comfort and freedom for natural development allowed by "going barefoot" without subjecting your child to the barefoot dangers of cuts, infections, hookworm.

In Keds you will find these features of foot protection and comfort:

—Soles as pliant as the bare foot, yet toughened by special processes to resist wear and cuts.

—Uppers snugly cut, skillfully reinforced to support little feet, yet allow the freedom demanded by sport and vigorous youth.

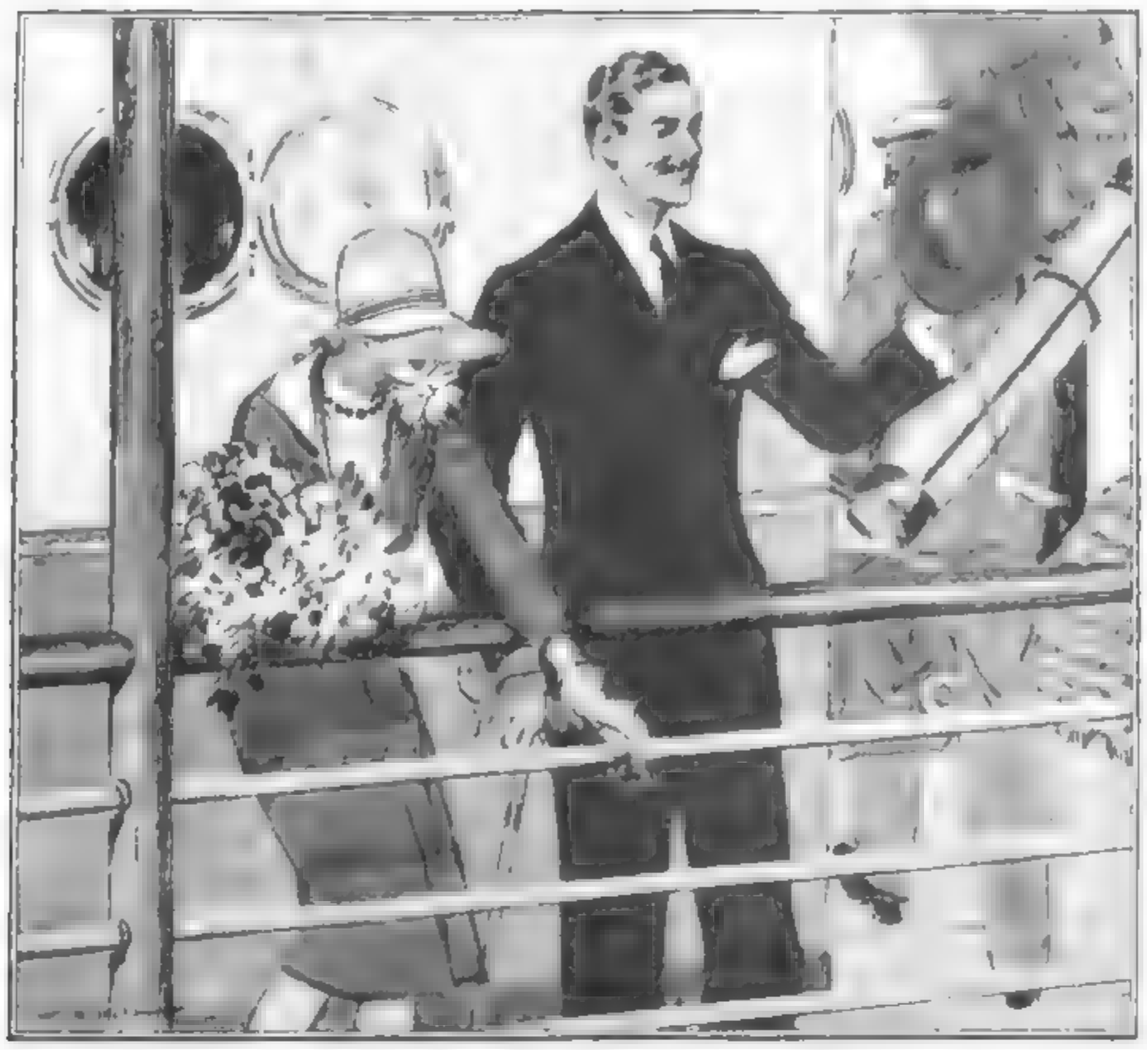
—Unique insoles of Feltex that offer additional protection and keep feet cool on the hottest day.

Keds come in almost thirty styles for every age and purpose at prices ranging from $1.25 to $4.50. Keds are made only by

**United States Rubber Company**

*They are* not **Keds** *unless the* name *Keds is on the shoe*

Trademark Reg. U.S. Pat. Off.



# YOUNG MEN are wedded to BLUE

BLUE has won a place on the top deck of the good ship STYLE. Young men whose style opinions go a long way are wearing blue.

And since MIDDISHADE is THE blue suit, you'll find the MIDDISHADE label as fashionable as a church wedding.

MIDDISHADE is the *specialized* blue serge suit.

MIDDISHADE is fashioned from the highest grade of blue serge--and like a good wife--wears well.

MIDDISHADE tailoring is as flawless as the diamond in the engagement ring.

Thirty-four styles by a distinguished designer--for every type of bridegroom--the one of today and the one of twenty years ago.

Because MIDDISHADE is made by "Sergical specialists--operating on blue serge suits only", MIDDISHADE is the great "buy" in blue.

All these good things can also be said for MIDDI*stripe*--the same fine serge suit with a faint silk stripe.

Send for style pictures--and name of nearest MIDDISHADE clothier.

THE MIDDISHADE CO., Inc., PHILADELPHIA

*"Sergical specialists--operating on blue serge suits only"*

*Fadeproof*

MIDDISHADE

The specialized blue serge suit


*(Continued from Page 76)*

So they agreed eventually that there was such a thing as love, and that, if really achieved, it was the greatest thing in life. Eve admitted, of course, that she had never quite achieved it, and Philip did too. That pained her, knowing what she knew about the London flat and all.

Long shadows were creeping when the first distant view of Christobal appeared like a dim white illusion over their radiator cap. Many things had been arranged. They had agreed that it would be safer for Eve if they went into the surf together, though the lithe blue-and-white dart which was Eve expertly piercing a breaker had been one of the sights at Deauville in other years. It was agreed also that no one was more suited to ride with her than Philip. He had a good safe hunter for her from the colonel's stable and he would teach her to jump. Then they would find tiny places to have luncheon and tea, lost in the dunes or in some far-away village; and Eve could make him speak French, because his French at present was pretty bad.

"But there's one thing you must promise me, Philip." Eve was very intent. "It's not easy—for a man. You must promise that every single thing you say to me shall be true." She saw him flush again. "Oh, I don't mean anything you have already told me. Let's forget the past. But in the future ——"

"Very well then," he said abruptly. "But we will make it a compact instead of a promise. If I promise to be true in everything I do and say, you must promise not to doubt my truth. And yours may be the hardest bargain. Agreed?"

Eve was a trifle shocked. But she nodded.

"I promise, Philip."

The arrangement had its advantages. One day, after they had played together through a fortnight under the knowing smiles of Marcia and the colonel, Philip was with Eve on the beach. He felt as though he'd cornered a mermaid on a sand bar and he asked her point-blank, "Do you like me, Eve?"

She had to say yes, because that was the truth.

"A lot?"

"Yes, a lot."

"Will you ever love me?"

"Not if I can help it, Philip."

"Why?"

"You know why."

The arrangement had disadvantages too. A month had gone. Those two in that great long car were familiar to the whole southwest coast of France by then. Those two in their riding clothes were known in every peasant's hut in the Christobal dunes. They were together on the end of the yacht-club pier, and the moon was very thin, and the yellow stars were down in the barely moving water, and the surf was no more than a murmuring.

"I've been thinking all this time," said Philip, "that I must kiss you, Eve. I wouldn't be honest if I didn't tell you."

"If you do," said Eve, "I shall jump straight into that water, clothes and all." She was laughing at him.

"And if I don't"—he already had her hands—"I will jump into the water."

Of course he had the power. She felt it and was suddenly afraid.

"Please don't, Philip," she whispered. She was thinking of a little seamstress who would be watching the street from the front window of a London flat. "Please don't."

He released her at once, stepped to the edge of the pier and shot down into the dark water, like something flying, almost without a splash.

Philip was back again beside her before she had recovered from surprise, grinning and rubbing the water from his eyes. He seemed comic in his dripping evening clothes.

"Why did you do such an absurd thing, Philip?"

"Because I said I would."

Eve reached up and kissed him very lightly and ran ahead of him back along the pier. Then she stopped running, because she had a startling thought. It wasn't an altruistic thought—but what had seamstresses ever done for her outside of charging outrageous prices? Why should she give up a man after going through all the trouble of making him true? And he had been true now for more than a month. Philip caught up with her.

So there was something shining in Eve's face when she came home to their suite in the hotel, and Marcia, who was combing her hair at the dressing table, was quick to see it.

"Come sit down, little girl," she said, "and tell your mother what silly things you've been listening to. Has your false knight become a Galahad?"

"You don't like him, Marcia," said Eve. "But you ought to. He likes you. He said yours was the most charming and graceful middle age he'd ever seen."

"Really? How sweet of him, Eve! But I'm disappointed that my daughter is just a guileless darling after all."

"Guileless!" Eve was astonished. "I am not guileless. Did I believe all those things he said? But he is sorry that he ever said them, and what he tells me now I do believe."

"And what is that? What is the last thing?"

Eve's eyelids drooped and her face was pink.

"He told me that he had no London flat and that there was only one woman in his life—and that I was the woman."

Marcia laughed.

"It's positively idyllic. I'd wish nothing better for you, sweet. But it's too pretty to be true."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, you see, it has worried me all along that Colonel Mills-Brackett would not talk about his young guest. But my delicious Sir Gerard is less considerate. And Gerard saw this fair young man—using another name, to be sure—with a very obvious sort of woman at Calais, twice again with the same woman in Paris, and once more in Bordeaux just before he came here. Of course, most men are like that, Eve. It doesn't occur to them as frightfully wrong. But go in with your eyes open, dear. I can do that much for you."

Eve's eyes were open and flashing and full of angry tears.

"It isn't true!" she said. "I don't believe it! Because he wouldn't lie to me now."

Then she rushed away into her own room and queer little choked-up sounds came out of there. Marcia Lane laid down her hairbrush. There was a tear in her eye too.

"That's the beastly part of being a mother," she murmured; "whether to let her dream and burn or to keep her from burning—and dreaming."

Eve did not see Philip the next day. He sent a note saying that he had to go up to Bordeaux on a matter and did not expect to be back before the following morning. He asked Eve to miss him.

She did miss him. She wanted desperately to have him there and to show him and herself and everybody that she didn't believe this horrible tale. Sir Gerard had been mistaken, that's all. Eve took the hunter, which had been stabled near the hotel for her, and rode far up the dune trail to a spot where they always rested their horses, she and Philip. It looked down upon the city and she could see this place and that where they had been. She missed Philip more thoroughly there.

"I shall not even ask him if it's true," she said.

She did not need to ask him. There was a concert in the Grande Place in the evening. The lights of the promenades of four miniature avenues fell dimly upon a slowly moving, murmuring crowd, the red and gold caps of French officers, the silver-knobbed stick of an ancient beau, the high, glistening comb in a Spanish lady's hair. In the carriages and motors lined along the curb were shadowy white figures and high-light gleams, soft dresses, shoulders, and the

*(Continued on Page 81)*

# "Easy action lowers overhead," says the Larkin Co.

## If some hands could talk—they'd scream!

50,000 times a day the fingers of the average stenographer strike the keys. 50,000 shocks to the sensitive nerves of her fingertips! No wonder her energy drains away, her efficiency is lowered. But not with the L C Smith. It saves the stenographer's strength and efficiency. Its keys have no recoil. Let your stenographer try an L C Smith and see the amazing difference.

"OUR GIRLS don't get tired—production is greater." The Larkin Company of Buffalo is having this experience with the L C Smith.

The reason? The amazingly easy action of the L C Smith means complete lack of fatigue. No heavy pounding to wear down the stenographer's energy. No recoil of the keys against delicate nerve centers, for her fingers never strike bottom at all. She produces more because she doesn't get tired.

The Larkin Company finds another important saving with its L C Smiths: long service at very low repair cost. This is due to L C Smith's ball-bearing construction throughout.

Let your secretary try the L C Smith—at our expense. Its speed and ease of action will delight her. And you'll find it never tires her—she will stay at par right to the closing hour.

Write or telephone for an L C Smith to try.

# L C Smith & Corona Typewriters Inc

515 East Washington St., Syracuse, New York [Established 1903] Sales offices in principal cities of the world

*Chimney Rock on the Dixie Highway, between Greenville, S. C., and Asheville, N. C., one of the beauty spots of the South.*

# Have the Pleasure — Save Your Money

[*In 1926 more than twice as many motor car, bus and truck owners bought G & J Tires as in 1925. Have you discovered this tire economy?*]

Whether you are "seeing America First" or merely driving from your home to the office—

Whether you operate a light roadster or a fleet of trucks or buses—There's no good reason why tire wear should prey on your mind or tire expense tax your purse.

The remedy is simple: Just take the precaution of equipping your car with Good Old G & J Tires and Tubes.

The G & J Dealer has exactly the tire and tube for the sort of service you require.

G & J TIRE COMPANY, 1790 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY

G & J Balloon Cord Tires
"G" Tread Balloon Cord Tires
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G & J Heavy Service Cord Tires

G & J Clincher Cord Tires (30 x 3 and 30 x 3½)
"G" Tread Cord and Fabric Tires (30 x 3 and 30 x 3½)
G & J Red and Gray Tubes

(Continued from Page 78)

startling white against black of gentlemen's linen bosoms.

Marcia and Eve had taken a low, old-fashioned Victoria and from it they watched the subdued and yet gay parade, saw it suddenly arrested when the orchestra took up the overture from Orpheus. It was nice to be alone with Marcia. Pretty soon they could talk about Philip.

But they had no opportunity. During intermission, Victor and Colonna found them and urged them to join the promenade. They moved slowly with the crowd, Colonna talking gravely to Eve about the concerts of Florence and watching Marcia from his half-closed eyes. At the corner they became separated in the crowd. Up ahead was some commotion

"What is it, mademoiselle?" Colonna bent down to her; for Eve had leaned heavily against him and was staring at a group which had stepped into the street, about to cross. A street lamp spread a yellow light about them, the old graybeard from St.-Jean-de-Luz, a woman of a sort, and with the woman's arm held in his, Philip Waightstill. "You are very pale, mademoiselle," said Colonna, alarmed. "You are ill."

"Yes," whispered Eve. "Take me back to the carriage. And then please find my mother"

During the few minutes alone in the carriage while Colonna searched for Marcia, Eve gave up her final hope. It seemed to end a chapter in her life, and though her eyes were closed with the exquisite pain of an ideal's dying, she could feel in herself a new understanding and sympathy, the sort of charm of compromise which Marcia had. She could even imagine that if Philip should appear and take her hand and say "Eve, it was not I you saw" she would smile and reply, "Wasn't it you, Philip? But it doesn't matter." Oh, but it did matter!

"Eve!" She started and sat up. It was Philip. His long motor was drawn up alongside the carriage and he was out and bending over her. "I've just got free, Eve," he said. "I made it back from Bordeaux in two hours to get here. I knew I'd find you."

Eve put out her hand blindly as though to fend him off, and when he leaned toward her she made a gesture as though to strike at him. But her hand fell into his grasp and remained there. It was her last defense. She did not want to give him up. She was not going to give him up for all the silly ideals in the world.

So she wept softly about it and said, "Do you want me to love you, Philip?"

"Don't I though?" He was puzzled.

"Well, I do then. I saw you there at the corner with that seamstress creature and her father. But it doesn't seem to matter. Perhaps all women must in the end be wise enough not to trust a man and foolish enough to love him anyway."

Philip's face was set and grim.

"If after all this," he said finally, "you neither loved nor trusted me, there would be no more to say. But since you do love me, I will teach you to trust." He lifted her bodily from the carriage and set her in the motor. It was not easy, but it seemed easy and restful. The engine throbbed. "Ready, Eve?"

"For anything," she said.

"As a matter of fact, Marcia dear, they stopped here for a few minutes before they went." Colonel Mills-Brackett had taken pity on Marcia Lane and had asked her to tea in his garden. "And I happened to be in my bedroom there"—he pointed to the window—"and I couldn't help hearing. Of course they were talking nonsense. Eve took him to the fountain and pretended to introduce him to the nymph. And then they looked at the moon and —— But I won't go into details. Philip told her the moon was made of green cheese and Eve said, 'Philip, if you say so, green cheese it is'"

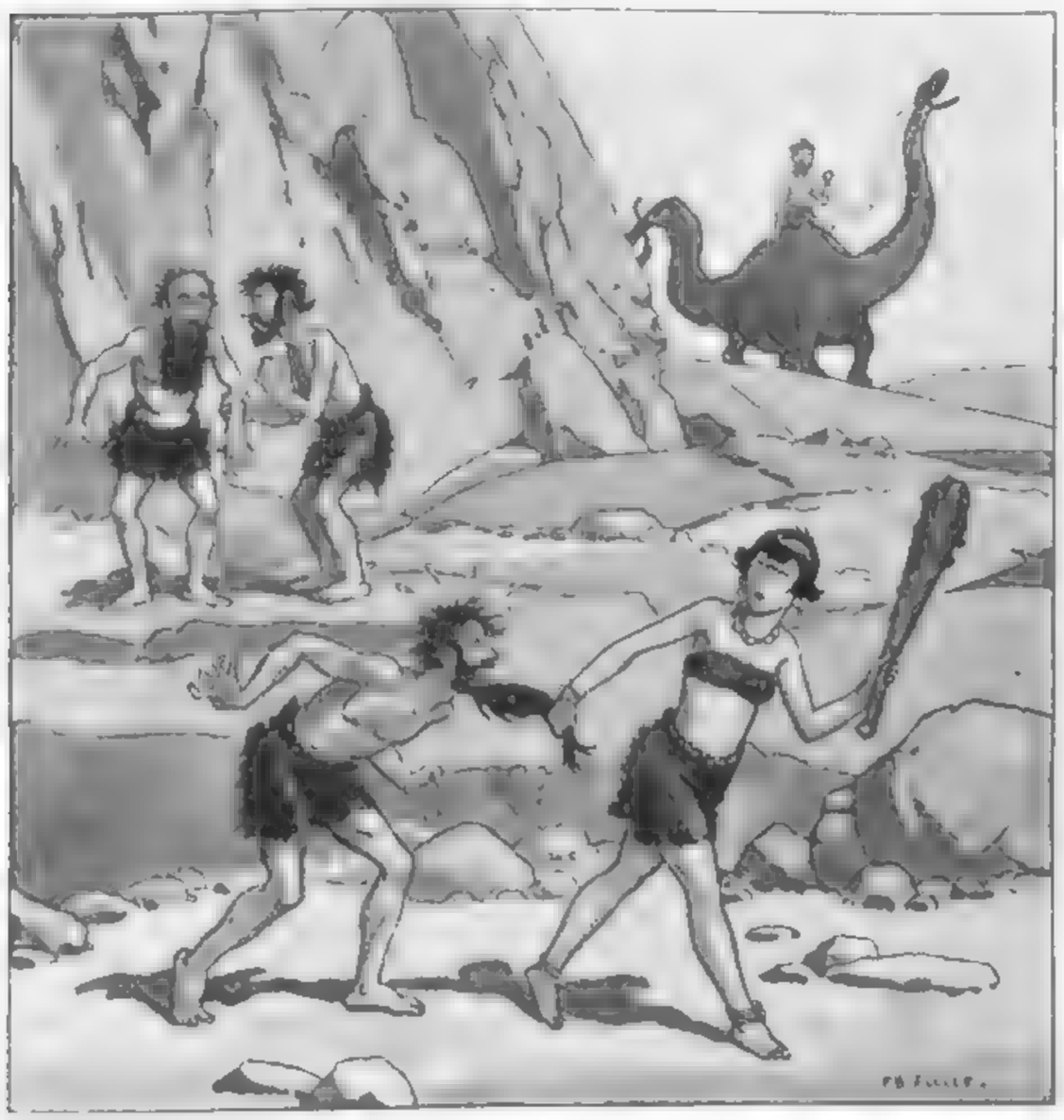
"Of course, of course," wailed Marcia. "The poor lamb! She believes him!"

"So do I," said Mills-Brackett. He took a folded and marked copy of the Daily Mail from his pocket. "Read it, Marcia."

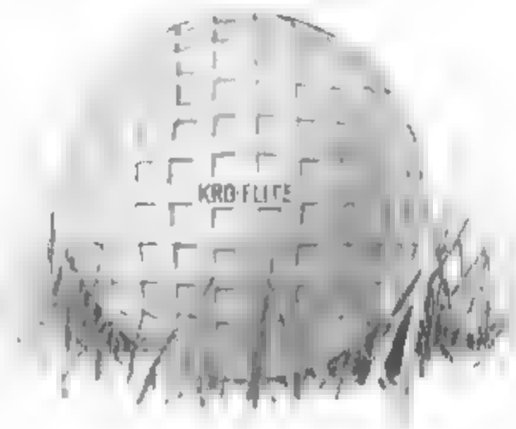
Marcia Lane read an account of the apprehension of the famous anarchist, Rosa Kruse, wanted by deportation authorities of two countries.

"She was traced," said the item, "by a veteran of the French Intelligence and by Mr. Philip Waightstill of our Foreign Office."

Then there were notes about Philip Waightstill's war record, his career at Oxford, his riding with the famous Chester hounds and his several estates in Devonshire.



"Humph! Another One of These New Women"


# You can't cut it

## The guillotine can't cut it . . .

*and no other make of ball can be driven farther . . . few as far*

SPALDING forever lays the bug-a-boo that a long ball cannot be a tough ball.

Spalding has developed a special process which vulcanizes the Kro-Flite cover. This gives it an unusual resiliency. Instead of resisting the shock of a blow, the cover absorbs it. The result is a long, long ball that feels sweet off the face of the club, and can stand more punishment than any other ball ever built.

Its toughness is demonstrated by the Spalding guillotine test—the most murderous test ever given a golf ball. A keen-edged knife, heavily weighted, drops at terrific speed on the ball. Every ball ever tested in this machine has been cut wide open—except the Kro-Flite, which the guillotine can barely dent.

As for distance, the Spalding driving machines tell an interesting story about Kro-Flite. These machines hit every ball with exactly the same force. Thousands of balls have been tested with them, under every condition which could affect the distance of a golf ball. The results every time show that Kro-Flite gives as great or greater distance than any other make of ball—foreign or domestic. Try Kro-Flite—dimple or mesh. Your professional or sports dealer has them.

## Guaranteed for 72 holes.

We absolutely guarantee replacement of any Kro-Flite Ball which is cut through or becomes unplayable from any cause in 72 holes of play.

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# JUICE of GRAPES

## *fresh from the vine*

*Chill Welch's with crushed ice for refreshment, or mix it with ginger ale or charged water or with other fruit juices.*

***At the Soda Fountain***
*have a Welch-"ade," which is a long, cool drink made like orangeade of the fruit juice with syrup and water; or ask for Welch's Grape Juice straight.*

MANY A HOT NIGHT you've had it for refreshment—this juice of ripe grapes.

Do you know how good it is for you?

A good thing to have every day, food specialists say.

Because Welch's is pure fruit juice and it is as health-giving as the fresh fruit.

Vitamins, mineral salts, laxative properties are all in Welch's just as they are in the fresh grapes. Fruit sugar too, for quick energy when you're tired; and fruit elements that overcome acidity.

Did you ever have Welch's for breakfast? Hotels are serving it now just as they do orange juice. Ask for it as a change. Before long you'll want it regularly.

***FREE:*** Booklet that tells how to mix the new fruit juice drinks and gives a word on Welch's for health. Write for it. The Welch Grape Juice Co., Dept. P-35, Westfield, N. Y. Makers of Welch's Grape Juice, Grapelade, Grape Jelly and other Preserve Products. Canadian plant, St. Catharines, Ontario.


# GAMING WITH LIFE

*Continued from Page 50*

In fact, the first recorded case of insurance fraud, in 1730, is that of a dashing villain who posed now as a retired English army officer, now as a prosperous merchant and philanthropist, who went his way from place to place in various guises, always setting up his luxurious ménage with a supposed niece—a beautiful young woman who acted as hostess for his lavish entertaining. In each of five towns she would suddenly die. Each time the doctors pronounced her dead, took their fees, solemnly shook their powdered wigs and departed with the mourners, whereupon the fair lady arose from her cataleptic, or mesmeric, or anæsthetized state in time to skip through an open window, where awaited a coach and four. In each of the five towns a coffin filled with lead was buried in her name, and insurance collected in due form.

### *Little Faith in Magic*

Today such ridiculous melodrama could not be enacted. In the early days anyone able to hold a notebook and pencil in hand could qualify as insurance agent. Now, since the Hughes investigation of 1905 and the spread of the mutuality plan have put insurance upon another plane, agents as well as doctors are of a higher type, carefully chosen, intelligently trained. Not every doctor, as formerly, can act as medical examiner for insurance. A large company operating nationally usually chooses doctors in each town at the suggestion of tried doctors in neighboring towns. Lists are constantly revised and the doctor who makes errors or who forms bad personal habits is immediately dropped, a medical inspector being kept in the field to examine examiners at stated intervals. In large cities it is not so easy for companies to have as medical examiners the best medical men, as these are generally highly paid specialists, but in small towns it is considered an honor to act as insurance doctor. Medical tests are increasingly rigid. All reports from agents and medical examiners in the field are, moreover, carefully weighed by men at headquarters, who by a plus and minus system consider an applicant's build, family history, physical condition, personal condition, habitat, occupation, and plan of insurance, insisting upon a normal average.

In order to be sure that applicants are just what they represent themselves to be, supplementary confidential reports from agencies organized for this purpose are used. These super-informants, who have every city and state systematically organized in sections, offer at times more information about a man than his closest relatives can give, often tracing him back to childhood on his native heath. For instance, X, an ambitious young agent of a Southern state, wants to write a policy for the president of a large real-estate development, to be made payable to the company. As this means a commission of thousands to the agent, he is on tiptoes to achieve it, but at headquarters the committee have before them a picture so complete that it would amaze the man himself. They know that in the small Western town where the man grew up there are instances of his having strayed from the straight and narrow path, nor is his life today the model the agent believes it to be. Moreover, careful financial investigation shows his company on the brink of collapse, though the agent does not know this. Though the prospect is apparently a pillar of society and a perfect physical specimen, he is refused, to the disgruntlement of the young solicitor and the security of the wise committee, who know from experience that if a crash came this man would not be of the caliber to stand the strain, but might disappear or commit suicide.

Why certain companies have refused to insure certain stars of stage and screen is another long and interesting story of itself, many chapters of which must remain forever locked in the files of inspectors' reports, which show risks in the lives of internationally known and idolized stars not likely to be put forth by their publicity agents Naturally, men and women who live an exotic existence at fever heat peter or snuff out far more quickly than those whose daily diet is the humdrum, who are freed from the exhilaration of touching either heights or depths. Recently, at the death of Houdini, a man whose character and intelligence were generally respected, the old insurance doctor said: "Yes, I refused him. I sleep better at night to think that the money of our policyholders isn't risked on anyone who performs in glass tanks and has himself thrown over bridges handcuffed and tied in a sack." Yet, ironically enough, Houdini died a death which might have come to any member of the rocking-chair fleet.

"No one believes more strongly than I do that whatever a man soweth, that shall he reap," the doctor continued. "Sentimentally, I should prefer to hold more strongly to that appealing theory of turning over the new leaf, but experience has taught me that the leaf is so apt to blow back again. The great law of averages and the men and women whose cycles I have watched from beginning to end make me think that the feasibility of the fresh start is the exception and not the rule; it is the slogan of the reformer and of the evangelist, but not of the insurance doctor. Bootleggers generally reform for financial reasons and sink back again to this, their easiest way of money-making. Thieves are seldom made over, and the reform of the confirmed drunkard I regard as practically nonexistent. But in all these cases the risk decreases in proportion to the number of years since the last delinquency. Often one offense shocks a young offender into permanent good behavior and no habit is formed. With a person more than thirty the psychological reaction is different."

### *For a Life of Ease*

Two years ago Mr. M, a middle-aged man, failed in business and his creditors talked of prosecution. Moving into another city, he apparently began life afresh and made a marked success in real estate. At the agent's strong insistence a good insurance company granted him a policy. Fourteen months later his business failed, he forged a note and found himself in a prison cell. While waiting for friends to bail him out he grew despondent and hanged himself.

The same blowing back of the new leaf applied to a reformed drunkard, who at the strong insistence of his reformers meekly devoted himself to running a tea room. The tea eventually proved to be of the bootleggers' best brand, and in three months the sanctimonious one was jailed for shooting a prohibition officer. The doctor who had refused insurance again triumphed in his judgment.

The insurance companies are both wise and lucky if they catch the fraudulent at the inception of the contract; but before its termination comes the chance for fraudulent disability claims. It seems scarcely credible that men should prefer to maim themselves rather than to carry on normal life and work, but there are hundreds of such cases. A well-insured man whose business profit has gradually petered to nothing, slips on the ice and falls in front of an approaching train; both hands are cut off. Not only is his family relieved of premium payments but he receives a monthly income of ten dollars for every $1000 of insurance carried, and when the policy matures fifteen years later the handless man is paid the full amount. He alone knows whether the accident was true or faked.

Old Bill is off rabbit shooting alone in the fields bordering a wood. He crawls

(*Continued on Page 85*)

*Storm King in the heart of the Hudson Highlands, from a painting by Anthony Hansen*

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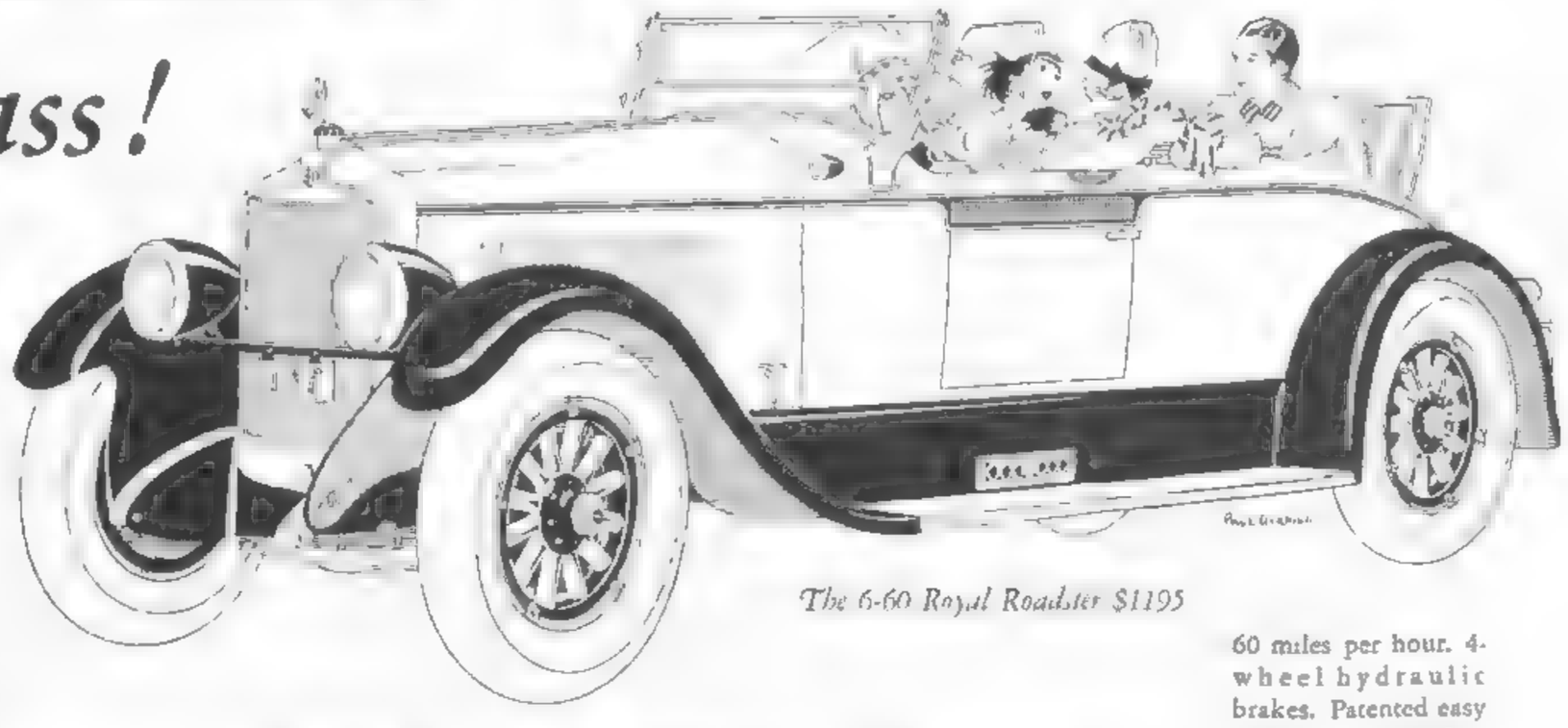

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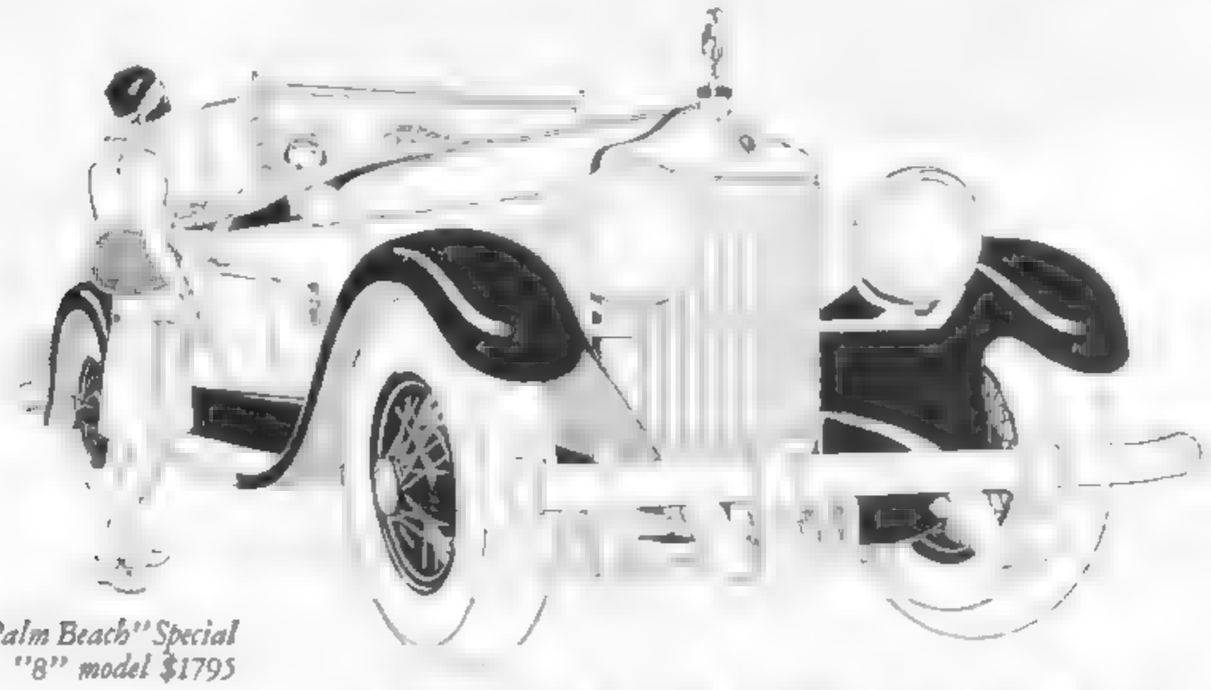

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MOON

*Our 21st Year*

MOON MOTOR CAR COMPANY, ST. LOUIS, U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 82)

through a fence and a rifle shot penetrates both right hand and right foot. Where, pray, could he have held his gun? Anyway, he enjoys telling the tale of his accident to the crowd gathered around the stove in a country store, and he lives happily ever after on the proceeds of disability.

Recently a dentist, being paid a large income on the pretense of being totally and permanently disabled, was found—by an inspector who disguised himself as a patient—to be in the very pink of condition and actively at work. Since permanency is in some cases established after three months, many of the permanently disabled bounce back to rotund healthiness with lightninglike speed.

The double-indemnity provision pays to the insured an additional amount equal to the face of the policy in case death occurs from accident. This offers a most intriguing loophole for the unscrupulous.

Indeed, the cases of proximate cause of death in policies which contain the accident feature puzzle both the legal and the medical mind. Picture to yourself a fisherman sitting on a shady bank—in his zeal for landing a big fish he falls into the water; he walks home; next day he has a cold; a week later he dies of pneumonia. Was his death accidental? The courts define an accident as "the unforeseen and unexpected happening." Picture again an epileptic seized with a fit in front of an onrushing express train. Is it an accident that he happened to be incapacitated just at that moment and in that place? A man eating oysters in a restaurant suddenly exclaims to his wife that they are bad, but not before he has become poisoned. He dies and the court rules death accidental—the same as the case of the poison resulting from a tooth being treated with an unsterilized instrument. An interesting case in court at present is of a man who lost two toes in an accident and a few weeks later died of appendicitis, which his lawyers claim to be a result of the accident.

### *Through Fire and Water*

Disappearances, suicides and murders naturally form the most lurid chapters in insurance frauds. Disappearances may be with or without intent to defraud, the cause of them generally being drink or financial worry, rather than emotional misfortunes, as the layman might think. To perfect disappearances the elements of fire and water are usually invoked. Many is the hat found floating pitifully below the dam while the rascally owner is living unhappy ever after in another town to which he has escaped, and numerous are the charred bones which belong to anyone except the man who has concocted his fictitious death. Dead bodies are obtained at all costs, even murder, and used in varied guise to represent the presumable "dear departed."

Of the men who disappear, some are found and forced willy-nilly to return to irksome spouses or burdensome debts or trial by law. Others, curiously enough, return of their own accord, because they find themselves out of the frying pan into the fire, or because the same weak restlessness for a second time makes them prefer any alternative to existing conditions. The law provides that when a man disappears from home with every incentive to return, he is believed dead after seven years, but if circumstances are unfavorable there cannot be a presumption of death without legal proof.

Curious and unexpected welcomes await the men who stage a comeback. Some are greeted with sincere joy; others are unpleasant ghosts whose families would prefer that they forswear walking again.

"The other day as I sat in my office I witnessed a strange case of a man who came back," said the old doctor. "A well-dressed and self-assured man with a roving eye entered, and with him a stolid, kindly woman whom he introduced as his wife. 'I want to take out a policy for $10,000,' he said calmly, then added quite as casually, 'I have another policy here under the name of Y, though my father has for years thought me dead.' Quite unembarrassed by the presence of his wife, he frankly told the story. A wild young man of twenty years ago, X had become involved in an affair with another man's wife, and had judiciously followed the advice of her husband to 'go West, young man,' given him one night at pistol's point. There, thanks to the daughter of the ranch owner with whom he began work, he had found himself. His wife seemed to feel a sort of maternal pride in the creature she had made him." The skepticism as to what the next chapter would reveal was only in the heart of the old doctor.

### *An Alibi That Was All Wet*

Another curious comeback was in the case of Smith, a banker in a small town, who, when the story begins, was living happily with his wife and a baby daughter. One day he started on a business trip to a near-by town and failed to return. As the days passed, his wife, truly devoted to him, grew more and more frantic and spent all she had to advertise his disappearance and beseech help in finding him. He was reported to have been seen in an unkempt and trampish condition somewhere in the state. Soon came news of a dead body found on the roadside, and after a most rigid examination—even fitting Smith's shoes on the feet—friends, detectives and Mrs. Smith all agreed that it was the body of Mr. Smith. Crushed by the tragedy, she mourned his loss with heartfelt sorrow, using the greater part of the policy paid her for a monument for her husband.

One day eighteen years later there walked into her door a sad-eyed, gray-haired man who insisted that he was Smith. In fact—though so altered in disposition that she at first did not know him—she eventually acknowledged that this man was Smith. As to where or how he had spent the years he maintained complete silence, saying only that he had seen thousands of letters to his family torn up before his eyes. The wife was equally silent, though this creature, risen as if from the grave, was to her an unpleasant shadow of the man she had loved and mourned. Whether he had been in a prison or in an asylum is another story. The part concerning the insurance company was that they had to recover money paid for the death of a man undoubtedly alive.

Most often the disappearers plot everything very well except some one detail which gives away the whole plan, as did the man living on Lake H, who habitually put on an old suit over his bathing suit. One day he failed to return. The boat and clothes were found on the beach—but he had made his fatal error in soaking his coat and trousers with water before escaping.

"Women seldom, if ever, disappear," declares the old doctor. "It is more difficult for a woman to uproot herself from home and family; likewise more difficult for her to conceal herself in another town, take a new name or find a job which offers support."

Often it requires superhuman detective work to decide whether a case is one of disappearance or of death and, since thousands of dollars are involved, these cases are most carefully investigated. Once the paying of $10,000 hinged on a microscopic bit of wire. It was this way: Blank, a prosperous Pacific Coast merchant, went off alone to his ranch for a few days' rest. Disaster came immediately; the house was burned to ashes and only a charred skeleton found in the ruins. The insurance company began immediate investigations and discovered certain facts in Blank's past to suggest that he was not the reliable citizen the world thought him to be. Moreover, it was proved that he had bought large amounts of kerosene oil just before the fire. But all remained conjecture till one of the insurance men picked up an almost invisible bit of wire, later the tiny finger bone which had a wee hole in which it fitted. Remembering that Blank's brother-in-law


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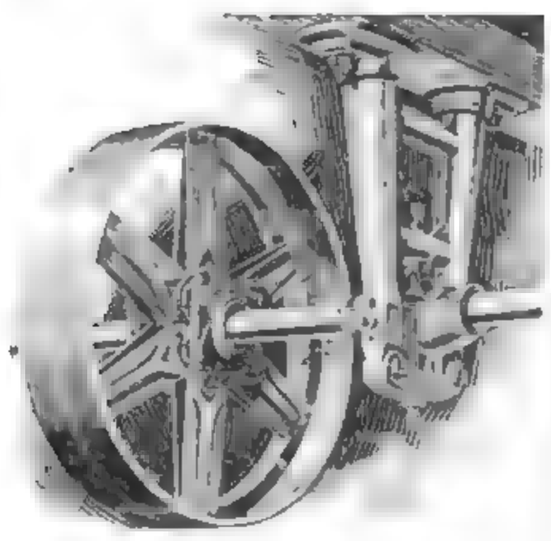

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was a doctor, the inspector went there as a supposed patient, contrived to look where he had ascertained that the doctor's skeleton was kept, and found it missing, as was the decidedly alive Blank, who after stealing and burning the skeleton, had skipped over the mountain and was now enjoying life in a charming cottage there, which, however, he soon exchanged for less picturesque quarters behind the bars.

One April morning a young artist of Norwegian descent applied for a policy. Lithe and muscular, blue-eyed and fair-haired, he was a perfect physical specimen; in fact, the very reincarnation of a viking, from whom, indeed, this Norwegian-American claimed lineal descent. Two weeks after insuring himself his imagination was kindled and the sea-roving blood in his veins stirred by the plan of following the viking trail from Norway to America via Iceland and Greenland, as the doughty explorer, Leif Ericson, had done in 1001 A.D.

Equipped with palette and brush, with books on Norse sages and voyagers, as well as with a glorious spirit of adventure, this young poet-artist set sail from Norway in September in a forty-foot boat. With him were an author friend and two others. Fascinating letters to his wife told of his making movies, sketches and paintings of the multifold moods of the sea, as well as of the royal acclaim accorded the young explorers in Greenland.

### *Times and Methods Change*

Finally no news came. At first all hoped and believed that they were frozen in during the Arctic winter or driven to some Eskimo village. Spring and the breaking up of winter's ice brought no further news, and death was feared. Before the claim could be settled the insurance company, with the help of the United States Government, the Cruising Club of America, and the Hudson Bay Company, sent appeals for information to all radio stations in Labrador and Baffin Land. Fellow explorers in polar regions made the utmost effort to find these valiant seamen, but, alas, reported only the whispered tidings of a derelict ship and a storm at the date when his letters had ceased.

There are few disappearance cases more dramatic than that of C ——, a mine superintendent, who three years ago took a policy. A few months after this there was a mine explosion and two shattered bodies were unearthed, one identified as C ——, and insurance promptly paid. The matter was considered ended till the company received a wire saying to meet C ——, with a sheriff and detectives, on an incoming European boat. The actuary, when he read this, could not believe his eyes, but finally the tangled skein was unraveled, thanks to a friend of the offender who had become an enemy, and to a Polish woman who had translated to C ——'s wife a letter in which he outlined clearly the entire plot, including the cold-blooded murder, after which he and his wife and father planned to have thousands with which to return to Hungary and live happy ever after. This Hungarian immigrant, forced a second time to our shores, is now paying the penalty of life imprisonment in our land of the free.

Disappearances sometimes resolve themselves into suicide or murder, and require in any case most careful investigation before the truth is ascertained. In such cases a man's character and life furnish as valuable clews usually as circumstantial evidence. For instance, the chief engineer of a ship which is anchored in Havana harbor totally disappears one night during a blustering storm.

The man was known as an excellent swimmer and could possibly have reached the shore in defiance of the elements. However, the water is full of man-eating sharks and a seaman aware of this would scarcely have taken the hazard. The fact that he was a weak character, quarrelsome and a heavy drinker suggested foul play, but suicide was eventually proved.

Blameless character, on the other hand, and reasons to presume a love of life immediately lead the insurance company to assume accidental death. Such a case was that of a young medical student acting as counselor in a boys' camp. An expert swimmer and canoe paddler, but being alone one evening, a wind came up, his canoe was overturned, cries were heard, and when help came the canoe was floating upside down and the man gone, never to be found from that day to this. A curious phase was that the game warden would not permit the lake to be dynamited, and the body never rose to the surface, as would have been expected.

Perhaps this was due to the extreme coldness of the water. Rumors were immediately started; some had seen him crawling away through the woods; he was reported in this town and that; all of which, when sifted, proved to be the work of reporters desirous of filling a column, and eventually the company paid.

The law says that every reasonable presumption must be eliminated before suicide can be inferred. Usually, if suicide is committed within the year of issuing the policy, only the premium is paid back; after that it is treated like any other death. A curious recent case was that of Brown, most miserably married, creditors on his trail, and heavily insured.

He went alone to a hotel, left a note saying he was losing his mind, took potassium cyanide and died immediately. His note was produced in the trial. In his anguish he had misdated it about two years, which caused the jury to give a verdict against the company, though the case was three times brought to trial.

Many a suicide plans to be last seen at the rail of a ship looking plaintively out to sea; then for a while there is some doubt as to whether he was blown over, knocked over, or whether he dived and swam under water for the happy shores. In past generations it was quite the thing for suicides and disappearers to have a sleigh slip through a hole in the ice, or to place by a dark hole near such a mantrap a pathetic pair of skates, which were to give the effect of the riderless horse. Now the more modern method is to leave a car dangling over a precipice or halfway down a slippery river bank. Such devices always require time and investigation on the part of the insurance company, and it is often amazingly difficult to prove suicide.

### *Playing With Gun Fire*

Take the case of young Roberts, that brilliant and charming and successful man who seemed, indeed, possessed of all the gifts of the gods. He had recently made a remarkable record as well as a host of friends at one of our well-known universities; he had achieved unusual success in his father's big business, to which he would one day succeed. He was engaged to be married to a charming girl. Then one day he felt so worn nervously that he decided to go off on a shooting trip in Africa. He had bought all necessary equipment—tents, boots, guns, and so on—and was busy packing, when suddenly a shot was heard and he was found dying.

It was very difficult to find anyone in the small town who would testify to an outside insurance representative against members of their leading family. But eventually it was learned that young Roberts had felt such a strong aversion to cats that he could not refrain from shooting them on sight. A discharged employe who held a grudge against the young man testified that he had seen him shooting cats while motoring along the highroads. This gave the clew which led to his being proved a neurotic who had shot himself because of a quarrel with his brother over some slight matter.

The trails of suicides and disappearers are often discovered after an amazingly long lapse of time. Recently, in dredging a great river near a thickly populated section of a city, the eight-year-old skeleton of a car was discovered, and thanks to the lasting power of metal figures, was identified as belonging to a missing man who had coolly driven over the bank into eternity one foggy night when the city was less closely built up at that spot. He was accompanied by a woman whom he loved and could not have. There was every proof that they had deliberately and delightedly entered into this suicide pact, though even their skeletons had been washed on to some unknown abiding place.

Suicide, however wrong, has at times the ameliorating circumstance of being committed at sacrifice of self to benefit others; sometimes the insured living for more than a year with this sword of Damocles hanging heavy over his poor, befuddled head. But murder is obviously and unmitigatedly the lowest and vilest form of insurance fraud. Nothing can be conjured up by human imagination as more sordid and degrading than deliberately insuring a life in order to destroy it for the gain of a few miserable dollars.

Here is a zenith of degeneracy and sordidness in crime of the sort under discussion. No relations have proved too sacred to be so defiled, husbands murder wives and wives requite in the grisly game; parents destroy children like medieval monsters, and children are no better to their parents.

### *An Exploded Explosion*

In the past confirmed drunkards have been generously supplied by beneficiaries with enough rum to drink themselves right riotously to the grave. Children have actually been adopted for this vile purpose, insured and then allowed to die of neglect or even of poison. Old men too feeble to resist have been insured and then dumped over bridges—but such cases belong to past annals of insurance frauds.

Recently a man insured his wife very heavily, and soon afterward she was found dead in her bathroom. He claimed that the oil-burning stove had exploded and that she had been unable to escape, but the fact that the stove had failed to explode led to the revelation of his killing her and then concocting the supposed explosion.

Poisoners are among the most suave and sly of villains—often the bloody hand is concealed beneath the velvet glove -and it is women who excel as poisoners, just as men do at disappearing. This is true throughout the ages; we have only to recall Lucrezia Borgia, Catharine de' Medici, the Countess of Somerset and many more of these charming archvillainesses who, usually for love of someone other than their husbands or for political gain, were forever slipping poison potions into drinks and watching their victims fall dead. But these vile Circes had at least a less degrading motive than the women of a supposedly enlightened age who make away with their own children for paltry gain.

The first woman who resorted to homicide for defrauding life-insurance companies was a Philadelphian and was, to the credit of the city's courts and in spite of protesting sentimentalists, hanged for poisoning with arsenic her husband and two children for the gain of exactly $399. The record case is that of a woman who, some fifty years ago, murdered sixteen policyholders, five of them her own children; though when she made public confession of this, it sounded so lurid and so melodramatic that she was scarcely credited with truth or sanity.

Indeed, such a case marks depths of degradation and degeneracy further than which it scarcely seems possible to sink in the name of insurance frauds. From white and rose-colored lies we have followed the defrauders by way of mean little schemes for swindles, and on to darkest crime In equally logical sequence we can see the penalty paid—loss of self-respect, tortured conscience, threats of punishment, prison cells and the electric chair follow as night follows day. Defrauding comes back like a boomerang and destroys the defrauder.

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# THE WOMAN HIGHER UP

(Continued from Page 21)

way, Miss O'Brien, if anything, letter or cable, comes from my daughter, telephone it to me at Washington."

"Yes, Mrs. Wood," said Miss O'Brien, who, in spite of all her efficiency and genuine talent for minding her own business, could not help wondering about that sudden appearance of Gabrielle's husband.

"Well, let's get at the letters. And afterward I'll sketch out a route for that northern trip."

Janet Evans Heroy, reluctantly of Battle Axe, for once found a notice of great interest in the local paper.

"Ben, what do you suppose?"

Ben did not suppose. He had turned his chair unobtrusively toward the fireplace and slept, having finished a long day's work. His wife joggled him.

"Who do you suppose is coming to this part of the country? Maybe here?"

"Everybody comes sooner or later. Coolidge?"

"It's a lot more important. But it is political, so you're half right. Mrs. Richard Wood!"

"Who's she?"

"You know. She's the Chicago Woods."

"All of them?"

"Why, I've told you about Gabrielle Wood. She was with me at Heathcote. She married that terribly rich Yale man and she has millions in her own name."

"Yep. I've heard you talk about her. I know," said Ben, still unimpressed. He knew quite a few millionaries himself, being indigenous to a part of the country where millions had often lain surprisingly concealed under title or options to barren lands. He was superintendent of a fabulously rich mine himself, though he didn't own any of it. Also, he was the youngest superintendent on the range, and he had brought his bride the promise of a very substantial future. Janet needed a substantial future, having a past marred by a couple of family bankruptcies.

"Gaby was the most beautiful thing in the world. They live in Paris."

"Get put out of the U. S. A.?"

"When you try to be rural, Ben, you're dreadful. I visited the Woods in Chicago."

"So you said."

"But, listen, Ben, if she comes here we'll have to entertain her."

"The beauty? That's all right with me."

"No. The mother! Mrs. Wood. She's making some sort of political tour. She's really wonderful. She was a daughter of Joseph Bullard, you know."

"Was she?" asked Ben, beginning at last to take interest. "He was a great old prospector, I guess. She comes by her politics naturally. He had this whole country by the tail. I can remember my father talking about it. He wanted to name me after Joe Bullard, but mother wouldn't have it."

"How can we ever do it?" asked Janet, looking around at the living room and discovering afresh that it was seventeen by nineteen, that the woodwork of doors and windows was shiny oak and that the dining-room table stood boldly revealed through an adjoining doorway. It was a good solid company house, but when that was said the subject was concluded. Of course she had done what she could. The furniture was all right and the rugs were good. She had determined to keep up her standards, and the right books—the smart ones—were on her table. And there were two good and inscrutable prints that she had trained her callers to admire. Sometimes it seemed to her that she had very nice things. But now, visioning Mrs. Richard Wood in the middle of them, they looked not only unimportant but pathetic.

"Do what, sweetheart?" Ben was inquiring.

"Entertain her. We'll have to. I couldn't leave it to anyone else. Even if anyone else could."

"We can probably do it about as well as they can over at the Grove House. Did you ever sleep on a Grove House mattress? No, you never did. One thing I spared you."

Janet's face was sober and concentrated. "Of course, my having been there is an advantage. I know Mrs. Wood's habits. We can turn our room into the guest room and take the north one."

"Say, she hasn't come yet, dearie."

"She always has breakfast in bed. I must send away for one of those adorable little breakfast trays I saw advertised."

"Can't she come down for her bacon and eggs?"

"She never does. You should see that house, Ben. It's so distinguished. Her father built it, and they've traveled so much and brought back such gorgeous things that it's like a museum. Butlers and maids galore, but not a bit vulgar."

"Rotten rich, eh?"

"Oh, much more than that. They really are important, Ben. Mrs. Wood's sister married a duke—a perfectly undamaged one, Gabrielle says. . . . No, it was her father's sister. Anyway, Mrs. Wood is terribly frightening, but simply wonderful. Always perfectly dressed and all that. I really ought to get some new clothes. I must look like the winter of the panic to anyone who comes from a city."

"You look good to me," said Ben defensively. "You're the best-looking woman in this town."

"And there I stop," sighed Janet. "That's my point." She looked at the paper again. "Who is Mrs. Oscar Anderson?"

"That name grows on bushes around here. If she's the wife of my Oscar Anderson she's the time-worn bride of the best mine boss on the range. What's she done?"

"She has something to do with Mrs. Wood's coming. She's a member of some committee. I'll have to see her, I suppose, and take it off her hands. She never could manage it."

"That's the one. Oscar's wife. She does stuff like that. She's a big blond bruiser of a woman who did a lot of temperance work and that kind of thing. They've lived here for years. Everybody knows them."

"Where do they live?"

"Out at the location near the Jack Rabbit. That's where Oscar works. I sent him out a new man today. His assistant got just one shot too many of Finn gin. Good man too. I don't know about this new fellow."

He was talking to himself now, but did not know it. Janet's mind had gone to breakfast trays and the possibility of getting some sort of effect in an impromptu guest room which would make Mrs. Wood feel that her hostess knew how things should be done and managed to do them even in the midst of a desolate place like this. She rather fancied herself as a marooned and exquisite hostess.

"This new fellow has me guessing," said Ben, turning companionably to his wife, his round good-natured face now heated to a single-toned red by the log fire. "Jake Moore sent him over from Dwight and said he knew his stuff. He does seem to know a lot about the technical end of mining too. But he'd only been working for Jake a couple of weeks and he looked kind of soft. Great, big, slouchy sort of boy. College man, I guess, at that. But he's had some cracks between now and then. I wouldn't be surprised if the fellow just got out of jail. He's close-mouthed as they come anyway."

Thus describing Gabrielle's husband, Ben's thoughts unconsciously joined his wife's meditations. For both of them were thinking about the Wood family and its connections.

It was not only Janet Heroy who read about Mrs. Wood's political tour with absorbed interest. There was hardly a woman concerned with party politics who did not find it significant. A great army of surmises sprang up around it, some friendly, some inimical. In the different states where she was to go national-committee women wondered just what it meant and whether they were being interfered with. There was talk of a new woman's party which was to be formed; a suspicion went around that Mrs. Wood intended to run for vice president. It made confusion, but it made alignment and woke up interest, too, and Mrs. Wood was one of the few women who did not see one result to the exclusion of the other. But she knew what her father had taught her—that voting areas get dry and stale and need to be refreshed and aired out before the onset of a campaign.

She went to the cities, and large committees met and entertained her. Women fussed over precedence on platforms and at dinners. There were luncheons and teas and receptions, in order that people who deserved or demanded the opportunity might meet Mrs. Wood. A great deal of food, a great many carefully planned costumes trailed in the wake of her progress. But it was incidental. At steady intervals during a period of ten days a very slender woman who wore neither powder nor rouge and whose clothes were so simple as to be described in a sentence, stood up in the midst of groups of women and talked politics to them, without mincing her words to any great extent, yet always with infinite tact and the reserve of a woman of breeding. Her message was simple. Women had to learn what was going on and then stand together in action as seemed best.

The cities were not problems. All they needed was rewinding. The organization was there. It was in the country districts that Sue Wood pulled hard. She knew from what they had told her in Washington that it was in the farming and mining country that the party was losing ground. And she did not want it to lose ground. With all her keenness and her considerable disillusion, she believed almost mystically in her party, as great statesmen have to believe, even beyond their own philosophy. She knew that men cannot be held together except under banners, and that it was important that they be held together, because singly they have so little force.

As she went along she saw hundreds of things without a change of expression. She noted good, thoughtful work in organization, the results of the effort of a single woman legislator, and Sue marked that woman down in the notebook of her mind for preferment when the time might come. She saw ambitious women climbing up to prominence on the ladder of other women's efforts, and wrote them off. She met inertia. She met hostility. She was fawned upon. All these things were what she went out to see. She traveled hard and spoke whenever a meeting was arranged. Little respite was allowed her, and she gave herself up completely to her task. Or perhaps not quite completely.

There was that part of her mind which was never quite at ease—the part that was worried about Gabrielle. For after that first flippant letter Gabrielle had not written or cabled. Sue could not understand it. It was like Gabrielle to be high-handed and ruthless, but not like her to sulk silently, as she was doing. Sue had written affectionately and rather frankly to her daughter saying that she saw no reason why Lorry shouldn't go to work if he wanted to. That was three weeks ago and there had been no answer. Gabrielle had always written something to her mother once a week at least. She always had something to say. If she were ill her maid would have sent them word. If she were not ill and only too callous to care that her husband had left her, if she were so prodigal of men's love that she could throw it away without a backward look, what had Gabrielle become? Under the surface of Sue's mind that thought festered. She wondered if perhaps she herself had been a better citizen than a mother.

It had been a big meeting, the last of the big ones in the cities. Tomorrow she planned to set off for the iron ranges, accompanied by a notable woman politician of the state. Lorry was to see her there. He had found work in the mines near Dwight. She knew that, and she was thinking of it as she shook hands with the women who had come up to meet her and were saying the things they always said.

"It's been wonderful, Mrs. Wood."

"I met you in Chicago some years ago. I'm sure you don't remember."

"Such a real inspiration!"

"You make politics a fascinating business."

There must always be an answer and a smile. That was the way one knit together groups of people. Her father had done it endlessly and taught other men to do it. The personal touch with the man higher up was what they all wanted, he used to say. And now that women were in the game, it was the personal touch with the women higher up.

They were gone at last, and her present hostess and Sue were on their way back to the hotel where Sue was stopping. The local politician, a tall, nervous woman, with oddly untrue eyes, paid Sue pallid compliments which Sue knew she did not mean. This woman disliked her, disliked having her political territory invaded. It was not being well handled and she did not want that revealed. Sue began to see the reason for party defeats in this part of the country, and to understand what must be done.

"I am so sorry," said Mrs. Davison in her over-smooth voice, "but I really think we'll have to abandon our little tour of the north country."

"Really?" asked Sue. "Why?"

"I have a sudden and very urgent message calling me to the western part of the state tomorrow. But I think this meeting tonight will do all that is necessary. Those things spread like ripples on a pond."

"It's a pity not to reach that mining territory personally."

"Oh, it's well in hand," said Mrs. Davison. "The state central committee feels our work up there has been exceptional."

The impasse in her manner was unmistakable. It was obvious to Sue that Mrs. Davison did not intend to allow the trip to proceed. But she had taken the wrong method with Joe Bullard's daughter.

"I'll just run up and look the ground over by myself," remarked Sue easily. "I haven't seen that country since I was a child and went up with father. I'm so interested to see how it's changed and developed."

"I'm afraid there will be no meetings of consequence."

"That doesn't really matter. I can meet a few women informally and see what they're thinking about."

Mrs. Davison protested against the polite imperviousness of Mrs. Wood to no avail. Socially and politically she had met her master.

"I've really promised to go to Battle Axe," said Sue. "A friend of my daughter's lives there and is expecting me. She wrote me asking me to stop with her. A very energetic young woman, I imagine. Just the sort you could use, Mrs. Davison."

It was, the bus driver assured Sue, the first real cold snap they'd had. He spoke rather gayly of it, as if a cold snap was a good joke played on the public. Twenty below this morning. He tossed Sue's alligator bag up on the roof of the bus and punched her ticket, and the great bus lumbered out of the city through its slovenly outskirts into the open country.

(Continued on Page 89)

# Be sure the house you buy is completely wired

WHAT'S the beauty of a large living room unless you can light it effectively? What's the joy of a white-tiled bathroom if you can't plug in an electric heater on a chilly morning? Why have a "modern" kitchen if you can't use modern appliances there with handy comfort? The wiring plans are a mighty important part of the house to look over before you buy!

Many builders are putting in G-E Wiring Systems—complete—just as you would if you planned your home. It costs a little more to do this—because there's more to such a system—and because it has *none but highest quality G-E materials throughout.* But the progressive builder will spend those few extra dollars and you *can* get the wiring you want. Look for the G-E Wiring System sign.

The G-E Wiring System is a system of housewiring embodying adequate outlets, conveniently controlled, and using G-E materials throughout.

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**WIRING SYSTEM**
*—for lifetime service*

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

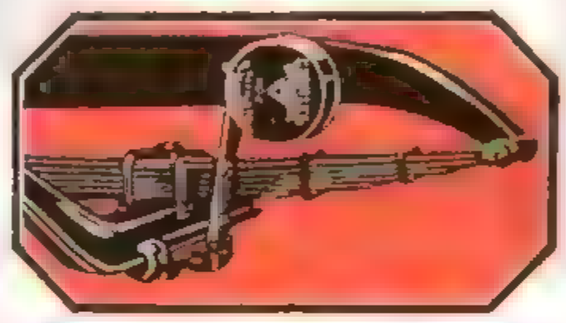
Public interest and public demand for the New Gabriel Snubber have forced Gabriel—almost overnight and after 20 years of outstanding success—to revolutionize its entire method of distribution and to multiply, *ten times over*, the sources from which the New Gabriels can be bought.

As rapidly as arrangements can be made, responsible and reliable motor car dealers all over the country—dealers doing hundreds of thousands of dollars of business every year—are being made suppliers of the New Gabriels, in addition to Gabriel's own widespread organization of 3200 servicing distributors.

In other words, the public itself, by its eager and insistent demand for the unprecedented riding comfort of New Gabriels, has now made Gabriels almost as easy to get as gasoline.

# The Public Steps In

# and Revolutionizes a Business



Motor car dealers everywhere have felt the sweep of the overwhelming demand for the New Gabriel Snubbers and are hastening to enroll themselves as Gabriel sales outlets.

For 20 years, Gabriel has far outsold all other shock absorbers.

An enormous number of car owners have for years bought Gabriels to give their cars greater riding comfort, and over 5,000,000 now use Gabriels.

But even that huge demand, and that tribute to all that Gabriel has done to improve riding, shrinks in comparison with the interest that has flamed up everywhere since the coming of the New Gabriel.

Now Gabriel's own organization of 3200 authorized distributors is inadequate, and to meet this tremendously increased demand, Gabriels are being brought to automobile dealers everywhere —making them almost as easy to get as gasoline.

The New Gabriels go so much farther in freeing the car springs from preloading by permitting both tires and flexible car springs to give all the riding ease they are designed to give on good roads, and at the same time eliminating the wicked pitch and throw over rough roads, that they have translated the good repute of Gabriel into a tidal wave of buying eagerness.

Already 40 car manufacturers had adopted Gabriels as standard equipment, and 25 more were preparing their car frames for their installation.

When the new day of flexible springs with balloon tires called for a still finer and far different kind of control, Gabriel first answered the call and reinforced, a thousandfold, its hold upon public preference.

Today, Gabriel's conquest of America is complete.

With motor car dealers by the hundreds aligning themselves with Gabriel, no car owner in the country need longer be deprived of the benefits and economies of the latest and greatest of all Gabriels.

THE GABRIEL SNUBBER MANUFACTURING COMPANY
CLEVELAND, OHIO TORONTO, ONTARIO

NEW AND BETTER

# GABRIEL SNUBBERS

# Frigidaire Ends Hot-weather Worries

**To 150,000 merchants, Frigidaire means positive, dependable refrigeration at less cost—*without* ice, *without* attention**

WHEREVER perishables are sold or served, Frigidaire provides the year-round, dependable, automatic refrigeration that results in lowered costs, greater profits and better pleased customers.

The smallest refrigerator or the large "walk-in" cold room may be cooled by Frigidaire with equal efficiency. The florist, who requires a dry, uniform cold—the meat merchant, with hundreds of dollars' worth of meat products depending on a constant, low temperature without variation—the ice cream dealer who must keep his cream constantly below freezing—all find in Frigidaire the answer to their refrigerating problems. Dependable, automatically controlled refrigeration that makes them permanently independent of outside ice supply.

Remember, Frigidaire is the name of the electric refrigerator that is a product of General Motors. It is the overwhelming choice of those whose business success depends on good refrigeration. Thousands of Frigidaire users can testify to its quiet operation—its low maintenance cost—its absolute reliability.

It will pay you to discuss your refrigeration problem with the local Frigidaire representative. Or mail the coupon below for complete information.

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION, Dept. B-1015, DAYTON, OHIO
*Subsidiary of General Motors Corporation*

# FRIGIDAIRE

**PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS**

FRIGIDAIRE CORPORATION,
Dept. B-1015, Dayton, Ohio
I am in the_____
business and would like to know what Frigidaire will do for me.
Name _____
Address _____

(Continued from Page 88)

There had been no busses when she was here before. Only a small and vigorous railroad. Then there had been pines and fir forests. Now Sue was shocked at the devastation, moved by the bravery of what she saw. It was desolate and magnificent. Bare woods, with the thin bent arms of trees, crippled by fire, pointing at nothing; little, ugly houses isolated in the midst of lands already drifted with snow, with sturdy columns of white smoke rising straight up from their chimneys; long lines of red snow fences—those things came first as the bus swung along on a clean paved road. What courage people have, thought Sue, who came from a line of pioneers. And for some reason the thought of Gabrielle came instantly and depressingly into her mind. Gabrielle, who would not leave her Paris and had married without finding even enough depth in passion to hold her to her husband. It hurt Sue. It made her ache, not for herself nor even for Lorry Bayne, but for her own spoiled, useless daughter.

They came at last to Battle Axe very suddenly, four hours later, behind its crown of open-pit mines. It was a village of hundreds of wooden houses and brick stores, built not to stand forever, but for fifty years, seventy-five years, until the ore gave out. Vigorous and barren, Sue felt it, and was glad she had come. She couldn't remember this friend of Gabrielle's very well, but she wanted to meet a young woman who lived in a town like this. A woman living here ought to be a good political leader too. She'd be close enough to reality. The bus drew up at a comfortable waiting house and Sue claimed her bag and looked around. Only for a minute. A very pretty girl in a handsome fur coat was coming toward her.

"I'm Janet Heroy, Mrs. Wood. I'm so glad to see you. Did you get worn out with that dreadful ride?"

"I loved it," said Sue.

"My car is here," said Janet, and marshaled Sue into a sedan with the proper design for distinction on its wheels and radiator. A rather washed-up-looking boy was huddled at the wheel, and Janet motioned to him sharply to take Mrs. Wood's bag. "Do tell me all about Gabrielle," she went on, getting in beside her guest. "She's still abroad, isn't she?"

"In Paris, when last I heard," admitted Sue.

This was not what she had expected, to see a smart young woman who might have stepped off Michigan Boulevard. It disappointed her. She wondered at once if she were going to reach the people she wanted to see and to talk to.

She wondered still more when she learned exactly what was in store for her. There was a luncheon meeting of women planned at one o'clock.

"You'll really be surprised, Mrs. Wood, at some of the women," said Janet. "The wives of the doctors, for example. They go abroad every summer and they're really most intelligent. And there are quite a lot of college women—wives of officials in the mines. I think you'll find them quite worth talking to. Of course, it's terribly crude country and all that, but there really are some nice people. We've tried to get them together for you."

"I'm quite sure of that," Sue answered politely.

Janet offered her a cocktail in a smart and casual fashion, before lunch. Mrs. Wood did not take advantage of it. She was not interested in cocktails. She was interested in the view from the guest-room window. As far as she could see were frame houses, many of the surrounding ones substantial and roomy, like the one she was in, but off to the south and west they did not look the same but seemed to huddle and slant together. In the distance the hulking outlines of mine pits showed clearly. This was a very pleasant room she was in, with bright slip covers of hand-blocked linen, and cigarettes on the table by the chaise longue, but she had not come up to the iron country to see hand-blocked linen or smoke monogrammed cigarettes. She had come to find out how women voted, if they voted, and if they could be made more interested in and friendly toward their Government. This was a preposterous little trap she was caught in, but she did not quite see how to get out of it.

However, she spoke at a hotel luncheon to the intelligent women of the town—the hand-picked women. Janet was quite right. They were pleasant and well kept up and agreeable. She might have met dozens of them in any city. They were thin impressions of her own Gabrielle, modeled dimly after that likeness. Deliberately and self-consciously they were not of the mining town, and regarded themselves, with more or less amusement, as marooned. Sue, asking them questions, found that the gulf between them and the wives of the miners was rarely spanned.

When the talk was over she was driven to another house where someone had tea in her honor. The most select of the group at lunch had been invited to attend. Futility was the only thing that ever exhausted Sue, and now she felt herself growing tired. Her thoughts wandered to Lorry. Evidently none of these people knew he was in this part of the country, and she had not mentioned it to Janet Heroy. But she must look him up and see if he had any word of Gabrielle yet. In the morning she could get a bus over to Dwight, where she had last heard from him, and see what they could do.

Janet took her guest back home, back to the improvised guest room with the linens. She, too, was beginning to feel the strain, and a certain lack of enthusiasm in Mrs. Wood's manner depressed her.

"You can see," she said under her breath to Ben, who had come home early, because he had sworn to his wife that he would appear in a dinner coat, "that she thinks we're horribly crude. She's polite, but you can tell."

"I'd like to tell her where to get off," Ben suggested. He had not yet met Mrs. Wood, but he had every reason for disliking her. He disliked her at that moment for being responsible for his wearing a dinner coat which had become too tight during disuse, and for getting Janet all worked up. "Why didn't you leave her to Mrs. Anderson? If she'd spent a day or two with Oscar she'd know what it's really like around here."

"She'd never have survived that," Janet told him. "By the way, I did ask Mrs. Anderson to come to lunch today and to bring anyone she thought might be interested. She didn't come. Those women don't. They wouldn't dare meet Mrs. Wood."

Ben growled indistinctly something about their being damned good wives and fit to meet anybody.

"Don't be cross, Ben. You don't know what Mrs. Wood's used to. I hope dinner's going to go all right. In the morning she'll have breakfast in bed and then she wants to drive over to Dwight. She suggested going by bus, but I think I should go over with her in our car."

"What's she want to go to Dwight for? She won't know what that's about, if this place seems rough."

"I don't know. She said she wanted to see someone. . . . I wonder if Sigrid has put that grapefruit on the ice. Breakfast will be perfect anyway. If I can only get Sigrid to go in properly and put down the windows and not thump around a lot. She has such terrible feet."

Ben jerked his tie into an antagonistic kind of bow and went down into the living room to get a smoke before Mrs. Wood appeared. By right, he thought bitterly, he should be having his pipe. But Janet had banned the pipe tonight.

He had fancied Mrs. Wood as tall and distant and rather domineering. The dark, slim woman in the plain cloth dress already in the living room surprised him, made him suspicious.

"Good evening," she said, and offered her hand.

He shook it doubtfully. What Janet saw to get stirred up about he couldn't see. This woman was as plain as an old shoe.

"Well, how do you like our part of the world?" he heard himself saying rather challengingly.

"I think it's grand brave country," she answered.

"You said it," agreed Ben.

"What mine are you connected with?" asked Mrs. Wood.

"Jack Rabbit—that's the old Miles Mine."

"I remember that. I was up here with my father once. He owned some property around here."

"I heard your father speak once. He was a great politician."

"Yes," she said, and her voice was quiet and tender, "he was. He knew what could be done and what couldn't be. That was his strength. I've been wondering all afternoon how he would manage to get a foothold up here now."

"What kind of foothold?"

"Any political one. It's so intangible. You see the mines over there and know that hundreds and thousands of people are working all around here, thinking about their futures, interested in the country. There they are, but you can't reach them."

He gave her an odd look. Janet had not led him to expect this.

"What nationalities have you here now?" she went on.

"All kinds that have muscle. Finn, Swede—less Irish than there used to be, of course."

"That's changed the political temper, hasn't it?"

"Oh, yes. Nobody's delivering votes around here any more. It can't be done."

"Somebody's delivering them. They delivered them to that man you sent to Washington from here, and he's made no end of trouble. His vote was massed just in this part of the state."

"Well, that crowd gets their organizers in," said Ben. "It's a pretty hard proposition, unless you get right down and mix, you know."

"I should think women living right here could help with that."

Ben grinned. "They don't take to it," he remarked. "They've got their own interests, most of the girls."

Janet came in. She had changed to a very charming dinner dress and Ben's face lit up proudly as he regarded her. Mrs. Wood saw it and her respect for Janet heightened. Under all her affectations Mrs. Heroy must be making a good job out of her marriage. She didn't like this town, saw nothing in it but isolation, and she huddled with thirty or forty others of her kind, ignoring everything rough and magnificent and primitive, but still she stayed by her husband and his work. Better than Gabrielle, Sue thought sadly, as Ben put a fond arm about his wife's shoulders and they went out to the pretentious little dinner.

"Tell me about Gabrielle," Janet urged Mrs. Wood, watching Sigrid for blunders in serving.

"I can't, very much. She's in Paris."

"Is she going to stay there?"

"She seems to like it. They had an apartment."

"Oh, how wonderful!" sighed Janet. "Think of it, Ben—an apartment in Paris!"

Ben didn't think it was wonderful. He didn't like to see Janet get discontented, and he felt this was heading that way. She'd be talking about living in Paris, now, for the next year.

"What's her husband's business?" he inquired bluntly.

Janet frowned, but Mrs. Wood answered pleasantly. "He's a mining engineer. At least that was what he was trained for."

Ben didn't dare pursue the subject against that frown of Janet's.

"Speaking of mining engineers," he said, "I drew the queerest one I ever saw. I told you about him, Janet. The one that they sent me over from Dwight. He was a sulky

(Continued on Page 95)


# S. H. P. No. 240 Wants the Best

THE morning mail, not long ago, brought us the following from a gentleman in Marshfield, Vt., who signs himself "M. B. Mears, State Highway Patrolman No. 240":

"In the last twenty years of my using shovels, I have on several occasions been able to get Red Edge Shovels and have prized them above all other makes. But here I can't get them and seeing your ad in the Saturday Evening Post, I am sending direct to you.

I am a patrolman on State highway work and while I don't use a great many shovels I want the best."

We have all the respect in the world for the man who does the brain work on a big job. When it comes to figuring out a grade or juggling with stresses and strains, he's the doctor. But when we want to get the low down on shovels we ask the man who swings one.

You will find that a good idea, too. If you want to know which particular make of shovel eats up the most dirt in a day, and brings you the most return for the dollar you spend in wages—ask your foreman or some hard handed shovel walloper.

THE WYOMING SHOVEL WORKS

WYOMING, PENNA.

WYOMING
RED EDGE
SHOVELS
No. 123 Long Handle Round Point Shovel
We spent fifty years learning to make one grade of shovel
RED EDGE

THIS shop mark was selected by The Murray Corporation of America because it symbolizes the fine old art of coachcraft—an art which The Murray Corporation has revived in all its distinction and smartness for the service of American builders of quality motor cars.

# Coach Work by Murray

Copr. 1927 The M. C. of A.

(Continued from Page 93)

kind of cuss—knew his business all right, but awfully tight-mouthed, and seemed to have something on his mind. He didn't pay any attention to anybody, didn't drink at all. Well, I had an idea the fellow might have been a jailbird, but as long as he behaved himself I wasn't going to say anything. But today ——"

"Ben, I don't think Mrs. Wood's interested ——"

"But I am," said Mrs. Wood in a queer voice.

"It's a funny story," insisted Ben. "Anyway, this fellow is a college man and kind of a queer duck. But today the mystery seems to have cleared. Oscar Anderson was telling me. His wife keeps a boarding house out at the location and this new man was staying with her. Mrs. Anderson's kind of a character herself. Great temperance woman. Quite a power in her way."

"I've heard of her," said Mrs. Wood, "I think. I've been trying to remember that name all day."

"Originally," said Janet, shaking her pretty head, "they scheduled her to manage your appearance up here. You don't know what those locations are like. Fortunately she understood. I did ask her to come today, but those women really don't take much interest."

"I see. But what happened to the engineer?" asked Mrs. Wood.

"Why, the funny thing is that Mrs. Anderson has been taking him for a bachelor, and yesterday who should turn up but this fellow's wife. Anderson says she's certainly some looker too. She breezed in, dressed up fit to kill, bag and baggage, and Bayne goes around looking as if he'd died and gone to heaven, while the wife and Mrs. Anderson preside at the boarding-house table. Anderson says his wife's had a rush of extra boarders already, the girl's so good-looking."

He stopped, checked by Mrs. Wood's face. Didn't she like his story? What had he put his foot into now?

"She came, you say?"

"Yes—the wife of this poor fish. Some gay girl who'd run off and left him apparently."

"But that," said Mrs. Wood, "must be Gabrielle!"

She had been proud of Gabrielle hundreds of times. On the day of the swimming contest, and when she'd made her début, and when she won the golf championship, and when she was the most beautiful bride that her friends had ever seen. But never had Mrs. Wood been proud like this. They went into the boarding house kept by Mrs. Oscar Anderson and found a dozen men in flannel shirts sitting around the dining-room table, from which the food had been cleared away. A phonograph was blaring somewhere and the room was full of smoke—strong pipe smoke. But in the center of everything, her golden beauty no less confident here than in any other human group, was Gabrielle, thoroughly enjoying herself and insisting that everyone else join her. Watching her so intently that he did not even see Mrs. Wood enter was Lorry, and in his face was something close to reverence. She had cared enough to come to him.

Gabrielle made neither apologies nor defenses. As usual, she was absorbed in being happy. The boarders melted away in the presence of the Heroys, but Mrs. Anderson went on sweeping up her room despite them. It was her house.

"Naturally I came back," Gabrielle said to her mother. "I wouldn't be mean enough to stay over there and have the baby by myself. Besides, I missed Lorry's terrible temper. You get used to a thing like that. Now that he's got a job, I suppose we'll have to stay here until he loses it. He says he'll get us a house. But Mrs. Anderson makes awfully good pie, so it's got to be reasonably near here."

Mrs. Anderson beamed slowly at her boarder. Never in her life had she seen anyone so beautiful and yet so comfortable to have around.

"Stay here all night, mother," urged Gabrielle. "We want to talk. Mrs. Anderson can put you up. She's got lots of room. And Janet won't mind."

Janet and Ben Heroy drove home rather silently. Ben was not a man to rub things in. He was especially nice to his wife that night. Only when he went out into the kitchen for a drink of water and saw the elaborate breakfast tray, uselessly prepared for luxury, he chuckled once. Just once. He wondered if Mrs. Wood would get breakfast in bed at the Anderson boarding house.

She did. Gabrielle saw to that. It took only a hint to Mrs. Anderson, who at eight o'clock brought in a large and steaming cup of coffee and a plate of thick bacon and flopped eggs on a blistered tin tray to Mrs. Wood.

Sue sat up in bed, readjusting herself, realizing what a weight had lifted from her mind. Gabrielle was safe. Gabrielle was neither afraid of life nor sulking at it. That being settled, she looked over the cup of coffee at the big blond Swede woman who was wiping iron-ore dust from the window sill. That was what she had come to find.

"Sit down, Mrs. Anderson," she said. "I want some advice on how to meet some of the women around here. Will you help me?"

Mrs. Anderson seated herself without embarrassment on the edge of the bed in which lay the most politically eminent woman in the country, and yielded to Sue's charm.

"Sure," she nodded, "I help you."

## NATCHEZ

(Continued from Page 11)

houses, few and minute of Vidalia. There, he knew, in an open grove of live oaks, was the dueling ground of Natchez. A steam ferry ran between the Landing and Vidalia. It was fast to the levee below now, but there was a line of keel boats drifting down the River from the Ohio—Kentucky keel boats. Closer inshore a steamboat—it looked so small that he might easily have taken it in his hand—was pouring black smoke from its twin stacks and making a slow way against the current. He could just see, like pinches of white cotton, the stir along her sides from the paddle wheels.

The Landing, directly below him, was waking up, moving about. It was all crowded in a batture not more than half a mile long. The roofs of the lower town, of the storehouses and dwellings and dramshops, were flattened on the narrow sandy ledge. At the upper end of the levee there was a great congregation of flatboats laden with the produce, the bacon and hams and green vegetables, of the states along the upper Mississippi and Ohio. Figures stirred over them and there was a thin climbing smoke from the cooking on the decks. Lower down there were three steamboats taking on freight, and beside them a ship with a dark hull and gay flags at the mastheads. The Landing was waking up; sound floated up to Sylvester Dering like the humming of bees. It was more threatening, more dangerous, than that ——

The streets on the north were filled with their habitual free and idle negroes constantly moving in and out of the low taverns; their voices rose in a rich and hysterical and diminished volume. To the south the street of the gambling houses and the girls, under the cliff, actually overhung the River. The violins were already shrill with their dance tunes. Dering could hear the monotonous repetitions of the croupiers at the roulette tables. At the entrance to the United States barracks a soldier in a gray tunic was filling the air with a drunken shouting.

There was a ceaseless fall and shuffle of feet and strains of laughter shriller than the shrillness of the music. To Sylvester Dering, bathed in golden peace, the Landing was inconceivably horrible—like a hell. It was hell! He couldn't see how existence in it had been possible; he didn't see how he would bring himself to return—even for his bag. It was almost dark and there were smoky flares of light, a broken lurid brightness, below. The smoke and blaze and sulphur of hell. God, he couldn't! Not to that. He wanted to stay forever on the high green Bluff, in the heaven of its quiet and flowers and cool purity.

It was night when he descended to the Landing; he was hungry and—supper at the tavern had long been over—he occupied an inconspicuous table at a gambling house where he was served with food. A girl sat down with him, she drank sherry and bitters, and then drifted away. Dering had been hardly conscious of her presence, her words. His vision, his mind, were filled with a golden radiance. The proprietor—a Spaniard in a stovepipe hat, with the narrow feet of a dancing master—spoke to him.

"Mr. Dering," he said, "if you are off the River for a day or so we might be a help to each other. I'd like to have you deal for the house." He declined the invitation politely. The fiddles, in a corner, were tuning up; a roulette wheel was dismounted and a croupier attending to its mechanism; a negro in a white coat was placing champagne buckets by the tables laid for suppers. It was all painfully familiar, wearisome, meaningless.

It oppressed him so heavily that he felt he must go at once—he would leave the gambling house, the Landing, and never return. He was unprepared for such a sweeping decision; it had come automatically into his mind; but instantly he realized that he must carry it out. Yes, he was done with gambling on steamboats. A new cheerfulness and hope possessed him at that realization; already he felt free of all the past; it was as though he had actually left the Landing for the top of the Bluff. Sylvester Dering was thankful, too, that it had been his necessary habit to keep a large amount of money constantly with him; at present he had slightly under five thousand dollars.

It was even hotter than it had been at noon; the street was absolutely crowded, the air thick with the fine dust and perfumes and the musk of the negroes. The doors to the gambling houses and dramshops were open on the games of chance, the pallid intent faces of players, and on the drinking. It was like a cyclorama, Sylvester Dering thought, a painted evil show that he was leaving as fast as possible. In his room at the hotel he saw that his determination required the recognition, the necessity, of some practical details. What he planned to do was to leave behind, in a moment, forever, all his old life. If any of it followed him or clung to him, he considered, he would fail in his hope. For example, there were things in his bag tainted with the past.

In the end they turned out to be no more than a small gaudy pile of clothes. He kept two bottles of superior West India rum and his pistol, since it was of the new percussion kind and had a general place in life outside the needs peculiar to gambling. With his bag lightened and strapped he went to the door of Doctor Polidore's room. The doctor was in, preparing for the evening's adventure in the Landing by winding himself into his long muslin neckcloth. The quadroon, with one end, stood at a distance from him, while Polidore revolved himself toward her. As a result he was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miraculously red in the face, sweating vigorously, and of a doubtful humor.

He said, "I sent Myrtle in after you twice, but you couldn't be found."

"I was up on the Bluff," Dering replied briefly. He sat watching Doctor Polidore with tight lips, somber eyes. "I have something to say that I want you to listen to very carefully," he proceeded. "You must understand that it's not just talk." Polidore told him to wait until they had cigars and he sat down. He said that his head was going around like a paddle wheel. "I believe that damn nigger was looking to choke me." The quadroon replied that if she wanted to it wouldn't be difficult. "It wouldn't be difficult to let a little lead in you either," the doctor replied. As a matter of fact, there was a pistol on the table beside the black bottle of rum.

"You're not going to shoot me," she replied lazily. "I'm too much money."

Sylvester Dering interrupted them. "If you're done with the nigger," he asserted, "I'll go on. It's this, Polidore. I'm through with the River." The doctor reminded Dering that he'd heard that yesterday. "Not exactly," Dering answered; "or, anyway, not like this. I am off the River forever. I am never coming back on it—that is, to gamble. No more brag and faro and the pink water that looks like drink. No more fixed cards from the bar. Understand, I am not expressing an opinion about it; I am only speaking for myself. I don't want anything more to do with it, or with you."

Doctor Polidore's gaze, which had been wandering, immediately concentrated on Sylvester Dering. The pupils of his gray eyes were sharply contracted. "What am I doing among your troubles?" he demanded.

"Nothing," Dering admitted. "And that's it—you're not among them. You have nothing to do with them." He rose. "From now on you have no interest in me of any kind. You don't know me. If you'd see me on the street I would be a stranger you knew nothing about, cared nothing for. Polidore, do you understand?"

"The River isn't good enough for you. If that's it. The men you've known and depended on, who watched things for you and stood behind you, are not good enough, now you think you have taken the veil."

"Yes," Sylvester Dering said frankly, "to a certain extent it is. I don't exactly mean that they are not good enough for me, but not for what I want to do. They couldn't be a part of the life I want to—well, go up to."

"Up on the Bluff," the doctor assisted him. "It would be interesting to hear your opinion of me." His hand, Dering saw, was on the table.

"I haven't an opinion of you at all," he said. "It's gone with all the rest that concerns you and used to concern me. I've just tried to make something clear to you. If you won't accept it that way I can't make you, but I will say this once more: If you ever see me again, under any circumstance that could happen, I don't expect you to know me or to speak to me. If you do I warn you I won't acknowledge it."

Doctor Polidore was apparently lost in thought. Dering stood without movement. He was at once motionless and lightly poised on his feet; his body was alert and gathered.

"Well," Polidore said with a sudden harshness, "why the hell are you in my room? If that's what you think. You're just another gambler with his blood turned white. You're useless as far as I can see." His voice was angry, but his gaze was cold and steady.

Dering answered him very slowly. "I'm willing to pass over the color of my blood. I can remember when I wouldn't be, but I am now. I only came in here to warn you—to warn you, Polidore—and since you understand, I'm leaving your room right away."

He turned and walked deliberately to the door; the quadroon sniggered and he realized that there was a fair chance Doctor Polidore would shoot him in the back. He didn't. This time, Sylvester Dering told himself, he would ride up to the land above in a dignified propriety.

"The Mansion House," he told the driver. The only open room in the house, the proprietor informed him, was on the gallery; usually it was reserved for ladies; but he, Isaac Cordes, might have it. Isaac Cordes was the name Sylvester had announced as his own.

The room was large and comfortable, long windows opened on the gallery, and the gallery roof kept it shadowy and cool. He sat for a long while, wholly satisfied by his peace and seclusion, his mind idly turning from one necessity to another: he must buy himself some appropriate clothes. If the name Sylvester Dering was attached to any of his belongings it must be destroyed. He must accustom himself immediately to thinking and speaking as Isaac Cordes. An error there would be fatal. He was, Dering decided, a leisurely traveler from Connecticut; the actual state of his birth. He had come by ship from New York to New Orleans and was proceeding as slowly as he liked up the River to Pittsburgh. It would be splendid, he thought, to spend the rest of his days in Natchez, high above the world. He would be safe from excessive curiosity for the simple reason that he had no demands to make, no plan to put into operation. Sylvester—Isaac Cordes, wanted nothing; he would demand nothing; he'd rigorously maintain a pleasant remoteness from individuals.

The arrangement of the town, he discovered, was simple and pastoral in the extreme—there were perhaps seven streets parallel with the River, about six at right angles. Usually they were wide and planted with China trees. Main-street had impressive blocks of two-story brick buildings. The brick courthouse stood on a wide green square, surrounded by the offices of the court and the offices of the lawyers, set in a rich dark foliage. There was a bank with a colonnade, a Masonic hall that advertised a dancing academy on the lower floor, a theater had arched entrances of brick. This all engaged him enormously; he admired it prodigiously; it was exactly what he wanted it to be.

He was surprised by the number of private carriages on the main street. They belonged, of course, to the planters, whose families had driven in from the surrounding country. When there were men they rode handsomely, consciously graceful, beside the carriages. Invariably they wore wide white hats, low-crowned; white coats, and in every case, on horse or dismounted, they carried thin whips. The ordinary at the Mansion House filled the long dining room with the planters in boots, with lawyers and the superior men of local affairs. It was very familiar with greetings and laughter, informal discussions of cotton and slaves and of a ball that had been held the night before at Richardson's Hotel. The man at Sylvester's left was young; he had a dark, finely molded face and a candid smile. He addressed several generalities to Dering—but he was, in reality, Isaac Cordes—and then paused, evidently to allow a stranger to him and to Natchez to announce, if he saw fit, something of his standing. Isaac Cordes was from Connecticut, he was traveling at his own time through the Southwest and up to Pittsburgh; and he was so taken with Natchez that—for the present anyhow—he owned no intention of moving on.

"Excellent," the younger man replied; "my name is Damaris Vaun. I'm either a lawyer or a planter; like a great many men about here, I couldn't tell you which. We study for the bar and practice for a while, but what we think about is cotton. By the time we're thirty most of us are on a plantation." He rose. "We all take our meals here, too, so I'll see you again." He moved away and greeted as "Judge" a man even younger than himself—not more than twenty-four or five. At dusk Isaac Cordes—he was rigorously drilling his mind in that change—returned to the esplanade over the River. It was the same as before the gold of the sunlight paled to rose. Far below him the River was black; the forests of Louisiana were lost in a distant haze.

He was interested in the mansion on his right; it was by far the most beautiful he had ever seen. In the twilight the terraced gardens were magical; mingled and sweet perfumes drifted out to him. There was a stir by a hedge of oleanders; it was a girl; he couldn't see her very clearly. But he realized that her arms were bare and that she was young and slender. He had an impression of a fragile and delicate loveliness. At any rate Isaac Cordes liked to think of her that way; then she was appropriate in the garden, under the oleanders. For him she was as fine and remote and fragrant as the petals of the flowers. Not a girl at all in the sense that he had, for so long, known them.

He remembered Doctor Polidore's quadroon from the infernal horror of Santo Domingo, and he grew conscious of the sounds rising from the Landing—the laughter and violins and stilted phrases of the stilted croupiers. A steamboat sounded its exhaust below on the River—a steamboat with low-pressure boilers, probably the Louisiana. Snatches of dance music. A passionate and half-strangled cry. Wretched unhappiness. Hell! But he had escaped from it. He had broken away before it was too late. The peace in him deepened at the prospect of the peaceful days reaching before him. Damaris Vaun was a very engaging young man. He had been extremely civil. A lawyer and a cotton planter. The youngest judge he had ever seen. A pistol shot echoed like the crack of a whip from below.

If he stayed in Natchez, Isaac Cordes realized, he would have to own a horse. No one with any pretensions to decency walked. He could ride out into the country in the evenings, between the flowering fields of cotton. Soon the light hands—the women and the children—would be picking the first of the crop. The truth was that he should have a nigger. A gentleman would. The girl had vanished in the garden. She was gone. Still he was glad to know that she was there. That was enough. It was all he wanted. When he returned to the Mansion House, Damaris Vaun was standing on the pavement with a man whom he introduced as Mr. Cosmus Gibbes.

"There was a thing I wanted to ask you about," Isaac said to Vaun at the first opportunity. "I lost my servant on the River—I must admit to you, at brag—and I would be more comfortable with another. I'd like to buy one if I could find a likely boy at anything near a fair price. Since I'm not known I'm prepared to pay for him—I have a deposit at the Agricultural Bank—instead of the usual four months' note."

"Do what you please about the terms," Vaun replied; "although no one would ask a gentleman to pay for a nigger at sight. There is a slave market at China Grove, about a mile out; I am going to Washington tomorrow evening, and I would be glad to ride that far with you and introduce you to John Ackles, the dealer." Isaac Cordes thanked him and accepted his offer, but at supper he took care to sit at a distance from Vaun and Cosmus Gibbes. He wanted to avoid the appearance of a too great eagerness in looking for acquaintances.

After supper he sat on the dark gallery by his room, smoking in the still heat of the night. He was agreeably weary, without ambition; the strain under which he had existed for so long was relaxed. For the first time he realized how isolated a gambler was; a man cut off from humanity. A deep feeling of thankfulness rose, choking him at the throat; a sudden warm emotion blurred his eyes. What was it that had saved him? What had brought him up from the depths? It was like a miracle. At that first moment of escape it had seemed as though his base metal had been colored to gold. A welcome drowsiness settled over him, followed by profound sleep.

Riding to the slave market on the Washington road, Damaris Vaun talked with a pleasant and uninterrupted flow of words like the sound of the horses' hoofs in the dust. On either hand were old black gum trees, sycamores and dark magnolias; the live oaks were hung with gray trailing moss. Beyond reached green savannas and the cotton fields; the heat of the day was over and the blossoms were open, tender white and rose and dark violet. The fallen petals were violet and crimson. The cotton hands were leaving the fields, the women bright moving patches of color, coming in to the scaffold yards. There were soft staves of song, laughter and long calls. They stopped at a number of buildings of rough boards; saddle horses were outside, held by servants; within, the proprietor, John Ackles, greeted them cheerfully.

"This is my friend Isaac Cordes, from Connecticut," Vaun proceeded. "He lost his servant the way any gentleman might, on the River, and I brought him here to see if you could supply him with another."

They were in the narrow courtyard formed by the low buildings; negroes were playing quoits, fiddling, talking or asleep, and Ackles shouted for them to assemble. The men stood in a line, from the older, the taller, to the youngest. They were dressed alike in roundabouts and trousers of coarse corduroy; they had black fur hats and vests, white cotton shirts and practical shoes. Vaun and Isaac Cordes walked down the line critically.

"There's one, Mr. Vaun," Ackles specified. "Juba, step out here." A young man with steady hazel-colored eyes and a clear light brown skin moved forward. "That's the best boy I've had in my place for months," Ackles assured them. "He was Colonel Edward Burlette's servant—you'll remember him, Mr. Vaun—in Baton Rouge. The colonel died and the ladies came on bad times. He's right expensive though. I have to get nine hundred dollars for him."

Damaris Vaun was conducting the affair. "Open your mouth wide," he commanded the negro. "Let me see your hands." He nodded. "Roll up your sleeves. Juba, are you used to taking care of a gentleman's wardrobe?" Yes sir, the slave said, he was.

"Of course he's high," Vaun told Cordes, "but he looks exceptionally good. I wish I could afford him." The slave dealer moved forward. "Mr. Vaun, he's better than he looks. If Mr. Cordes isn't satisfied he can always bring him back—any time in the four months."

"You had better take him that way," Vaun advised Isaac Cordes. "Mr. Ackles, Mr. Cordes is prepared to pay in gold, since he is new to Natchez, but we don't want anything unfriendly like that. If necessary, I'll go on his paper. At present he's at the Mansion House." That, Ackles quickly replied, was absolutely unnecessary. He asked Mr. Cordes, however, if he would send back the clothes the boy stood in. It wasn't customary, Cordes remembered, for negro servants to wear the dress of the slave market. A chorus of good-natured exclamations rose from behind Juba. He was lucky to sell so quickly. It was plain he had found a good master who would keep him in rich coats. Wouldn't the other gentleman buy a house servant from Virginia? A Virginia nigger who had always served the best blood there was.

Isaac Cordes rode back to Natchez alone; he had arranged for Juba to come the following morning. The cotton fields, in the last of the daylight, were luminous, the savannas dark. The plantation houses, set far back in their groves, showed the glimmer of their candle-lighted windows. After supper Isaac Cordes returned to the esplanade. A broken and disused brick aqueduct lay across the face of the town and, over the small wooden bridge at the street's end, he entered the narrow and magical and green region where he had first found peace. It was too dark to see if the girl was again in the garden, but he thought of her there, under the arcades of yellow roses doubly sweet in the night,

(Continued on Page 101)

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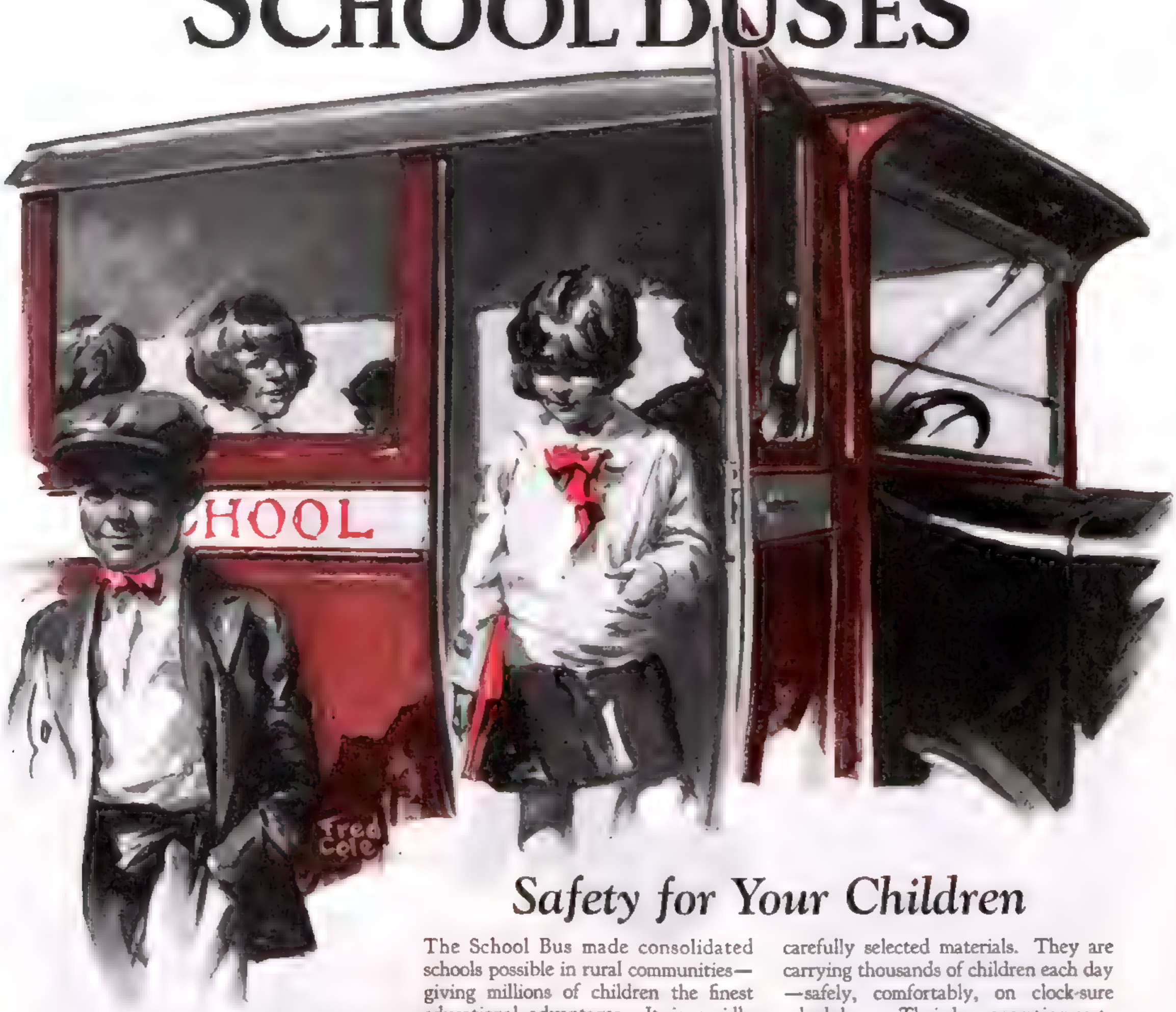


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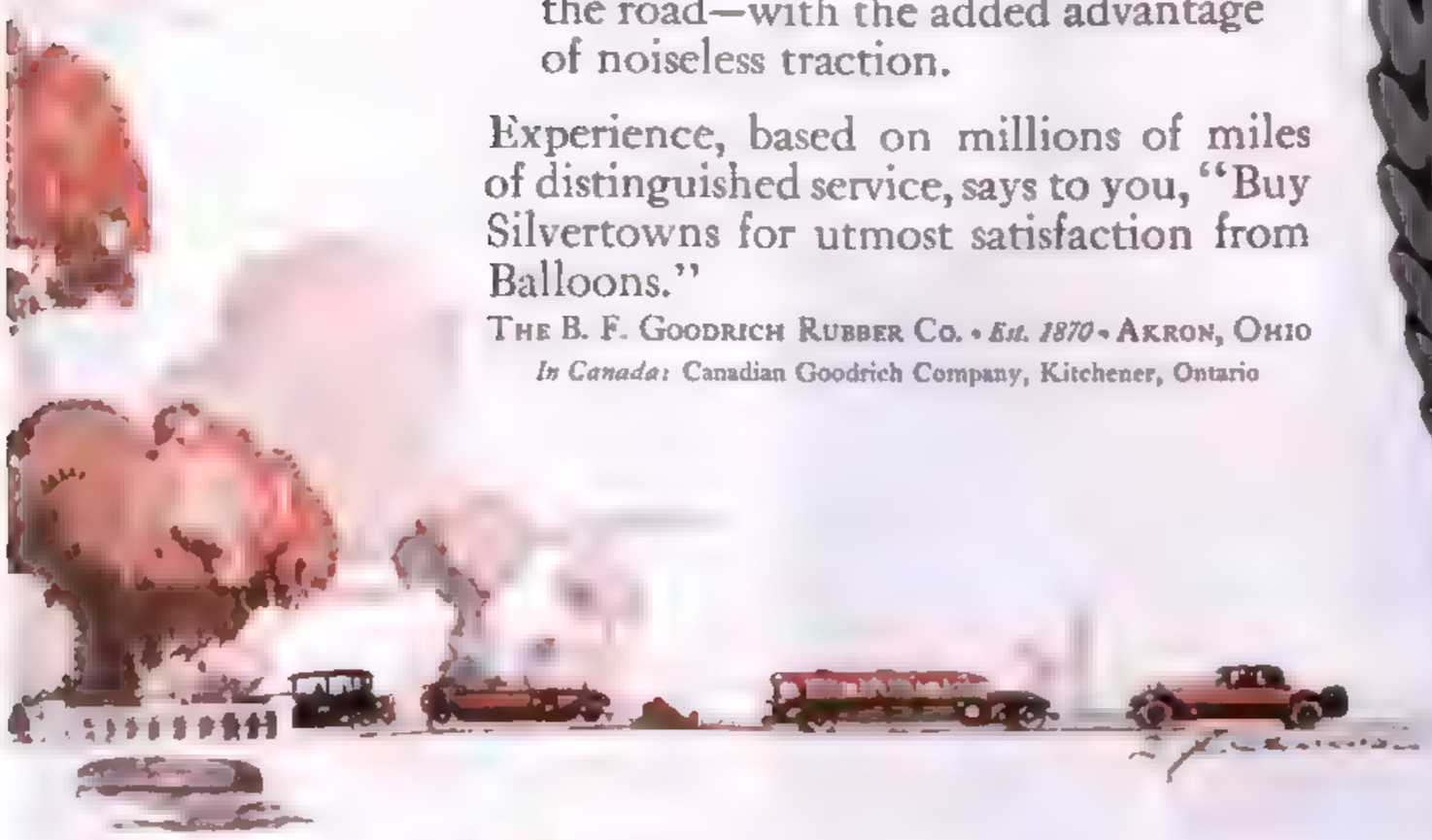

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(Continued from Page 96)

following the walks between flowering orange trees. The faint but clear and evil sounds of the Landing rose to the top of the Bluff, and Cordes thought of her as an angel on the silver clouds of heaven high above the crowded pain of hell.

His mind was filled with happy pictures and thoughts: The negroes playing the fiddle and slumbering in the slave market; the arrival of Juba in the morning; Damaris Vaun's warm generosity of manner; the good-natured intimate clamor at the ordinary in the Mansion House. He wanted desperately to be a part of it, to consult with the young judge, stand with Vaun and Cosmus Gibbes and the others on the sidewalk. However, he must avoid all signs of such desires; his safety in this new life depended on the independence of his bearing and acts.

When Juba arrived he accompanied him to stores where appropriate clothes were bought. The servant asked for a small ironing board and iron for Isaac Cordes' shirts and ruffles, and additional small purchases—the accessories of a gentleman's habit—were made. With this, Cordes began to have a recognized place in the town; a score of men greeted him at dinner and on the streets; the cashier of the Agricultural Bank made him a visit in the evening at the Mansion House; his opinions, as a widely traveled man and experienced, were required. He was absolutely contented. In the morning, now, Juba brought his coffee, the hot water, and laid out his razors. The servant, he discovered, had a serious and quiet disposition; he was religious and attended to his slight worldly duties in a deep abstraction. He performed them, though, to Cordes' entire satisfaction.

It was Juba's habit to sing under his breath—he had an exceptionally true and vibrant voice, and the room would echo softly with the name of Jesus. There would be no need, when Jesus came, to mourn or weep. Isaac Cordes liked the singing; it added to the soothing calm of Natchez and his new life. He began to think of religion, old memories of the miracles and promises of the Bible returned to him.

In the center of the town there was a neglected burying ground; its aged broken headstones and overgrown paths crowned a rise; streets were cut through it with bricked walls; and, standing in the midst of its tranquillity, Isaac Cordes could hear the quick-echoing beat of horses' hoofs, the turning of wheels, the crack of the carters' whips, in the narrow trottoirs. He had walked there from the hotel, after dinner. It was Saturday afternoon, and the sunny heat was musical with the sounds of children's games, the passing voices of horseback riders. There were some trees in the burying ground, a tangle of vines and wild flowers and sweet grasses; an air of infinite remoteness and repose. It seemed to be a world in itself where Isaac stood alone. The other world—Natchez and the River and the vast forests of Louisiana—seemed to have fallen a great distance away. He was as high above it as the sky was high above the earth.

A strange feeling, a deep emotion, possessed him, and he automatically said aloud the word "God." The emotion in him increased to a sharp and beautiful pain; a pain that was a dread and a dread that became an ecstasy. It was God who had saved him; who, in His infinite mercy, had reached down to the river, to the steamboat Ramapo, and raised him to a golden paradise. Tears of gratitude and humility streamed over Isaac Cordes' thin cheeks. Among the bright weeds he fell on his knees in a prayer that was all passionate gratitude and no words. Presently he got up and dried his face. His happiness had increased a hundredfold. The soft cries of the children at play were the singing voices of angels. His heart, like his room at the Mansion House, was filled with Juba's mellow proclamation of his Saviour.

All the facts of his life, which had seemed to be no more than the accidents of chance, took on a dignity of meaning—he had been a blind part of the sinfulness of the world and his eyes had been opened. The Lord had lifted him, the least of His creatures, into eternal light. He was filled with a childlike impulse of acknowledgment. The declining sun flooded the esplanade with a warm glow even more golden than usual. The courthouse bell was ringing, warning the slaves, at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon, to leave the town and return to their masters. A small group of negroes was standing under a tree, and a man started to leave, when an insinuating and derisive laugh called him back. Isaac Cordes saw Doctor Polidore's quadroon woman. It disturbed him to find her planting the seeds of iniquity in his place of divine blessing, and he rose from his customary bench.

"It's four o'clock," he told her, "and you must hurry to get down to the Landing before it is too late." The men with her fell away with obeisances, their hats off, but the quadroon gazed at him with an insolent composure. Doctor Polidore, she replied, was not in a hurry to see her just then. Cordes' manner hardened. "Where is your piece of paper?" he demanded. "Show me your permission to be around." She declared that she had lost it. The negro men had hurriedly gone. "Go down to the hotel at once," he commanded her. "If you are caught like this in Natchez, the town will give you thirty-nine lashes."

She stood facing him, silent, but with contemptuous lips, resentful eyes, and he turned abruptly away. Soon afterward Damaris Vaun joined him. "What I had to say to you was this," Vaun began immediately: "You have seen something of Natchez and the country around it, you have seen me, and we have seen enough of you to know that you might be one of us. Cordes, we—I would like you to be. In this way: I want to buy a cotton plantation; it's a little difficult for me right now, and I'd like right well if you were with me. It's not as expensive an undertaking as it sounds. We wouldn't need more than twenty-five hundred dollars to begin, and that would be principally for building; we'd get the land and niggers on credit—field hands would cost us about six hundred dollars apiece. A good acre, Isaac, will make near two bales of cotton, and a good nigger will pick seven or eight bales a season, and we'll get around fourteen cents a pound. We ought to pay off two-thirds of our notes the end of the first year and buy ten or twelve more niggers. The third year it would be practically all paid in, and the fourth we'd own a valuable property and maybe thirty hands. Thirty hands would show a profit to us of eleven thousand dollars."

Isaac Cordes didn't answer at once; he couldn't—what Vaun offered him surpassed all his dreams of earthly contentment. It held out to him the stability of peace he had hungered for. He would be able to stay close to Natchez, in the safe happiness of a plantation house under protecting live oaks, for the rest of his life.

Finally he replied, very quietly, "That would be suitable to me. As you know, I have the money in the bank here. I have more, too, away. I'll get it." It was evident that Damaris Vaun was delighted. His plans followed each other in a swift verbal succession. "You can live on the plantation, but I had better keep hold of the law for a little yet. We'll see Ackles tomorrow about the niggers and then go to the Agricultural Bank." He went on and on, and Isaac Cordes' sense of comfort and security increased. The wild blended sounds, the menace, of the Landing were scarcely audible.

Vaun abruptly rose. "We must tell my family about this," he declared. "Only an uncle is left in Natchez—James Alawayes and his family. They are not far. Just up on our right." On their right was the mansion of Cordes' great admiration. A feeling of unreality accompanied him in the sweetness of the gardens; the cordiality that, through Damaris Vaun, greeted him, left him breathless. He was presented to a slim pale girl, a girl like a tea rose, with her arms bare. She walked with him by the orange and lemon trees. They stood under the oleanders. The feeling of unreality increased in Isaac Cordes - the girl beside him was too delicate for actuality. In the darker dark of the arbors he was afraid that he would lose her completely. Even the perfume of the night, he imagined, must lie heavily on her.

Her voice, too, was slight; like a sigh, like a silver vapor. He said almost nothing. When they had left, Damaris Vaun said frankly that, though his cousin Mary Alawayes was a lovely creature, she didn't ensnare him. "Too thin," he added brutally. Cordes didn't reply. Mary—Mary Alawayes! A name musical with heavenly quantities. Oh, decidedly, she was more of heaven than of the world. Damaris Vaun couldn't perceive that; he was too thoughtlessly young, too much under the tyranny of the flesh. But she was the crown of Isaac Cordes' golden vision.

He thought of her as incorporeal, a thing of spirit in a transparent and momentary body, hardly more tangible than a faint sound of cymbals, no more physical than the scents of the roses that surrounded her. Isaac Cordes thought of her with adoration and without desire. The details of his coming arrangement with Vaun happily occupied him as well. He was amazed at the simplicity with which his future life in Natchez had been arranged. He was, in effect, a cotton planter; soon he would be riding into town with a wide-brimmed hat and tie his horse in front of the bank. He'd carry a thin whip and be a part of the familiar talk at the ordinary in the Mansion House. And sometimes, in the evening, he would go to the Alawayes' and walk in the gardens there with Mary. Some of this he communicated to Juba:

"Juba, Mr. Vaun and I are going to buy a plantation together. I will live on it while he continues for a while at the law." Juba was glad of this. Mr. Vaun was a gentleman of high birth. "I'll have to learn a lot about cotton, and you'll have plenty to do. I won't have a housekeeper, I think, but make you in charge of that. I'll have to depend on you, Juba, a great deal. I've seen the land Mr. Vaun has in mind. It's not far beyond the ruins of Fort Rosalie on the South road. Hardly more than a half hour by horse from town. We will have to build a plantation house and quarters and put up the scaffold yard and gin. There will be a lot of clearing necessary at first too—brush and vines and other trash. But it isn't really wild. Not really, Juba. We ought to be fixed by Christmas, with a wild turkey for dinner. Juba, the Lord provides for the faithful and those who acknowledge Him."

Juba said amen and glory. "Yes, Lord," Juba intoned, "for the faithful."

It was morning, approaching noon; they were in Isaac Cordes' room in the Mansion House, and a servant knocked at the door and entered. Mr. Vaun was outside and wanted to see Mr. Cordes very special. That was strange, Cordes thought; Damaris Vaun had planned to go out to their prospective land immediately after breakfast and then continue down the River on an errand of law. "I'll come at once," he replied. As he left he was followed by the dark ecstatic voice of Juba singing about the glory of the Promised Land.

Damaris Vaun was waiting on the gallery of the hotel. It was clear that he was disturbed, for he kept hitting at the floor with his riding whip. "I didn't want to see you about this, but I had to," he proceeded. "After all, it's only the talk of the negroes. Mr. Cordes, it seems that Houce, a servant of mine, knows a yellow girl down at the Landing. He was on the esplanade with her this Sunday evening, and they saw you. It's ridiculous, of course; but she told him you were a River gambler and that your name in reality was Sylvester Dering. She said you had left the River for a while until some trouble about a death was over. All

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How to relieve, remove and prevent

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you have to do is assure me—as it can't be—that this isn't true. God knows I wouldn't hear such a thing from an ordinary nigger, but Houce is a serious man; he has been with us a long time."

Isaac Cordes gazed intent and silent into Damaris Vaun's face; a greatly increased affection for Vaun possessed him; he loved him and he pitied him for his insensibility to God. What, Cordes wondered, had God in store for him? He had been exalted with pride and the vanity of earthly happiness. The peace of heaven wasn't so easily, so cheaply, found.

"Mr. Vaun," he replied, "everything your negro told you is true. I was on the River and my name was Sylvester Dering. But there is this difference—I left the River forever. My life is as new and changed as my name."

A slight flush gathered under the dark skin of Vaun's face. "Am I to understand," he demanded, "that you came up to Natchez and with a false name and false pretenses deliberately took advantage of our hospitality?"

It had the look of that, Cordes admitted.

He owned no impulse to defend himself. He had a numbing feeling that God was speaking in the voice of Damaris Vaun. "It didn't appear to me that I could do you any harm," he explained briefly. "I asked you for nothing and I had nothing to offer you."

"Harm!" The other echoed him sharply. "Do you suppose it is our habit to associate with gamblers and assassins from the River? What, sir, I specially resent is the fact that you permitted me to introduce you into Mr. Alawayes' house. He has a right to think very badly of me. If it hadn't been for that I could have managed to ignore you, after ordering you out of town." Isaac Cordes knew what would, what then must, follow. It would be impossible for him. He couldn't fight a duel. Vaun asked, "Is there anyone at the Landing half fit to act in an affair of honor?" Isaac Cordes admitted that he couldn't answer. "It won't be necessary to find out. I won't meet you that way, Mr. Vaun."

Damaris Vaun's anger rose. "I thought River rats like yourself fought at every opportunity," he replied. "It was that reputation which made me offer you a duel. It was possible you might believe I was afraid of you." He was silent, gazing down at the short space between them. Isaac Cordes told himself that his lies had found him out. Beyond the slender posts of the gallery the tranquil yellow noon blurred in his sight. It was a beautiful place. Vaun, he could see, was troubled. He abruptly repeated his challenge. "No, Mr. Vaun," Cordes said.

Suddenly he felt a brutally sharp quick pain across his face—Vaun had slashed him with his riding whip—he hit him again and then stood regarding him with a congested, fixed stare.

Isaac Cordes threw up his arm to hide the shame of the blows; blood was spreading down over his face. Other men were gathering around them. Damaris Vaun explained stiffly, "He isn't Isaac Cordes, but Dering, a River gambler. Yes, on his own confession. I offered him a chance, but he refused."

In Isaac Cordes' room Juba, with a basin of water, helped to remove the blood. Cordes was deeply cut, twice, across the left cheek and nose; it would be necessary, he saw, to have a doctor. He felt faint and sick. Later, his face curiously muffled and bound, he stood at a window looking out across the gallery into Main-street. There was a constant stream of carriages from the plantations and planters on horses, with white coats, wide white hats and whips. Once he had thought to be a part of that desirable procession, a planter with a house with a colonnade under the aged branches and moss of live oaks. Negroes in the cotton fields, among the rose and white blossoms, the dark fallen petals. He saw now how hopeless that vision had been; impossible, but miraculously beautiful; lovely with peace.

In a little now he would leave it forever—the burying ground where he had found God, Main-street with its imposing brick blocks, the bank in which he was no longer a depositor, Fort Rosalie crumbling amongst its flowers, the green and shaded esplanade high above the sinful current of the River and of life. All the while he had been there, he remembered, the sounds of the Landing had mocked at him and threatened him.

He called Juba. "Juba, I'm going where I can't take you. I am leaving you behind, but I'm not uneasy about you. You have seen the light of the face of the Lord. I thought about freeing you, but it would be a mistake. A free negro is more often wretched than not. I want you to take a note to Mr. Damaris Vaun and he will talk to Ackles about you."

When he was alone again, his room had begun to darken, but the town was bathed in a transcendent golden tide of light. The carriages had mostly gone; the street was practically empty. It was at this hour that he had usually gone to the esplanade. But he had seen Mary Alawayes later, in the full of the dusk. She was different from other girls, a spirit scarcely pinned to earth by her body. She was so fragile that he had been afraid of losing her in the gloom of the arbors of yellow roses. Where she walked the ground was covered with pink bloom. He pulled the bell rope sharply; it was time to go.

The carriage taking him down to the Landing quickly reached the descent on the Bluff. For a moment the last of the sunlight touched him and then he sank into the gloom below. The Landing was waking up; there was a preliminary sound of fiddles, the streets were beginning to be crowded. An intolerable pain, a sense of irreparable loss struck at his heart. Isaac Cordes was gone—Sylvester Dering had returned to the River. He drove directly to the levee; the steamboat Eagle was ready to depart down the River to New Orleans. She was tied in close and he stepped on board, keeping his bag from the clamoring importunities of the negro stevedores. There was a surge of water under the paddle wheels, and the Landing, the Bluff and Natchez, fell away.

Sylvester Dering stopped in the entrance to the crowded salon of the steamboat. He breathed almost in a gasp and then stepped forward one pace. "Friends," he said. He waited. "Friends, there is a land above flooded with a golden light. A land of everlasting security. It is far above us, the road is narrow and steep and blind with dust. But it can be traveled if your hearts are steady. It is a beautiful land where the ground is covered with flowers; the white mansions of the blessed stand in a green and shaded peace; and the fields are white with the plenty of the Lord. This is a true testimony, friends, for miraculous as it may seem, I have been there. I saw it with my own eyes. Then because of my sins I was turned away." His voice rose more strongly, colored with pity and the hunger for perfection: "We lost it, but it is ours and we must return to the presence of our Saviour the Lord Jesus Christ."

Editor's Note—This is the second of a series of stories by Mr. Hergesheimer. The next will appear in an early issue.

*The Day After the Impresario Discovered the Dishwasher Tenor*

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# LOST ECSTASY

(Continued from Page 31)

to himself. He seemed content to have her beside him; to hold her hand; even—as he improved—to let her read to him. The reading rather bored him, but he submitted amiably enough.

"All right," he would say resignedly; "let's hear what the poor simp did after he let his wife up and leave him."

But he would drop off to sleep very soon. He had lived in a hard school, and the fetish of the printed word was not for him. However, if he roused and she was not in sight he was restless until she returned.

"Seems to me you're eating right hearty these days."

"I have to walk two blocks to eat at all."

But over his injury and its cause he preserved a silence even to her. Sometimes she would look up from her book to see him staring at the ceiling, with a strange concentration that almost frightened her, and with his fists clenched.

It was a strange life for Kay. Her romance had got about, and well-intentioned nurses invented errands to get a look at her. And one day a very strange thing happened. A man down the hall said he knew her and would be grateful if she would stop in and see him. It was Ronald Osborne. She hardly knew him at first, the dapper little man who used to pose for the benefit of the servants, and even now was smoothing his hair with one thin hand.

"Hello, Kay."

"Hello, Uncle Ronald. I didn't —— Have you been very ill?"

"Not very," he said. "Not very. . . . So you've decided to live your own life after all, Kay! You got away from them, eh?"

"I'm afraid I've hurt them all pretty badly."

"Not you," he said. "They're thick-skinned. Look at your Aunt Bessie!" He laughed a little, horribly. "Your mother's different, but she hadn't your courage. She never did get away."

She went back again a day or two later, forcing herself rather, because she had never liked him. But the bed was neatly made and empty, and she learned that Uncle Ronald had himself got away the night before, quite comfortably and without pain.

It was indeed a queer life; and not the least queer thing about it was her relationship to Tom and his to her. This long youth alternately lying back on his pillows and refined by pain into gentleness, or cursing the surgeon half humorously and half in earnest when he dressed his leg, was a stranger to her. Sometimes he caught her staring at him, and a gulf of self-consciousness opened between them. He would try to bridge it.

"Come on over here, girl. What're you thinking about?"

"Nothing. It seems so queer, doesn't it?"

"It seems pretty fine to me; the finest thing that ever happened."

"Getting hurt?"

"Now that's not like you, girl. Loving you and getting you. You're mine. Don't forget that."

She had managed to keep the papers from him and he knew nothing of Herbert or of the scandal. But once he startled her by asking about Herbert. His hands, calloused and hard, had begun to peel, and he eyed them ruefully.

"Nice hands for a real he man!" he said scornfully. "Thev'll soon be as soft and white as Percy's!" He looked up at her. "What's became of li'l' old Percy, anyhow? He'd have made a fine girl, he would!"

"I suppose he's all right."

"It wouldn't surprise me to learn that he chewed a finger nail plumb off when he heard the news," he drawled.

It had never occurred to him that his injury was a permanent one. As he improved he began to make plans. He had saved some money—enough to get them back home, and he wasn't afraid after that. He could always take care of her; not the way she'd been used to, but he was strong and he wasn't afraid to work.

"You stick to me, girl, and I'll amount to something yet."

"I'll always stick, Tom."

She could not tell him. She would listen to his plans with a sort of terror for the time when he would have to know, and her hands would grow cold in his, and sometimes the nurse, overhearing, would look at her and shake her head.

One evening she went back to that lonely hotel room of hers, to open the door and find Bessie settled in a chair by the window and the room full of cigarette smoke. But Bessie, who was wise with the wisdom of the serpent, avoided any emotion by receiving her very casually.

"Hello, Kay. Had your dinner yet?"

"I was going to order something up here."

"Then order for two," said Bessie. "I'm over on some business about poor Ronald. I didn't even know he was sick. . . . Well, how's your husband coming on?"

Bessie's matter-of-fact manner did her good. She missed nothing, did Bessie, from the handkerchiefs pasted to dry on the mirror to the strain on the girl's face. The hotel bedroom was "awful." But she brought Kay the news from home that she had been hungering for. Henry had locked up her clothes; she had tried to bring her some, but she could not. But her mother was less unhappy than Kay probably imagined. She was not so well as she might be. She had gone over to the cemetery and taken cold. Kay ought to write to her.

It was only when she learned that Tom's injury was a permanent one that she became grave.

"Then—what will you do?"

"I don't know. They haven't told him yet."

"What your father ought to do is to give him an allowance. I'll see what I can do, Kay."

"It wouldn't be any good. Tom wouldn't touch it, or allow me to."

Later on, after her own worldly fashion, Bessie tried to be helpful. "You see, Kay, you have a lot to learn. This thing about love, now —— You think everything's over, I dare say. You've got him and he's got you. But it isn't, you know. The greatest love stories come after marriage. If I hadn't married poor Ronald ——" She checked herself.

And again, over the meal served in that dingy room: "You can divide any woman's life into three parts—up to twenty, anticipation; from twenty to forty, fulfillment—if she's lucky. Usually it is compromise and resignation. Some, of course ——" She smiled. "Compromise or be compromised!" she ended lightly.

It was only before she left that she mentioned Tom again. Out of deference to the object of her journey, she wore very smart black, and she surveyed herself carefully in the mirror and then added an extra touch of rouge.

"Not that it fools anybody except myself! Kay, don't try to make your cowboy over. Give him a long rope. If I know the type he'll need it. But he'll come back and be glad to, if you're clever with him. They all do, you know."

But Bessie felt, when she got on the train, that she had been trying to teach a child higher mathematics. That was one of the tragedies of experience; it could never help anyone else.

Kay wrote a long letter to her mother before she went to bed that night. It was a tragic letter between the lines; her divided allegiance, her love for them all, her regret at having had to hurt them. She never received any reply, for Katherine never got the letter; but she was having her own troubles those days. She hardly noticed the lack of response.

One trouble was a small one comparatively. She came back from her luncheon to find that Tom had had a letter, and that he had not wanted her to see it. The nurse was carrying it out, torn into minute pink scraps, when she went in. He did not mention it to her, but he was very gentle, very conciliatory, all the rest of the day.

The other was a big one. The day came when Tom had to learn the truth—that his ankle would always be stiff. Kay never forgot the look in his eyes.

"Stiff?" he said. "Then what did you save me for? I'm through!"

"Lots of men go through life with one leg," said the surgeon. "You've got two. If one's not as good as the other ——"

Tom laughed. It was not pleasant to hear, and his face was ghastly.

"So that's it!" he said. "Me kidding myself along, and all the rest of you kidding, too, and I'm a cripple for life! It's a good joke, isn't it? Why don't you all laugh? Go on out, girl, and order me a pair of crutches good ones. They'll have to last a long time."

Then he groaned and rolled over on his face. He did not move for two hours. Once or twice Kay ventured to touch him, but he drew away as if she had burned him. At the end of that time, however, he reached out gropingly, and she took his hand and held it.

"I've just about wrecked you, girl," he said, his voice smothered in the pillow.

"Do you think it makes any difference to me, Tom? I've known all along."

When twilight came, as if he had not wanted her to see his face before, he turned over in the bed and drawing her down to him, held her close.

"I've given you a pretty raw deal," he said, "but if you'll only stick, girl, I'll pull out of this somehow."

"Just keep on loving me, Tom. I can bear anything else."

"We'll beat the game yet."

"Of course we will."

"Just you and me against the lot of them, eh?"

"Just you and me, dear."

He slept little that night, and the next day his temperature was up. Kay came in, to find him sitting up in the bed and staring morosely before him.

He let her kiss him without response, and as soon as the nurse had gone out he turned to her somberly.

"I've been doing some thinking," he said. "The best thing you can do is to go back to your folks."

"Do you want me to go?"

"I can't support you. What's the use of fooling ourselves? They'll take you back. And you can tell them you are purer than the lily, that ——"

"Tom!"

"Well, it's God's truth," he said sullenly. "You go back where you can be comfortable; where you'll have enough to eat anyhow." He avoided her eyes. "I'll have trouble enough keeping myself."

"Look at me. I'll go if you say you have stopped caring and don't want me."

"It isn't a question of caring. You married a man, not a cripple, and I'm giving you your chance to get out from under. You'd better take it before I yell my fool head off."

The mixed emotions of the next few days almost exhausted her. He rose to heights of the tenderest love, only the next moment to thrust her from him and sink into depths of sullen despair. Once, determined to move the stiffened ankle, he got out of bed and tried to walk on it, and the nurse found him flat on the floor in a faint. Again he insisted on proof that the company was paying his hospital bills, and not her family.

"Remember this," he told her darkly: "If you stick to me you get no help from them. I'm no kept man and I don't want their dirty money."

There was a terrible scene when they brought in his crutches. He sat in his wheel chair—he was up by that time and taking them in his hands turned them over with a mocking smile.

"Pretty, aren't they?" he said. "All shiny and nice and —— Where's the tin cup, Kay? There ought to be a tin cup to go with them." Suddenly he flung them across the room.

He was never reconciled to them. Now and then she coaxed him to walk with her in the hospital corridor. He would swing along, his big shoulders hunched, the bad foot hanging awkwardly, but if he saw anyone but the nurses he would turn abruptly and start back. And what was worse for her, she felt that he was harboring a suspicion that in maiming his fine body he had somehow lost his claim on her. He was less arrogant in his demands on her love, more inclined to those long and bitter periods when he lay and stared at the ceiling, with his hands clenched, darkly plotting some secret revenge of his own.

But along with this he was, she discovered, cherishing a hope too. When they showed him his X-ray plates he scoffed at them, and at the surgeons after they had gone.

"Just because a fellow wears a white coat doesn't mean he knows everything," he told her. "I'm waiting till old Dunham gives the word. That old boy knows bones. He was settin' legs out in the mountains with a gun barrel for a splint before these lady killers were foaled."

And then one day, when they were almost ready to go and she was packing his clothing, the gay shirts and neckerchiefs, the boots inlaid with colored leathers, the heavy chaps, the broad-brimmed hat, the nurse brought in some old newspapers for packing—and he learned about Herbert! He was in his wheel chair at the time, and she looked up at the rustle of paper and his intent deadly silence. She went to look over his shoulder, but he held it up beyond her reach.

"I'm finishing this," he said coldly.

It was all there—the brilliant preparations for the wedding, the gifts, her flight, Tom himself on horseback, and it ended with a highly drawn account of the shooting. She was terrified, but he was quiet enough at first.

"Why didn't you tell me about him?"

"It wouldn't have changed things, would it?"

"It would and it wouldn't," he said slowly. "I'm no kidnaper, that's all. If I'd known all that ——"

"Are you trying to say you wouldn't have married me?" There was a catch in her throat.

"I'm trying to say I'd have gone to him like a man, and not acted like a yellow dog." Later on, however, his jealousy of Herbert began to manifest itself in the form of scorn.

"And so you were going to marry Percy! With all the he men there are in the world, you had to pick on him! A fellow that, if he ever saw a hair on his chest he'd shave it off! And you let him hang around you and make love to you! Girl, when I think of him kissing you it makes me sick."

She said little or nothing. She never saw that behind his outrageous talk lay the tragedy of his own crippled condition, his poverty and his bitter jealousy. She was frightened and not entirely just. She told herself that he had unsuspected violences, even cruelties; that he was primitive, savage, ruthless, and that he meant to break her as he would break a horse. But she would not be broken. She was not old Lucius' granddaughter for nothing. After an hour or so she suddenly stopped her packing and put on her hat.

"I am going to the hotel, Tom," she said. "If you want me to come back you can send for me."

(Continued on Page 108)

THEY SAVE • THEY COLLECT • THEY EARN

# McCASKEY

## CASH REGISTERS
## CREDIT SYSTEMS

# "Air-tight" Accounting *for Bottling Plants*

Filling orders quickly—blocking errors—speeding collections—recording empty cases—filing customers' receipts—all are in the day's work for the bottling plant manager

Speed and accuracy are urgent necessities. Records must be simple, convenient, dependable—"air tight" for manager or assistant.

McCaskey "ONE Writing" Systems solve this accounting problem.

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The original order, the delivery instructions, customer's receipt, the record of empty cases returned, the audited financial statement, etc.—all are provided for with "*ONE Writing.*" The complete record is always on file in the manager's office for *instant* reference.

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# Improved by Science

## America's Scientifically Correct Balloon Tire

*This marks the passing of all previous conceptions of balloon tire performance*

NOW you can buy a tire of proved results—*based on scientific certainty.* The same certainty that science has brought to the telephone, the electric light, the radio.

After years of research—coupled with a wealth of manufacturing experience and millions of miles of road tests—Miller has perfected America's Scientifically Correct Balloon Tire. And *proved* it on thousands of cars.

This perfection marks at once the passing of all previous conceptions of balloon tire performance—and the achievement of a new and amazing degree of wear and service.

### *1 One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls*

Gone for all time is fear of cracking joints and the destruction that followed with old ways. Now—the husky Miller tread reaches all the way around the tire in one piece from toe to toe. *All joints and hinging centers are eliminated—no chance whatever for cracking.* Six months of actual road service on hundreds of thousands of cars *proved* the *scientific correctness* of this new Miller design.

### *2 Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread*

The broad, road-shaped contact surface of the Miller exclusive Geared-to-the-Road Tread runs *even with the road.* With light or heavy load—the entire width of this famous tread is *on* the road—taking wear evenly—and therefore *slowly.* Thus Miller banished uneven, spotty tread wear—the outstanding cause of short tire life. Not satisfied to stop there—a third unique result was obtained.

### *3 "Uniflex" Cord Construction*

Insures uniform flexibility of all parts—completing a perfectly balanced tire. Built to resist curb and rut jolts—springs back from blows to normal shape with the quick, springy action of live rubber—leaving One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls, Bead and Uniflex Cord Carcass secure and intact. Thus the common cause of internal wear is eliminated and miles added to balloon ture life.

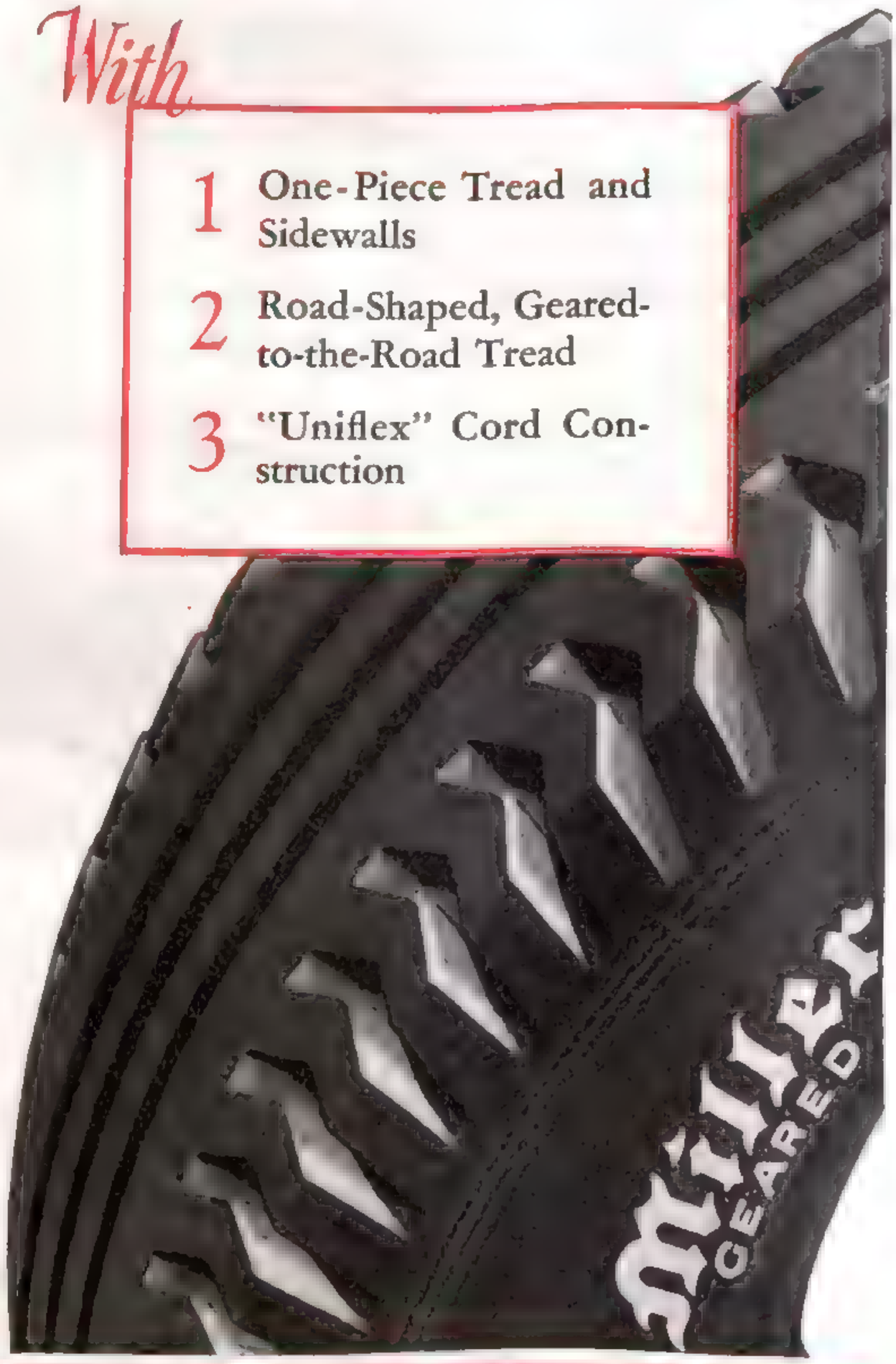
THE MILLER RUBBER CO. of N. Y.
AKRON, OHIO, U. S. A.

*With*

1 One-Piece Tread and Sidewalls

2 Road-Shaped, Geared-to-the-Road Tread

3 "Uniflex" Cord Construction




**Miller** *Scientifically Correct*
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.
GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD

# Proved by Service

Balloon
-TO-THE-ROAD
One-Piece Tread and Sidewall—No Separation Possible
No Joint No Hinging
This illustrates how Miller engineers have finally perfected the *scientifically correct* balloon tire. Note how the husky tread and sidewalls are now in one piece, eliminating joints and danger of cracking.
*Miller dealers will be glad to explain—and service your tire needs*
miller
GEARED-TO-THE-ROAD
*The Tire Builder says:*
"If one comes back,
I'm penalized"

# Balloon Tires

MILLER KNOWS RUBBER

(Continued from Page 104)

But he did not send for her. He came to her instead. She opened her door that night, to find him, crutches and all, standing outside.

"Well, here I am!" he said, much as she had said it the day she had gone to him. "Do I come in or am I on my way?"

The next moment she was in his arms.

### XXV

"Tom McNair has come back to God's country once more, this time bringing a wife with him, the late Miss Katherine Dowling. Tom has had a bit of hard luck in the East, but says he will be all right soon. Good luck to the newly-weds."

TO CLARE HAMEL the news of Tom's marriage had come as a crushing blow. Even his accident paled into insignificance beside it. And she got small comfort at home.

"I never did think you'd land him," her mother said. "He's too slippery. But this girl won't hold him either, if that's any comfort to you."

It did comfort her vaguely. "Why won't she, mom?"

"She's a Dowling. She's cold," said Mrs. Hamel, turning a pork chop with her fork. "And she's hard; they all are. Not that Tom's any feather bed," she added.

Hope, which had been dead in Clare, lifted its head again. Her mother had a fund of good common sense. Tom would live with this girl for a while, tire of her, and then ——

It was mid-June when Kay and Tom McNair came home, and the hot summer of the semiarid country was well advanced. Except on the high peaks, where the snow lay the year round, the white patches up above in the range which had persisted through May had already disappeared. But although the snow was gone, the creeks were still full. They came roaring down from their mountains turbulent and free, only to be captured, turned into conduit, high line ditch or low-lying trench and fed to the thirsty land. Then, their youth thus spent, their joyousness departed, depleted by their travail of grain and grass, they moved on sedately on their two-thousand-mile journey to the sea, carrying thither their strange freight from the far-off back country—small drowned creatures, charred trees from some forgotten forest fire, perhaps an empty tin from a cattle camp.

At morning and evening, in still pools, the trout were beginning to rise, cutthroats with their red-gashed jaws, delicately tinted Dolly Vardens, and rainbows. On the mountain slopes some of the evergreen trees showed red from winterkill, and lower down certain of the cottonwoods and elders had bent under the heavy snows and lived on, twisted and anæmic, like creatures recovering from a long illness. The deer and elk had retreated into the depths of the range.

There was hope among the stockmen that early summer. The winter had been normal and freight rates were coming down. Their cattle were fattening on the new grass. True, the good days were gone beyond recall; the public domain had been taken from them and given to homesteaders, who lived a while, sometimes died, and left their wives behind them when they went. But the plains and mountain of the back country showed more cattle than ever before. If only the summer was normal like the winter and spring, then ——

The wheat men, too, were cheerful. There was a tariff wall against Canadian wheat, and their own fields were promising. True, they could not farm like the Newcomb job, north on the reservation. Newcomb had made wheat growing an engineering matter, connected his farm machinery to great caterpillar engines, harrowed, drilled and sowed with a dozen clattering machines connected in sequence, thought in hundreds of thousands where they thought in fives and twos.

But their fields were green and promising. Now, if they had enough rain, and no grasshoppers or hail, then, please God ——

If! If! The eternal "if" of the Northwest, placing its hopes in the Almighty and a Government which seemed to have forgotten it, and its confidence in itself and its strong men.

Tom was restless on the train until the last day. Then Kay, stirring early, found him bending over and staring at the rolling treeless country outside, with a queer look in his eyes.

"We're getting there, Kay," he said. "It begins to look like home."

She was astonished to hear his voice tremble.

He had been very quiet after that, content apparently to sit, her hand in his, and gaze out of the window. He was even, she thought, somewhat tense during the hours when the train curved and swayed through the bad lands.

She had taken to watching him in a way; she had sacrificed so much for him, was so completely bound up in him, so cut off from everything else, that his slightest action had significance for her.

"Isn't that cabin of Jake's down here somewhere, Tom?"

"Over that way." He made a vague gesture. "Let's forget that, girl!"

He had told her very little of that winter before, nothing at all about the Miller, except that he was dead. She had learned to accept his reserves; that he lived a strong, tumultuous inner life under a surface of stoical calm; that even she would never entirely know the depths of his heart or of his thoughts. But now she tried again.

"Was it as bad as all that?"

"It was all right." He stirred uneasily. "Lonely, that's all."

But he was cheerful enough when they reached the Martin House that night, and he limped up the stairs to that small close bedroom which was to be her home for so many weary weeks.

"Little old town sure looks good to me, Ed."

"It's sure missed you, Tom. 'Evening, Mrs. McNair. If you want to go right up "

Getting up the stairs was troublesome. She saw Ed watching from below, and that Tom was resenting that slow progress and Ed's intent gaze with equal bitterness. But once inside the room, he took off his hat and bending down, kissed her.

"Welcome home, girl," he said. "God knows what's going to happen to us now, but here we are!"

He was still cheerful the next morning. He had sent out for a walking stick, and sending for George, the colored bellhop and general factotum, gravely presented the crutches to him. Kay protested, but he only grinned at her.

"Why, say," he drawled, "if I went down the street on crutches the boys would shoot me, out of pity!"

She watched him starting out with anxiety and apprehension, so gay a figure was he, so carefully dressed, so helpless. But she did not show it.

He had made an elaborate toilet for the occasion, grinning as he did so.

"Got to hit them in the eye first thing," he told her. "If they've got any idea that I'm down and out they can take an eyeful and forget it. In a couple of weeks I'll be riding a horse with the best of them."

"But you can't mount, can you?"

"Shucks!" he said. "Until this old leg loosens up, if I can't find an Indian pony that can be mounted from the off side, I can get one and learn it in a week."

"Teach it, you mean, don't you?"

"You're having a great time making me over, aren't you?" he said, but without rancor. "'Please don't use a toothpick where folks can see you.' 'You don't need to fold your napkin; they won't use it again anyhow.' Now it's the way I talk! If I've got to think about the way I say things I'll have to stop talking."

He kissed her and went out. And whatever was to come, that first morning of Tom's in his own land, among his own people, was one of almost complete happiness. Some instinct kept him away from Doctor Dunham at first. Instead, he found himself making a more or less triumphal procession through the town. His cane clicked half a dozen feet and stopped. Men emerged from stores and offices to greet him or halted cars and called to him. Half a dozen small boys followed him at a respectful distance, and an old Indian woman, frankly curious, added herself to his train. He glowed and expanded.

"Hey, you fellows! Come on out! Here's Tom McNair!"

And they came out, leaving their small businesses, their desks and counters, and surrounded him. He had brought to their circumscribed lives a touch of romance and color; he had traveled, been applauded and had his picture in the papers day after day. Then he had been shot, and no sooner had the town had the thrill of that than it learned that he had married Kay Dowling! For forty years the Dowling name had been one to conjure with in that part of the state, and now Tom—their Tom—had married a Dowling!

"Say, lemme touch you for luck, boy."

"You bet! But you don't call this leg luck, do you?"

"Well, look who's here! Why, Tom, you old son of a gun, when did you get back?"

"Last night."

"Missus with you?"

"Yes. We're at the Martin House for a day or so. Come in and see us."

"Sure will."

He expanded, the sense of constriction around his heart left him.

He asked questions. The Mallorys were all right. The Potter Cattle Company had been putting in some scientific sheep pens and dipping vats. And Bill was still on the railroad and seemed to like it.

But he passed the Emporium without looking in.

Finally, however, he had left the business portion of the street behind him, and his exhilaration gradually left him. The end of his cane seemed to sink in the hot paving and small beads of sweat broke out on his face. Once when he was a youngster, about to ease himself into the saddle in his first bucking contest, he had known the same feeling of now or never. Only then he had been alone. If he broke his back or his neck it was his business. Now ——

The doctor was at home. His ancient car was at the curb, but the old man himself was inside the open door, carefully pouring something out of a bottle onto the back of a woebegone little French poodle.

"Beats me," he said, scarcely looking up, "where she gets the dratted things. Stand still, Lily May, stand still!"

Tom grinned. He knew the old doctor. The little dog squirmed, the liquid poured down onto the dusty carpet, a bird in a cage somewhere inside began to sing. Not until the bottle was empty and a released Lily May had shot down the steps and under the porch did Doctor Dunham so much as glance at him again.

"One bad horse too many, eh, Tom?"

He forced a grin. "You can call it that if you like, doc."

"And after you've allowed all that disinfected, white-aproned crowd in the East to paw over you, you've come to me, eh?"

"They grabbed me when I couldn't fight back."

The doctor chuckled. "Come in, Tom," he said. "Come on in and let's see what they've done to you."

He did not wash his hands, but, dirty as they were, they were both skillful and kind as he cut off the bandages and poked here and there.

"Had pictures, of course?"

"Pictures! Sure, got an album full. Going to hand it to my kids to show their friends. 'That's father's left leg at the age of twenty-eight!'"

He laughed, his throat tight, and the examination went on.

"What did those fellows say?"

"Oh, they cheered me up all they could; said it would always be stiff. Said I'd better learn a new trade."

The doctor stood up and glanced out of the window. "Well, what could you do?" he inquired.

Tom stared at him. His color slowly faded. "That's all, is it?" he said slowly. "There's nothing to do? I don't care how far you go, doc. Dig in if you like, cut it open, cut it off if you can't fix it."

"I'm not God. I can't make a new joint. And that one's gone."

He began in his businesslike fashion to rebandage the leg, but he did not look up. In silence he finished; in silence Tom drew on his sock and his slipper. When that was done the old man disappeared, returning with a glass to take down a bottle from his shelves.

"I've got a little prune juice and sugar here," he said. "It's what they sell me now for *spiritus frumenti*, but it's got a kick to it. Better have some."

But Tom declined, not because he did not want the liquor but because he was afraid it would unman him. He had a sickening fear that he might break down, and the unkempt wise old man across from him knew it, for he did not insist. He put the bottle away and Tom rose and picked up his cane.

"Well, that's that!" he said. "I always did have the luck of a lousy calf. Live all winter and die in the spring."

"You've had some good luck, too, according to the papers."

"That depends on how you look at it. If I can't keep her ——"

Outside, Lily May had abandoned her refuge under the porch and was now rolling frenziedly in the grass. On Tom's reappearance, however, she once more sought sanctuary. Of the train which had followed him up the street only the Indian woman had persisted. She now stood on the opposite corner, and there was a certain satisfaction in her glance. Tom saw her, and in all his agony of mind recognized the heavy sagging figure, the broad impassive face. Suddenly fury seized him by the throat. He limped across the street and confronted her.

"You tell Little Dog for me," he said, white-faced, "that if I ever lay eyes on him I'll kill him. You savvy?"

"Little Dog no here."

"I know damned well he isn't here. He'd better not be."

She gazed at him, her small deep-set eyes unfathomable. Then suddenly she smiled, with a flash of white teeth, turned away from him and with a gesture of derision moved on.

Tom stood where she had left him, ashamed of the fury which still consumed him, and fairly frightened by it. His hands were trembling, his breathing audible. There was no trace now of the blithe and gallant figure which had left the Martin House that morning; the sweat on his face was cold, small black flecks danced before his eyes. In that mood he could have killed—or died. The thought of Main Street again with its friendly back slapping, its outstretched hands, its easy optimism, was insupportable.

Of Kay he dared not think at all.

What he craved, like a drunkard liquor, was the open country once more, and solitude. To be alone and to look, off and off, to where behind some distant butte the sky kept rendezvous with the earth; or to follow some narrow twisting trail over the edge of the world and beyond. To feel once more the spring and warmth of a horse's body between his knees; to watch the sunrise on a frosty morning, and see the moisture rise like smoke from the backs of the warming herd; to ride in at night by starlight, guided by some welcoming light, to the good company of strong men, and to be one of them.

And now, never more! All over! All done! All through!

After a time he moved on. The Indian woman had disappeared. The doctor had come out, got into his ancient car and rattled away. Lily May was dejectedly sitting on the porch. Tom pulled his hat down

(Continued on Page 112)

MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS

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MARK OF QUALITY-STANDARDS

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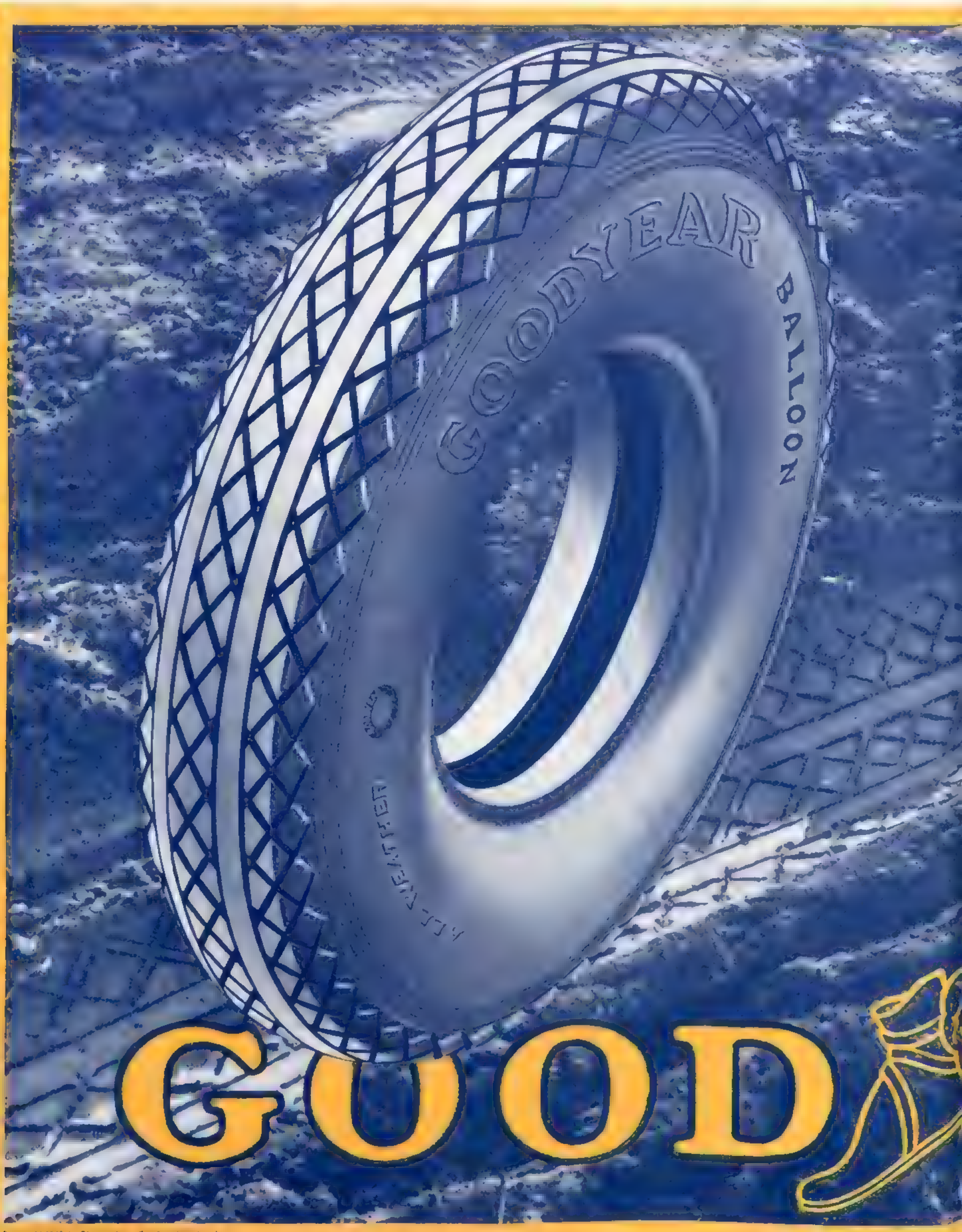


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See how the massive sharp-edged blocks in the center of this tread seize and grip the road, driving the car straight forward and resisting sideslip or skid. This means positive traction and safety
IF as you pass you leave imprinted in the roadway behind you this powerful, clean-cut pattern of the All-Weather Tread, those who follow will know that you too are enjoying the greater traction, the smoother going, the longer, slower wear that only the new-type All-Weather Tread Goodyear balloon tire gives
Note these heavy ribs, placed in the tread at the point of greatest bearing, to insure quiet running and long, long wear
GOODYEAR design and Goodyear quality are backed by the service of Goodyear Dealers, pledged to support the Goodyear policy: "to build the greatest possible value into the product, and to provide facilities so that users will get all the inbuilt Goodyear value out." More people ride on Goodyear Tires than on any other kind.
YEAR

(Continued from Page 108)

over his eyes and turned instinctively toward the back country and peace.

The move was purely instinctive. He was still weak; the sweat poured off his face, the hand which clutched the heavy stick was blistered; but by some volition—of the spinal cord rather than the brain, perhaps—he kept on. His slow progress stirred up the thick dust, which settled on his haggard face and tortured young eyes. He was like some wounded animal crawling off to die alone.

It must have been an hour before he realized that the draggled white poodle had followed him. He stopped and tried to send her back, but she only lay down and wriggled in the dust at his feet. He regarded her somberly.

"Come on then," he said. "You're as much dog as I am man anyhow"

He was very quiet when he got back to the hotel. "Some of the boys are planning a celebration up in 34 tonight," Ed told him. "They want you there at eight o'clock."

"What are they celebrating? This leg of mine?"

But he knew he would have to go. They were his friends; the memory of their cordial greetings that morning was still fresh in his mind. He was tired; he had eaten nothing since morning. And upstairs in that bare room his girl wife was sitting alone, waiting for him. What he needed was to be in the twilight with her, and there to pour out his profound discouragement and his fears, and to be comforted. Oh, certainly to be comforted.

Kay was waiting for him. She had done what she could to make the bare, shabby room comfortable. The gold fittings of her dressing case lay on the bureau, the sagging double bed was neatly made. She asked him no questions, gave him a quick glance as he kissed her and then looked away.

"Well, don't you want to know what he said?"

"I didn't like to ask, Tom. Besides, I think I know."

He wandered to the bureau and absently picked up one of the gold trinkets there. Suddenly his bitterness welled up again.

"Why don't you go home? Back to this sort of thing! I've been telling you all along that I'm through, but you won't believe it."

"Certainly you're not through, Tom. And I'm strong. I can work."

"And keep me? I'll cut my throat first."

At eight o'clock he went to 34. Kay, listening to the tap-tap of his stick, was too filled with love and pity to feel any resentment. Maybe these men could do for him what she could not—cheer him, encourage him. But as time went on the nature of that cheering was only too obvious; voices rose, Tom's among them. George, the shirt-sleeved colored boy, was carrying trays and glasses past her room, a traveling salesman stuck his head out and shouted for quiet.

Then—at eleven o'clock it was—the door to 34 opened and the crowd emerged into the hall. She could hear loud talking:

"Aw, get back, Tom. Jush a little shong to make her welcome!"

"Come on now, fellows, all together!"

There was a shuffling, restrained laughter and suddenly a thud and silence. Then pandemonium broke loose. She got out of bed and stood inside her door, trembling. There was a free-for-all fight going on, within fifteen feet of her. She shot the bolt desperately and stood leaning against it.

Then above the confusion she heard a knock at the door, and Tom's voice, thick but triumphant: "Lemme in, girl."

She opened the door, and he stood there, swaying but smiling

"Tha' bunch of roughnecks wanted to serenade you," he said, "but I told them you hadn't any ear for mushic."

A minute later he was sound asleep on the bed, still fully dressed.

The noise in the passage had ceased. Kay drew a chair to the window and stared out, dry-eyed, at the twinkling lights of the street. The town was very quiet, and the night wind from the mountains brought to her the faintly aromatic odor of the sage in the back country.

She sat there until morning.

### XXVI

THEN began a strange period for Kay. The days were endless and the heat extreme. The wheat men were watching the sky and praying for rain. Tom, inured to weather of all kinds, came and went on mysterious errands of his own. He was, she gathered, looking for work. But he had cleaned and loaded his revolver, and whatever that meant, it frightened her.

Of the incident of the party in 34, she found that to Tom it was simply that and nothing more. He had wakened in the morning, puzzled to find himself fully clothed, but otherwise unrepentant.

"They didn't mean anything, you know, girl. They were just feeling good, and when a lot of fellows feel like that they just naturally want to sing."

He never knew that she had not gone to bed.

Shut up in the hotel room, Kay suffered intensely from the heat and loneliness. She had no friends, even no books. True, some of the important ranchers' wives called on her. They came, kindly enough, smiling, intensely curious; and because she had no sitting room, she saw them in the lobby with its worn leather chairs, its brass cuspidors, the drinking fountain where one leaned over and by turning a lever was enabled to drink without a cup. But she was too constrained, too bewildered, to make friends of them, and one or two of them showed a certain pity which she fiercely resented.

She had, however, two callers who came to her room without announcement. One was Bob Allison. She opened the door and he stepped inside, a big man with a heavy jaw and a broad brown Stetson hat on the back of his head.

"You'll have to excuse me, Mrs. McNair. Where's that young scapegrace of a husband of yours?"

"He's out just now. If there's any message "

"Well, there is and there isn't." He pushed the hat farther back, scratched his head, looked at her again. "How is he? Feeling all right?"

"He doesn't say very much, you know. I think he has a good bit of pain sometimes. But I can't keep him quiet."

"No," he said. "No, Tom's always been restless. Tom ever say who he was holding responsible?"

"No. It was an accident."

He considered that. Everyone in town but this girl apparently knew that Tom claimed to have been shot by Little Dog, and that he was only waiting for the Indian to come back to clear up his score against him. But after another look at Kay he put on his hat and turned to the door.

"There's no message then?"

He hesitated. "Well, you might say this to Tom: Tell him I was here—my name's Allison—and that I'm planning to handle certain little problems without any help from him."

She was no less mystified by the message than by Tom's reception of it.

"He's got nerve!" he said angrily. "Coming here and handing you a thing like that! For two bits I'd knock his teeth down his throat!"

But he did not explain, and she asked no questions.

Her other visitor was Mrs. Mallory. She made an uneasy call soon after their arrival, sitting on the edge of a chair in the bedroom and eying Kay with frank interest.

"You certainly have lost flesh, haven't you?" she said, her surprise breaking down her earlier formality. "Well, don't you let Tom McNair wear on you. I know Tom, and he's right uncertain at times. But he's every inch a man, and I've a right to know if anyone has."

She grew more expansive after that. Nellie was in school and taking piano lessons. They were making out all right; she had a couple of roomers now. The stock was in good condition, too, although her nephew was not a real cattleman like Jake or Tom. She sighed over Jake's name and smoothed her black dress with her work-hardened hands.

Before she left she had relaxed sufficiently to straighten her respectable hat before the mirror. She stood there for a moment, staring at her reflection in the glass.

"Ranching sure ages a woman," she said. "It's all right for the men; it keeps them young. But for a woman ——"

The bureau stood between the two windows, and she glanced out casually. Then her eyes narrowed, and going to one of the windows she jerked down the green shade with what amounted to violence.

"Somebody over there on Dicer's second floor rubbernecking," she said tartly. "You'd better watch your windows. There're a lot of curious people in the world."

Kay, at the window after she had gone, watched her sail across the street below and into the Emporium, later to emerge, still angrily flushed, and stalk down the street. Like Bob Allison's visit, that puzzled her.

The few callers were almost the only breaks in the monotony of those early days. Tom's absences continued. Alone she read the local paper over and over:

FOR SALE: One Poland-China male hog.
NELLIE SMITH.

NOTICE: We will trade flour for wheat.
FORT LUMBER COMPANY.

And when Tom came back at night, after what she guessed was a fruitless day, it would be to eat little in the hot dining room below and then go early to bed, lying, she knew, wide-eyed in the darkness beside her long after she had found refuge in sleep, withdrawn into some unhappy retreat of his own where he apparently neither needed nor wanted her.

Yet he loved her. She was sure of that. Not after her own fashion, which still made her breathless when she heard his halting step outside the door, but in a queer, alternately violent and humble way of his own. He would quarrel with her, generally over some matter of his sensitive pride, and then make his peace with a passion that startled her. One such difference was typical. The suit she had worn away with her was threadbare and none too cool. One day she suggested writing to Nora for some clothes. He had drawn her down onto his knee, but now he pushed her away and stood up.

"What clothes?"

"My own. I have so many at home, and I need them, Tom."

"Part of your wedding clothes, you mean?"

"I can't see what difference that would make. After all, I'm married to you."

"That's just where you and I differ," he said, white to the lips. "You are married to me, and I dress my wife or she goes naked. I'm owing the Dowling family nothing."

He had never seen her cry, but she cried then, first quietly, then in long-drawn gasping sobs that he could do nothing to quiet. All her loneliness and terror, her actual fear of this undisciplined and relentless side of him, rose to add to her wretchedness. She flung herself on the bed in complete abandonment to it. When he came over and sat down beside her she drew away from him, and miserable as he was, he had to wait until her sobs began to die away.

"Do you hate me like that, girl?"

"It's not hate. I think I'm afraid of you."

If she had struck him he could not have been more astounded. "Afraid of me! My God!"

Had she been a little older, a little wiser, she would have met him halfway then; but although he humbled himself before her, confessed his weakness and his unhappiness, made his young and passionate love to her in his own inarticulate fashion, she remained aloof after that for a day or two. She never sent to Nora for the clothes.

Their small supply of money was dwindling too. True, Kay still had Bessie's check; but after that quarrel she dared not mention it to Tom. And to the heat was added the discomfort of a continuing drought. Dust blew into her windows and covered the shabby furniture in the room: the pastures were baked hard in the sun, and sandy clouds rose from under the cattle's feet and hovered over them as they moved restlessly; the wheat burned in the fields, and the mountains day after day lifted their heads into a blue and cloudless sky. Anxiety began to be widespread. There was talk among the cattlemen of early shipping, to get out from under, for a summer drought followed by a long hard winter meant ruin.

Tom, limping about or making his long fruitless excursions to outlying ranches, heard one hard-luck story after another. The thought of Little Dog began to take second place in his mind, and the problem of actual subsistence for Kay and himself began to obsess him. Never once had he confessed that he was lamed for life.

"How about the leg, Tom? Riding at the fair this fall?"

"You tell 'em!"

Old Doctor Dunham overheard that one day and went on his way dryly chuckling.

But he would not take Kay away from the Martin House, although Mrs. Mallory offered them a room. There was, in the back of his stubborn head, some determination to keep her like a lady as long as he could.

The situation was bound to reach Kay in time, however, and did. He had begun to bring his friends to see her, cowboys in from the range or the ranch, spurred, sombreroed, inclined to long abashed silences; rangers in khaki, with their matter-of-fact talk of forest fires and fire stations, those small neat boxes scattered over the mountains, each with its spade, its pick and saw, its oil jug and its lantern; small cattlemen, in town to buy groceries, or to make their anxious visits to where in his brick bank Mr. Tulloss sat, like a god whose manna of extended credit could save them from bankruptcy.

The hidden far-reaching activities of the back country slowly spread out before her. Gray wolves attacked cows, one checking the flight from in front, the other hamstringing the wretched creatures from the rear; coyotes, crawling under the wire, devastated whole herds of sheep. Glanders, lumpy jaw, mavericks, yardage, shrinkage, feeding, freight—a new vocabulary sounded in her ears.

And there was humor too.

"Well, we knew the old silvertip was up there somewhere, so when Bill was leanin' over the creek cleanin' the fish I just went behind him and grunted and then give him a good strong hug. Say! He just toppled over right into the water."

Or again:

"It looked to me like he was going to buy the horse, so he'd stopped at the spring for a drink and I says, 'Well, how about it? Do you want to buy it?' And he says, with the cup in his hand, 'Well, Joe, I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll pay you forty dollars, delivered at my ranch.' 'That suits me,' I says. 'I'll ride him out tomorrow.' 'Ride him!' says he. 'You blamed fool, I'm talking about this spring!'"

She liked these men. She would hear Tom's halting step in the hall, and he would usher in some sunburned and abashed individual who would more or less tiptoe into the room.

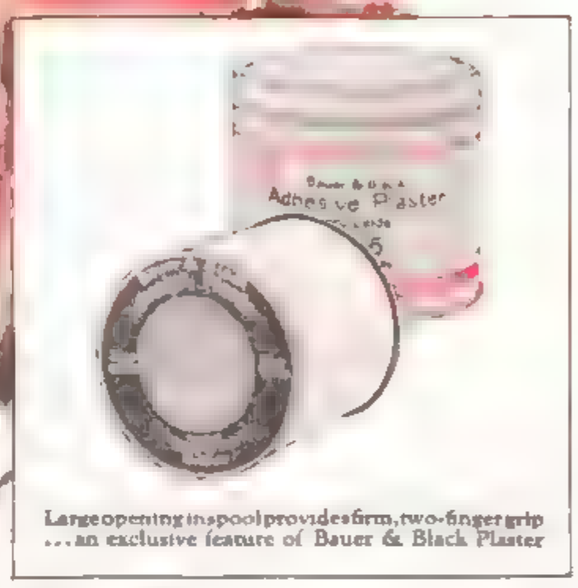
"Come on in, Hank, and meet the wife," he would say.

Then for a little while he would be his handsome, debonair old self. He would throw away his stick and roll a cigarette, and then standing there, tall and smiling, he would seem to fill the little room. Sometimes George brought ice water and Kay made lemonade. The visitor would drink it solemnly.

He was inordinately proud of her, she saw, and she on her part liked these men he

(Continued on Page 116)

# Successor to *the* HAIRPIN *as Woman's Greatest Ally*




Large opening in spool provides firm, two-finger grip ... an exclusive feature of Bauer & Black Plaster

*"Love laughs at locksmiths," said the old philosopher. "Particularly if the woman in the case has a hairpin handy."*

MARK TWAIN *remarked: "There is no problem, mechanical or spiritual, that can baffle the woman with a hairpin."*

But the world moves, and heads are bobbed. This is the era of greater feminine freedom and enlightenment. And with it has come a new-day ally for Milady . . . excelling the hairpin in its resourcefulness as the airplane excels the one-horse shay.

Adhesive Plaster! With a range of feminine uses, for the toilette, the household and the sickroom, so endless that no adding machine yet has been able to total them.

The débutante, for one thing, uses it to hold up strapless evening gowns; for another, to support fallen arches, felled by the Charleston. And, again, as an adequate and feather-weight substitute for a brassière, when filmy gowns are worn.

The general manager of the home, as well, uses it to mend and patch every imaginable household accessory, from a broken heart to a hot water bottle. . . . In choosing her make of adhesive plaster, woman uses that divine sagacity which has ever distinguished her as a purchasing agent.

She chooses the make preferred by surgeons . . . whose graver uses of adhesive plaster require a quality not one whit less than perfection. *She chooses Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster.*

*First*, because she likes the handy, two-finger grip of the spool. *Second*, because of its superior adhesive qualities. *Third*, because it costs no more.

She knows, too, that Bauer & Black Adhesive Plaster is one of the famous "four-things-to-use" to properly cleanse and bandage a cut or wound . . . all four of which may be obtained, at small cost, in 45,000 drug stores. Bauer & Black, Chicago, New York and Toronto.

Bauer & Black

FIRST QUALITY • • • FIRST AIDS

B&B

## A FEW OF THE 101 USES FOR ADHESIVE PLASTER

FIRST AID

To fasten First Aid dressing
To support a sprain or wrench

PERSONAL

To bandage fallen arches
To brace a weak back
To protect and brace weak ankles
To keep the heel of shoe from slipping
As "modesty tape" instead of brassière
To hold up strapless evening gown
To cover birthmark on leg when sheer stockings are worn
To protect "instep" from tight straps of fancy shoes
To protect hands when berry picking
To wind baby's thumb to prevent sucking
To train eyebrows
To shape face — remove wrinkles and overcome double chin
To hold back baby's ears
To mend galoshes and rubbers

To mend hot water bottle
To patch garden hose
To repair torn music—mend books
To hold transfer patterns in place
To seal fruit and jelly jars
As first aid to pipes until the plumber arrives
To mend dolls and toys

SPORT AND MOTOR

To mend bathing shoes and rubber footwear
To tape hands of golfer
To improve grip on tennis racket, golf clubs and ball bats
To fix auto top and mend auto curtains
To mend golf clubs, ball bats, fishing rods
To mend football and basketball bladders
To tape steering wheel of automobile

© B. & B., 1927

# Costliest to make of all pure unscented Toilet Soaps

*IF YOU want a pure, unscented, utterly bland toilet soap, what is there but Castile? And if you want also (as all women do!) a Castile that is a beauty soap, a dainty toiletry that will give you an instant lather, an exquisitely feminine Castile—there is Doña* for you! Doña Castile!*

**A TRUE BEAUTY SOAP IS BEST IF UNSCENTED**

AN ARTIFICIAL SCENT FREQUENTLY IRRITATES THE SKIN AND CONFUSES THE PERFUME YOU CHOOSE FOR YOUR OWN. MOST IMPORTANT—IN MANY CASES IT "COVERS UP" THE ODOR OF INGREDIENTS THAT ARE LESS PURE THAN THEY SHOULD BE.

Yes! we have added something to the matchless ancient virtue of Castile! We have made Doña modern, feminine, delicious. Molded it in a lovely shape for your hand. Given it a generous lather even in cold water, instant rinsing too. "Hard-milled," so it will last!

A Castile beauty soap! Women say *the* Castile beauty soap, because there is none like it. Naturally it costs more to make Doña—in fact, we could duplicate the very finest of imported Castile for substantially less than it actually costs us to make Doña.

Our ingredients are the very finest. But because millions of women use Doña we can make it in the saving modern way—and sell it to you for ten cents. You can buy Doña wherever you buy your toilet soap. Armour, U. S. A.

*Pronounced Don-ya

Doña

PURE OLIVE OIL GIVES DOÑA CASTILE ITS

*Castile was first made in Castilla, in northern Spain, six hundred years ago. It has been used ever since by the beauties of Spain, possessors of the most gorgeous complexions in Europe, and by the aristocracy of the whole world.*

# CASTILE 10 Cents

COLOR, FRAGRANCE AND DELICIOUS BLANDNESS FOR DELICATE SKINS

MODERN food is delicious, but it is soft and creamy. Chefs have set the style and our homes have followed it!

ALL the fibre gone, all the roughage taken out, our food no longer stimulates our gums—no longer keeps fresh blood in lively circulation.

DEPRIVED of exercise, of stimulation, our gums have become soft and flabby. They lose their tone—they bleed easily. "Pink tooth brush" appears.

DENTISTS recommend massage. Thousands of them add—"with Ipana." For massage and Ipana restore to the gums the stimulation needed to keep them in perfect health. Massage lightly at first with the brush or the finger. One month will prove to you the good results.

IPANA helps the gums and it keeps the teeth brilliant and white. It delights everybody with its delicious flavor. Buy a full-sized tube today! Use it faithfully for a month and you'll be rewarded in cleaner, whiter teeth—in firmer, healthier gums. © 1927

IPANA
Tooth Paste

BRISTOL-MYERS COMPANY, NEW YORK


(Continued from Page 112)

brought in. They reeked of the outdoors, their eyes were clear; when they took off their great hats their foreheads were white above the tan and somehow pathetic to her.

When they had ridden into town they always stopped outside and took off their spurs. But she was not stupid. She began to see that this new world of hers had no place in it for the weak or for the maimed.

But something else had happened to her. Those casual soft-spoken sagas of the range to which Tom listened as one who hears news from home had rebuilt his background for her. Through such a life of grinding hard work, adventure and escape, had he come to her; against this back drop he once more loomed young and strong and godlike.

She must get him back to it somehow. These weeks in the town were only marking time, as she had suspected Herbert of marking time so long ago. And after a small incident which brought Clare Hamel into the picture, she was more than ever determined.

For the first time in her life she was jealous, not with the light and selfish jealousy of the girl, but with the furious possessive jealousy of a wife.

Considering her day and generation, she was curiously unsophisticated. It was fundamental with her, the romantic tradition which assumed not only that a beloved woman was the center of the universe to the man who cared for her but that she was his sole universe. All about her she had seen proofs to the contrary; men who loved their wives and yet were unfaithful to them or neglected them for their business, but the tradition had persisted. Even Bessie's warning: "You think everything's over, I dare say. You've got him and he's got you! But it isn't"—even that had not shaken her sublime confidence.

Then one day Nellie Mallory came to see her. It was a strange visit. Nellie seemed to have little or nothing to say, but her small curious eyes took in every detail of Kay herself, of the room, of the expensive gold brushes, jars and scent bottles on the painted pine bureau. It was only when she got up to go that she wandered to the window and looked out.

"Mother says she saw Clare Hamel rubbernecking in here the other day." And when Kay said nothing: "She just about had a fit when she heard you'd got him. She thought she had Tom roped and tied for herself."

Then Kay found her voice: "Does she—is she employed over there?"

"Yes, at the Emporium."

Kay could think of nothing to say. She saw Nellie out and then went back to the room and to the window. So that was what Mrs. Mallory had meant the other day! A girl who had "had a fit" when she learned he was married. A girl then who cared for him, as—well, as Herbert had cared for her. She thought about it more than was good for her during those long days when Tom was away, and the heat rose from the pavements below and beat in at her windows in waves.

She even began to question Tom's absences, but she never questioned Tom himself. It would have been better if she had; but it was not an issue that she dared to raise. She knew his quick anger.

"Sure I had a girl. So did you have Percy. When I think of that lily-handed ——" And so on and on.

Then came the incident which decided her. She was starting down the stairs one day, those stairs which led directly into the lobby, when she saw a girl come in. She came in almost furtively, and that she did not see Kay at once was due to the semi-darkness inside and the blinding glare without.

Kay knew her at once, and stopped, and so she saw her leave a letter with Ed and start out again. When at the door she turned again she saw Kay coming down, and she hesitated. Then she threw her head up and went on.

Kay did not go out, after all. She went upstairs and stationed herself at a window, and there followed one of those small secret duels between women which are at once tragic and ludicrous. At the noon hour, Clare, convinced that she had been discovered, crossed the street to the hotel, to find Kay talking to Ed, and precipitately fled. Kay's hands were like ice and her eyes were burning, but she was determined to know where she stood, if life had played its final trick on her. But she was quiet enough when Tom came in and found her in their room.

"Well, did you get your letter?" she asked.

He had sat down and was rubbing his swollen ankle, but now he stopped and glanced up at her.

"What letter?"

"I thought Ed said there was a letter for you."

For an instant their glances clashed. Then he went back to his rubbing. "No letter for me. If you don't believe it, you can look in my pockets."

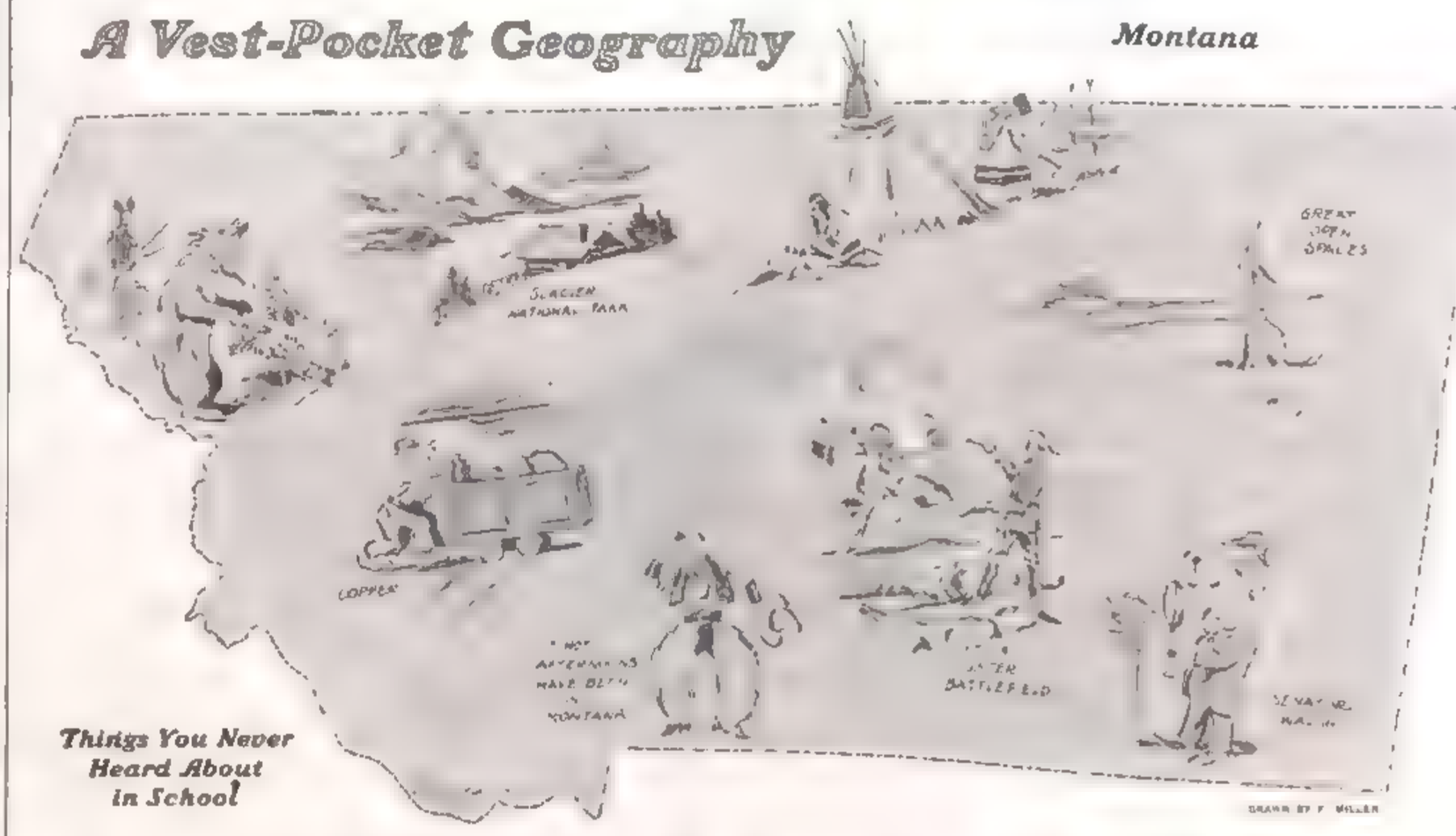
They had both lied! A sense of shame overcame her, as well as wild jealousy. He had had his letter, and he had not dared to bring it into the room. He had deliberately deceived her. He had stood downstairs in the lobby and destroyed it before he came to her.

Lying sleepless in the hot bed that night while Tom slept, she faced the knowledge that she had given all she had and had not even bought security with it; that while women had certainly occupied only intervals in Tom's life, these intervals had been recurrent and probably violent, and that even granting his love for her, they might occur again.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## A Vest-Pocket Geography

### Montana




*Things You Never Heard About in School*

MONTANA is the Stub Toe State. It is inhabitated largely by Indians, cowboys and tourists. The Indians live on reservations, the cowboys live on canned beans and condensed milk, and the tourists live on the free camping grounds.

The state has two natural divisions—cattlemen and sheep raisers. They are separated by a difference of opinion. The opinion concerns the relative merits of cattlemen and sheep raisers. Debates upon the subject are frequent and not always conducted in accordance with the accepted rules of parliamentary procedure.

Montana is the home of Senators Walsh and Wheeler, and was the scene of the noted combat in which Custer and his entire command were wiped out by Indians under the leadership of Sitting Bull. The state also contains the Glacier National Park and the burial place of numerous great prehistoric animals, whose fossilized remains are dug up from time to time. Butte is the largest city. It is noted as the largest copper camp in the world. Copper is a metal used in making electric-light wires and the new-fashioned boiler which has become so popular in recent years.

The state also produces much gold, silver, lead, zinc and sapphires. The bulk of the world's supply of the last comes from the Yogo fields in Fergus County, controlled by British interests. British interests also control the diamond output and the rubber used in making automobile tires. It really is remarkable what a grip the British have upon the bare necessities of life.

—W. P. ROWLEY.

MRS. THOMAS NORTON, owner of this beautiful home in Sylvan Hills, Hollidaysburg, Pennsylvania, has a living room and dining room that would be attractive even if bare of all furnishings and decorations, because of their beautiful woodwork. The stair, French doors, trim, and corner china closet are all designs of Curtis Woodwork, and are a part of the house itself. The Fluke Company, Inc., Altoona, Pennsylvania, were the builders and dealers.

# They *built* beauty into their homes

And in whatever architectural style you plan to build, you can have woodwork of authentic design that will give character to your home.

W. G. Barnhart is one of the most successful builders in Columbus, Ohio, and this picture is from his own home—in which he has used Curtis Woodwork throughout. These French doors, with their beautifully molded trim, grace the opening between the dining and living rooms. They are of oak finished with a soft, silver-gray stain.

Thoughtful home builders everywhere are learning that the best way to achieve beautiful homes is to begin with the house itself. They *build* beauty in by selecting entrances and windows, doors and trim, stairways and cabinetwork of good design. Then furnishing and decorating are simple tasks and can be done as time and money permit.

Curtis Woodwork makes the building of beautiful homes an easy matter, for Curtis designs are authentic, and are available for every architectural style. They are made of selected woods and are of excellent workmanship. Yet Curtis Woodwork costs no more than common millwork, and often less.

The leading dealer in woodwork in your town (if you live east of the Rockies) is probably a Curtis dealer. Ask him for further information. Or write

*The Curtis Companies Service Bureau*
*605 Curtis Building, Clinton, Iowa*

*Representing—*
Curtis Detroit Co., Detroit, Michigan . . . Curtis-Yale-Holland Co., Minneapolis, Minnesota . . . Curtis Bros. & Co., Clinton, Iowa . . Curtis & Yale Co., Wausau, Wisconsin . . Curtis Sash & Door Co., Sioux City, Iowa Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Lincoln, Nebraska . . Curtis, Towle & Paine Co., Topeka, Kansas . Curtis Door & Sash Co., Chicago, Illinois . . Curtis Companies Inc., Eastern Sales Offices 25 W. 44th St., New York City

*Curtis Companies Incorporated,*
*Clinton, Iowa*

1866 CURTIS WOODWORK

Russell Paul owns this beautiful home in the English style, situated in Bexley, a beautiful residential suburb of Columbus, Ohio. The house was designed by Benham & Richards, architects, and built by Pentzinger & Scheppi. H. C. Creith Lumber Co., dealers. Curtis Woodwork was used throughout—in birch stained a warm walnut color.

# What is the most talked-of thing among well-informed motorists today?

¶ That part of the public which is best informed and habitually most careful in its judgments, insists upon Relaxed Motoring and is therefore emphatic in its preference for the Stabilated car. ¶ Relaxed Motoring is now *built into* three of every five cars selling at $2,000 or more. ¶ Other thousands of cars in *every* price-class are being Stabilated by car dealers in order to meet the insistent demand for cars that will ride as people want them to ride. ¶ Your present car can be Stabilated for Relaxed Motoring in a few hours. See your car dealer or your local Stabilator dealer. ¶ The principle of Stabilation was created and is exclusively controlled by the John Warren Watson Company, Philadelphia. This principle is found only in Watson Stabilators.

# CROOKED

(Continued from Page 5)

The chauffeur relayed the order. Not more than three minutes or so later the trim, slim figure of her guest emerged at the doorway, and as she hurried smiling toward the landaulet Mrs. Hodge's alert, penetrating eye rapidly itemized the guest's attire.

Hat, smart. Dress, modish. Gloves and footwear neat—fetching too. Along with that a fetching smile rippled in her friendly eyes. Charming. For a moment in fact Mrs. Hodge seemed nonplused.

It was not for long though. As the guest seated herself in the car Mrs. Hodge negligently indicated the guest's neat, jaunty hat and equally trim and fetching dress. "Make 'em yourself?" she inquired.

The first stop made by the landaulet was at a toilet shop, one noted for its expensive frippery. "Bath salts," said Mrs. Hodge. They came in a cut-glass bottle, quart size, and the price was sixteen dollars. As Mrs. Hodge paid the bill, her air affectedly careless, she turned to her guest. "Ever buy this sort yourself?" she asked.

Reëntering the landaulet, they drove next to a milliner's. Hats in here ranged in price from twenty-five dollars upward, and Mrs. Hodge seemed to have some difficulty in making a choice. The price, though, seemed not to be the difficulty. "Trash," she confided to her guest—"cheap stuff."

She finally made a choice. Really lovely, it was a simple, artfully molded model hat. Its price was sixty-five dollars. "Your husband's on a salary, isn't he?" asked Mrs. Hodge of her guest as she paid for the hat. So forth and so on.

Things and the mere love of things are not just what actuate women. If all women, all indiscriminately, had the power to have them, the shops on Fifth Avenue would shut their doors. Slippers were Mrs. Hodge's next purchase. One pair was twenty-two dollars, the other was twenty-eight dollars. "Don't you want to get yourself some?" suggested Mrs. Hodge. The guest briefly shook her head.

Slippers, then gloves. The gloves cost six dollars a pair. Afterward, in a so-called gift shop, a place notorious for the prices it asked for its useless knickknacks, Mrs. Hodge bought an embossed leather wastepaper basket—price thirty-eight dollars. "You otta get one too—cheap," remarked Mrs. Hodge, though the guest made no reply. A shadow clouded the young gray eyes and gradually she had grown silent, preoccupied. In contrast, as if she had observed the effect, Mrs. Hodge's complacent satisfaction grew. What use is money if not to make others long to be in your boots? Thus, as the landaulet at last picked its way out of the Avenue traffic and headed down a side street, there was a reason, in fact, for Mrs. Hodge's air of lively interest and eagerness. None could doubt it. None could mistake its animation. The fact is she had saved Papillon's for the day's final titbit.

"Perhaps madame then would look at this?" The voice of the saleswoman was anxious. Fatigue had begun to tell on her, as it had begun to tell, too, on her trio of assistants. The room already was filled with dresses displayed, then rejected. They hung from the racks or were cast over the backs of chairs. A little pile lay in a huddle on the table also, thrown there, in turn, as Mrs. Hodge had waved each away. Her plump, somewhat cushiony arms and bust bare, and her skin glowing a little yellow in the light of the electric bulbs, she had tried on a number of the modes, only to cast them aside. Was this their best? How much? Humph! With a covert glance at her guest, Mrs. Hodge waved each dress away. Silently, a faint smile on her lips, the guest looked on.

The shopwoman spoke again! "But this one, madame!" Emphasis as well as anxiety was in her voice. The dress, a model, was a pink-and-silver lamé frock, draped exquisitely and as exquisitely trimmed with pearl-white beading. How much? As she asked the question, again, as before, Mrs. Hodge glanced covertly at the slender figure seated across the dressing room. The price was two hundred and fifty dollars. The guest, however, appeared not to be listening; and raising her voice slightly, Mrs. Hodge repeated the query: "How much? Two-fifty, you say?"

Then, studying the dress for a moment, she had just mumbled "Humph!" when there was a sudden diversion. A chair scraped. The guest had risen. "Let me try on that dress," she said, and had she suddenly shrieked or, by way of contrast, leaped to the table top and cut a buck and wing, the effect could not have been more pronounced.

A brief pause followed, a moment's silence. It was broken by a gasp from Mrs. Hodge. "You'll do—what?" she breathed, and her guest smilingly replied, "I said I'd try it on."

Laying off her hat, she rapidly removed her jacket and underwaist. In the light of the electric lamps the molded fineness of her arms and shoulders gleamed as fresh as a girl's, and still smiling, she stepped out of her skirt and motioned to the saleswoman to hand her the lamé frock.

At this point Mrs. Hodge seemed to awake. Emotion struggled in her face. Rancor appeared uppermost; with it was bewilderment. Her manifest anger, however, getting the upper hand, she flushed purple in a tide of color that suffused both her face and shoulders. Then she spoke, her tone striving to be coolly contemptuous, though it quivered.

"I suppose you know what that dress costs?" she said.

The slender head bobbed itself brightly. "Yes—two hundred and fifty, isn't it?" Allured by her smile, refreshed perhaps by its quick friendliness, the saleswoman already had draped the dress about the lithe, slender figure. As she did so the saleswoman uttered a murmur of admiration: "*Chic! Exquis!*"

Her lip upturned, Mrs. Hodge launched another remark: "Kind of forget, don't you?—two hundred and fifty is as much as your husband's salary for a month."

The other gave herself an appraising look in the glass. Trim, girlish, fetching. As if she had not heard the withering speech, she said, "Send it home, please." Quietly she gave the address; and breathing thickly, a glare on her face, Mrs. Hodge wet her lips. If she had something else to utter, the girl, however, gave her no chance to utter it. Her eyes were dancing; her white teeth flashed in a smile.

Then she spoke: "You mustn't let yourself get so upset, Mrs. Hodge—really! You never in the world could wear a dress like this. Can't you see you couldn't? You're too stout, for one thing—too fat. For another, you're much too old. I wouldn't fuss so if I were you."

Fuss? But one may as well drop a curtain here.

*II*

THERE was to be a party that night; a few friends had been asked to come in after dinner, and as Charley Maddox got off the ferry from South Brooklyn he hurried. He had been told he mustn't be late. "Mind now," his wife had warned. She knew her husband's failings. Absorbed in his work, he was often late.

Dinner was at six, a half hour earlier tonight, but before he got home he would have to stop off on the Subway and do some shopping—cigars, something to drink, and the cheese to make a rabbit. Near beer was, of course, all he could get to drink, but the cheese was a special sort he'd found in a delicatessen shop near Columbus Circle. In fact, that was the whole trick, the secret of those rabbits their crowd was so wild about—the Gershons and the Harnetts especially. "How do you do it, anyway?" Gershon had asked; and Harnett had chimed in: "You've certainly got the edge on us, Charley. My Jap can't turn out one like this."

The Jap was Harnett's butler. He and Gershon were in something in Wall Street, and they had money.

The night's party, however, wasn't Charley's only reason for hurry; and darting in and out among the trucks, carts, cabs and other traffic lined up at the ferry gate, he hustled across to the stairs of the Elevated station, his eyes glancing anxiously at the station clock. Half-past four. At five the real-estate office in Pine Street where he worked shut down, and he must get there before it closed. One of the firm's outside men, he had been sent over to South Brooklyn on a deal the firm was trying to put through.

A big day. At noon, when he'd lunched, then taken the ferry, he hadn't dreamed how the afternoon was to turn out. The business was land for the Paragon Warehousing Company's new terminal; and working under cover, Hodge & Peters, his employers, were trying to buy up options. Among these the key parcel to the ground plan was a strip owned by a secondhand ship chandler—a junk dealer, Baronov by name. A foreigner, some sort of Rumanian, Baronov was suspicious and uneasy. Either he guessed something was in the wind—that, or he had been handled wrong; and Bailey and Hagedorn, two go-getters from the Hodge & Peters staff, already had fizzed on trying to sign him.

So had Charley, for that matter. True, his only part in it had been that of a leg man, a follow-up for the two others, but this time he had cracked the ice. Simple, too, how he'd done it. You could guess, too, from its simplicity how Hagedorn and Bailey had missed out. Baronov's place might be nothing but a junk yard—scrap iron, waste brass, hawse chain, rusty boilers, anchors and such—but just the same, if you wish to do business you can't high-hat even a fellow like that.

Charley was no high hat. Neither was he any of your free-and-easy, back-slapping, high-pressure good fellows, the have-a-cigar-old-top sort. There was about him though a straightforward, if rather boyish, frankness and friendliness; and this somehow had proved disarming to the alert, defensive junk dealer.

As Hodge & Peters' young outside man pushed open the door of the rambling shack that served the dealer both as office and warehouse, Baronov was hovering over a stove on which simmered something in a stewpan. In as much as he was reputed to be well-to-do—in fact rich—another caller might have been tempted to grin at Baronov and his style of lunching. But Charley wasn't thinking of that. "Howdy do, Mr. Baronov," he said politely as he shut the door. "How's business?"

"Rotten," replied Baronov with racial promptness.

Charley laughed. If Mr. Baronov didn't mind, might he wait while the dealer finished luncheon?

"Suit yourself," grunted Baronov.

Charley took a chair. There wasn't much to talk about. Inwardly he felt the futility of hoping he would succeed when two such high-priced men as Hagedorn and Bailey had failed. He wondered, in fact, whether he had it in him to be like them. Together, the two had a conscious air of success, of getting on, along with which each had a drawing account and was allowed commissions, though Charley still was paid straight salary. Not that he hadn't, in his way, done well. Twice in the four years he'd been with them, Hodge & Peters had raised his pay; and a couple of times, too, Peters had called him into the inside office to compliment deals he'd put through. However, this had nothing to do with Baronov. While the dealer went on

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stirring the contents of his stewpan, Charley chatted, waiting till something should lead up naturally to the topic of the options.

No use hurrying and hounding anyone. High-pressure stuff might be well enough with fellows that make high-pressure methods a specialty, though not him. Perhaps that was his trouble. Hard work, earnestness and loyalty were all right—you had to give that to your firm, of course—but once he had heard Hagedorn call it clerk stuff. This Baronov business, though—if only he could land a deal like that! If he could it would mean something he could talk on to Hodge—Peters, anyway—selling himself when he asked them for a real raise and commissions. There was Bertha, besides. Bertha, of course, had said nothing. She'd been a brick these seven years, the time they had been married. Just the same, nothing had changed his mind. If a man was earnest, diligent and loyal—if, besides, he lived carefully, saving something each year—he was dead sure to get on. Hodge himself had said so, and this in his mind more perhaps than the immediate matter of Baronov, Charley still was aimlessly stalling for time, an opening, when Baronov all at once laid down the spoon with which he was stirring in the stewpan on the stove. Outside, an automobile had just driven in at the junk-yard gate.

Through the window Charley got a glimpse at the car—a small, expensive runabout of special style and make. What caught his eye, though, was Baronov's look. The glum, tragic solemnity had left it—the man's racial trait—and he edged a glance at his visitor, his eyes glowing momentarily. Then the door of the shack opened and a young woman, a girl, came in. On her arm was a neat basket covered with a napkin.

Charley rose instinctively. As he rose he took off his hat. He would have taken it off, of course, had any woman come in—that was Charley; though he hardly was prepared to see a visitor of such character in the junk-yard shack. Her eyes were deep, dark and thickly fringed, and she undeniably was beautiful. A Miriam, a Susannah. What seemed more impressive, however, was her air of quiet poise and reserve, a manner of definite breeding and cultivation.

She did not appear to see the good-looking, well-dressed young man who stood hat in hand. "Your luncheon, papa," she said.

Baronov's eyes were rolling. He shot a furtive sidelong glance at Hodge & Peters' representative. It was as if consciously he wished to appraise the effect of this girl of his even on a stranger.

There was a gate barring off the back of the office and she seemed to find some difficulty with the latch. "Let me help you," proffered Charley.

"Thank you," she said quietly; and as he opened the gate she passed through it and gave the basket to Baronov. "Let me come back later, Mr. Baronov," suggested Charley, moving toward the door.

The girl stopped him. "Please—I'm not staying."

The stewpan on the stove held coffee, it appeared; and hurriedly taking a cup and saucer from the basket, she filled it and added sugar and cream. As deftly she spread a napkin on the corner of a table and spread on it the luncheon in the basket. Then, after a few low words with Baronov, she gave him a pat on the cheek and a smile, and walked through the gate, which Charley again held open for her.

"Thank you," she said quietly again.

Baronov's face was still aglow, his eyes rolling. "I didn't know you had a daughter," Charley said aimlessly.

The dealer awoke out of his trance. "Vy not?" he inquired.

On such slight circumstances unexpected and unforeseen fortune sometimes turns. So it proved now at any rate. Baronov somehow had been impressed by the quiet civility and courtesy his caller had shown. Papa might be not so much, but the daughter, it was clear, meant much in his otherwise arid, money-grubbing cosmos and career. Hester—"from her momma's name"—she played the piano and could talk languages. "Costin' money for lessons," proudly added Baronov. Also she had her own car, which she drove. Nights, too, she took momma and poppa as good as any to Long Beach maybe, or Coney, and she was not ashamed. Not Hester, no. As also it appeared, there was a boy just seventeen; and setting down his coffee cup, Baronov reflectively sucked his teeth, then inquired, "Say, you are a colleger—yes—no?"

Charley smiled. "Why, Mr. Baronov?"

"Vell," grunted the dealer, "a feller, if he knows something, don't come in here hitting Baronov a slap off the back and saying, '*Wie geht's*, old fish? How goes it, you old egg?' *Nicht wahr*, he don't!" Charley grinned. Some of Hagedorn's high-pressure stuff. "No," continued Baronov, "not much, either, if he knows something, comes another fellow und talks like you was a low-life." Charley grinned again—Bailey, the haughty, the superior. But what had this to do with Baronov's query?

"Vy, I ask you," said Baronov, "goes a feller to a college, say, makes he for himself something better?"

"I don't know," honestly answered Charley.

He didn't either. College helps many men; and those it doesn't, hardly would be helped anyway. It all depended on the man, said he; and at the reply Baronov grunted. He had his own conclusions, it appeared. Another stroke for Charley was that the conclusions were as Charley had put them. Thus, one thing led to another; and at three o'clock Charley's heart leaped as the dealer himself switched to the topic of the options.

Charley had won!

For an hour, and grumpy and suspicious now that he again was doing business, Baronov fenced and countered. Fired, Charley clung to him like a leech. Not only was he fighting for his own gain; in the forefront was the image of the woman, his young wife, who had stood by patiently, waiting for him to achieve. "It's this way, Mr. Baronov," persisted Charley, going at it again. In fact, such was his fervor and anxiety that it's a wonder he didn't lose his head. The upshot was that Baronov caved finally. Charley could leave the papers with him and come back three days later. If nothing meanwhile had changed Baronov's mind, he would sign.

"Und bring a check—certified," added Baronov with final craft.

At Hanover Square, as he scuttled down the steps of the Elevated station and headed toward Pine Street near by, Hodge & Peters' young outside man was almost running. The night's party, though, was not the reason for his hurry. He had forgotten the party, as he had forgotten also he must stop off on the Subway and buy that cheese and the cigars. He must report to the office first; and when he had done that he was on fire to get home as soon as he could get there and spring the news on Bertha. She would be crazy when she heard of it.

Not a doubt! There were other reasons, too, why she should. The fact is, having gone downtown that afternoon to shop with the wife of her husband's employer, it was Bertha who had bought the dress at Papillon's.

### III

"MR. GROOT!" The door of the private offices at the front had opened, and Peters, the junior partner, stood there. Groot, whom he had called, was the firm's assistant bookkeeper.

"Yes, sir," Groot responded hastily.

The bookkeeping department was at the back, behind the double row of desks used by the outside men and other employes. A gray, stoop-shouldered, middle-aged man named Tebo was head bookkeeper, though at the moment he was absent from his place at the books, and putting his pen in the rack, Groot hurried into the front office. The men at the desks looked up covertly as he passed. They seemed uneasy and watchful. Something unusual seemed to have happened, and as Peters stepped away from the door to let Groot enter they peered sharply after him. Inside, the room was filled with men, half a dozen or more, and Charley Maddox stared.

"What's up?" asked Charley.

He had just come in, and it was to Hagedorn he had spoken. Hagedorn's only reply, however, was a vague grin, then a shrug, and for a moment Charley stared at the picture in the inside office.

A long table occupied the center of the room and at the head of this sat Tebo, the head bookkeeper. His hands were thrust into his pockets and his chin was on his breast; his slight, stooping figure was huddled down in the chair on which he sat. Beside him stood two heavily built men inconspicuous in dress and of sturdy, phlegmatic appearance, and as Charley Maddox looked, one of the two touched Tebo on the shoulder and said something. Slowly struggling to his feet, Tebo rose, his face inanimate. Then the door closed, and wondering, Charley pulled out the chair at his desk and sat down.

He still had on his hat and coat. As it was almost five, he had not bothered to take them off; and besides, he was in a fidget to see Peters, then make a break for the Subway. Uptown, at home, he could let off steam, get rid of some of his elation, its warmth now at a point where he was almost tempted to confide his success to Hagedorn. He didn't though. A cigar rolled over in his jaws, and leaning back in his chair with his usual air of importance, in Hagedorn's look was something that somehow warned Charley that Hagedorn might not share his enthusiasm. Hagedorn had muffed out with Baronov, hadn't he?—though no matter, that. Once he had seen Peters, there would be satisfaction enough, say; and stifling his impatience, he kept an eye on the door of the private office, his mind working fitfully as he waited till Groot came out and he could get in to see Peters.

Peters would give him a raise, of course, but he almost had made up his mind now to stick out for a commission. That was what he was in a fever to talk to Bertha about. With that—well!

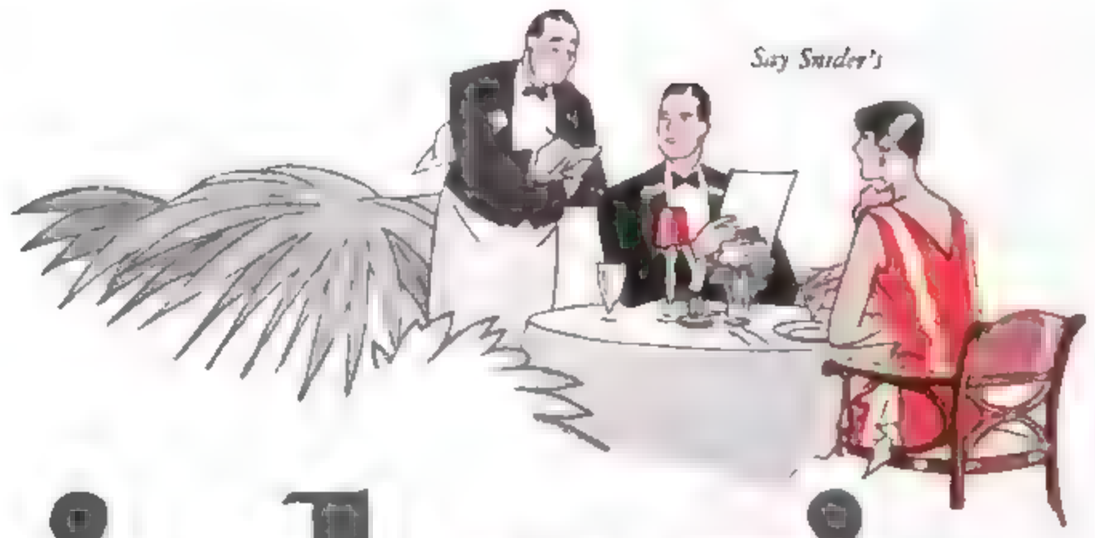
Two and a half per cent was what Hagedorn and Bailey each got. A little figuring showed him the result if the same percentage was paid to him. The Baronov deal alone would almost equal what he now was paid in a year, so that here, as a beginning, he could lay by as much as the amount of his present salary. A big difference, that! In fact, Charley had been a good deal worried at the slow way he and Bertha had saved. The first year—that was six years ago now, nearly seven—they hadn't saved anything, and it was not until the end of the second year that they'd managed to get ahead. A baby bond—one for one hundred dollars—was their first goal. Charley had made a study of them, though he and Bertha had managed so far to buy only three. Of course, that wasn't much—an average of only fifty dollars a year; but as he had pointed out, making clear his point to Bertha, the only way to get on was to save something, if only a little more than they had to spend. However, it would be different now, and hurriedly scribbling on the back of an envelope, he made a little calculation:

| | |
|---|---|
| Salary, 52 weeks @ $72.50 a week | $3770.00 |
| Commissions, estimated | 3000.00 |
| Interest at 6% on three $100 bonds | 18.00 |
| Total | $6788.00 |

Not so bad, that income, six thousand seven hundred and eighty-eight dollars. From that, of course, would have to be deducted each year's living expenses, three thousand seven hundred and seventy dollars, less the fifty dollars, of course, that they'd saved each year. However, even if Bertha didn't manage always to lop off this fifty dollars, at the end of the year he would have three thousand and eighteen dollars to lay by, to which, naturally, would be added interest on the amount at 6 per cent. The sum and substance was they'd be established. *(Continued on Page 122)*

# Say Snider's

*- - - for really good catsup & chili sauce*

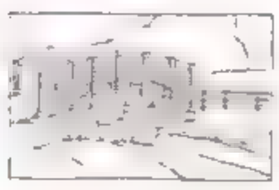


## *Why Snider's tastes so good*

Folks who have the habit of eating well, acquired long ago the habit of saying Snider's—to make

sure of the added zest that really good Catsup or Chili Sauce supplies.

Say Snider's, and you get a condiment made right and that means *right* all the way back to the tomato seed.

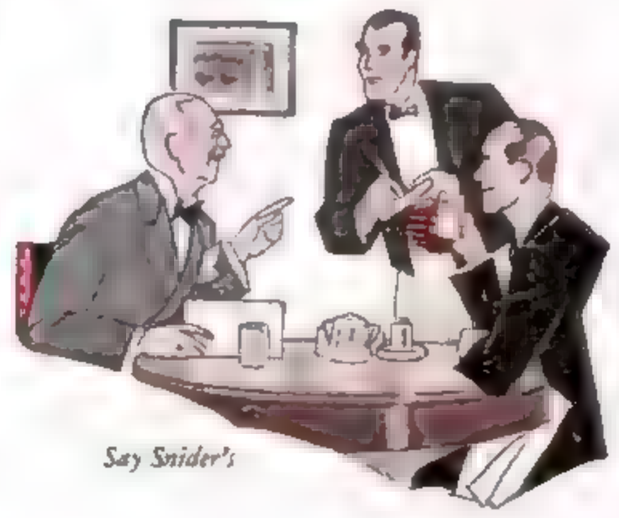


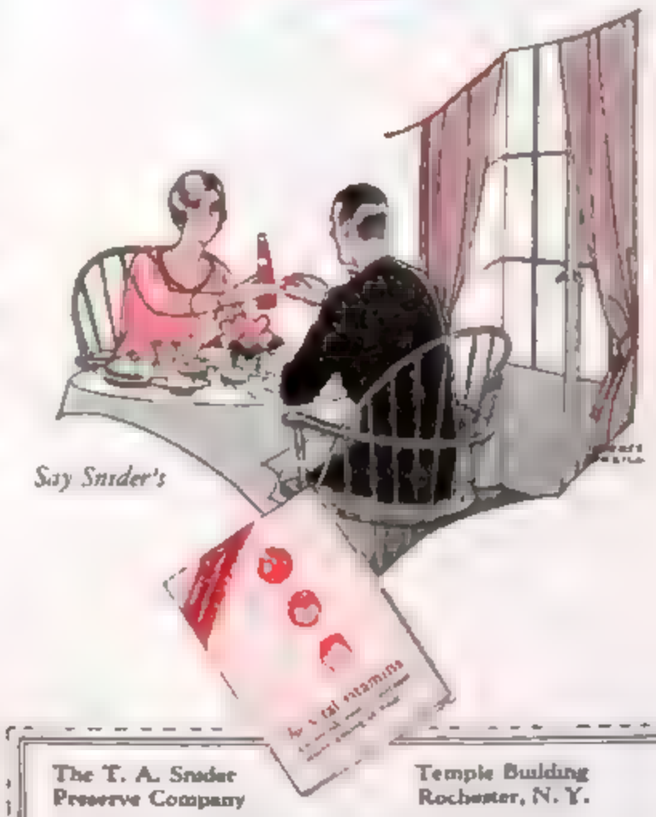
To qualify for Snider's, tomatoes must be packed full of tempting flavor. Snider flavor is not a matter of luck, but of careful planning—watching over the growing of the tomatoes, leaving them to ripen in the sun-

shine on the vine, rushing them from field to kitchen so they may be cooked when really fresh, and finally combining them with the other ingredients of a recipe originated over forty years ago and popular ever since.

Say Snider's and be sure.

**Snider's**
TOMATO PRODUCTS
*add zest*



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Varsity
UNDERWEAR CO.
BALTIMORE, MD


(Continued from Page 120)

No worry now about making ends meet. No fear, least of all, over the month's rental, the payments for the flat. They might, in fact, even move into the suburbs, as Bertha had suggested. If rents in the suburbs were less than they now paid they could talk over the advisability of having a servant perhaps. The main thing, though, was to get established; and though once when he had said something about this to Harnett, and Harnett had laughed, saying men that got there didn't do it by scrimping and cheeseparing, that they did it by laying for a chance to make a killing, Charley Maddox hadn't changed his views. Everybody knew the first thousand dollars was the key. It was by saving the thousand, then properly investing it, that anyone got on. That was the trick; and though the goal, that thousand dollars, now was in sight, he must keep his head—not fly off and try to make a splurge the way some men did, their wives like them.

Bertha, though, was not that sort. Bertha, in fact, had been a wonder. Take the flat now. Even if the flat wasn't so big as the apartments Gershon and Harnett ran; and though, too, it hadn't an elevator and a liveried door man downstairs, it was quite as pretty, every bit as cozy. No man on his salary had one any better; in fact, few men on his pay had one as good, and he was satisfied. Watch the pennies and the dollars would look out for themselves, that was sure; and after another glance at the figures he had scribbled down he put the paper in his pocket, then rose.

The door of the back office had opened. Out through the doorway filed a little procession. As he saw it Charley halted.

In the lead was one of the big-shouldered, heavy-jawed men, with Tebo walking beside him. Tebo's hat was pulled down over his eyes, and he was scuffling along, his gait shambling. At his heels followed the second of the two big men, a third man of slighter build carelessly chatting with him.

Groot, the assistant bookkeeper, brought up the rear, and pausing, as he shut the door behind him, Groot shot a look along the office. In his hand was an envelope, a letter, and as his glance roamed over the double rows of desks it rested for a fraction of an instant on the desk at which Charley stood. But Charley didn't see the look. His lips parted, and wonder in his eyes, he was staring at Tebo's slack, shambling figure.

"Why——" hestammered. "Why——"

Tebo's face was deadly white, chalky. The sweat stood on it. As was to be seen, too, the man at his side was not merely walking there. His mouth set in a leer, the look vividly professional, he had Tebo by the arm, his fingers gripping it in what also was a visibly professional manner. Aghast, Charley was still gaping at the picture Tebo and the man with him made when a hand gave him a nudge. A voice he dimly recognized said at the same time, "Hello, Bunny!"

The name was one he had borne at college. Wrenching his eyes away from the figure of the dejected, tragic Tebo, Charley turned around. "Why, hullo, Hick!" he returned.

It was one of his college mates, Jim Hickock. Though Hickock and he had been more or less thick at college, Hick had married a rich wife, and he and Charley rarely met. Halting, he shook hands, saying, "You're looking good, Bunny. Hunt me up sometime; we'll have a bite together." Evidently in a hurry, he was heading for the doorway through which the sad, shuffling figure of the bookkeeper already had passed, when Charley caught him by the arm. "What's happened, Hick? I mean with Tebo."

"Oh, him?" He shrugged idly. "Just another of our liabilities." As Charley stared blankly Hickock added, "I'm with a bonding company, you know. We had him bonded for ten thousand."

"Tebo? You don't mean he ——" Charley caught at his breath.

Hickock nodded. "Same old story, Bunny—high life, the high lights. He got away with sixteen thousand the past two years."

Charley was bewildered. Once he and Bertha had gone on a Sunday to dine with the bookkeeper and his wife, and so far as he had seen, the only indulgences of the solemn, silent little man with his frosty giggle seemed to have been a golf club and the car he kept; and he had lived in the country, besides.

Hickock grinned. "Ever try the suburbs, Bunny?" Charley hadn't, and Hickock gave a shrug. "They'll show you what keeping up with the procession means. Don't talk to me about competition!"

"But Tebo!" protested Charley.

Hickock was more in a hurry now. "Ring me up sometime, Bun. Like to talk with you." He hurried off, and as the street door closed, Charley drew in his breath.

Tebo a crook! It was enough to startle him. What had Hickock meant, though, by "competition"? Turning back to his desk, he still was debating what had happened, when Groot, Tebo's assistant, came toward him. "Letter for you, Maddox," he said curtly.

He dropped the letter on the desk. It was unstamped, but in the upper left-hand corner the firm's name was printed—an office letter, and Charley looked up inquiringly. "Who from?" he asked.

"Read it," answered Groot. Over his shoulder, as he turned away, he added, "I have a check for your time ready when you want it."

Charley looked at him. Groot, however, had gone, and picking up the letter, his fingers somehow clumsy, he opened the still moist flap. He had to read the contents twice, though, before he could grasp its meaning, and as he did so a tide of color blazed in his face. It subsided, however, as quickly, leaving his face like chalk.

Taking off his hat, he at once put it on again. Rising then, he put the letter in his pocket and walked out through the street door, not bothering to punch the time clock that stood beside it. He was not hurrying now as he made his way around the corner to the Subway. His face blank, he seemed to have forgotten that he must see Peters.

Hodge & Peters had discharged him. How in the world could he tell Bertha?

### IV

THERE were four rooms in the flat—parlor, bedroom, dining room and kitchen. Down the middle ran the private hall, a dim, narrow gangway, with the living room at one end, the kitchen at the other. For this, such as it was, the rent was one hundred and twenty-five dollars a month, and as she took her key from the latch, then shut the front door behind her, Bertha halted, her glance wandering over the parlor and its furnishings. She had walked home from the shopping district.

Chintz was the flat's chief decoration—price one dollar and five cents a yard. She had bought it at a basement-bargain sale. Four chairs, a small sofa and a table comprised the rest of the furnishings, and on the walls were three or four small, inexpensively framed prints, the prints as modest as the frames. Another item was a diminutive gas log set in the tiled fireplace, and as her glance wandered over this and the other details, the look in her eyes was as if she itemized and considered the room's furnishings singly and in the aggregate. However, she didn't stand there long. With a shrug, a barely perceptible tilt of her shoulders, she turned and trudged down the hall.

A door at the right opened into the one bedroom, disclosing in the gloom the vague outlines of twin beds, two chairs and a bureau. That was all. There was not room for more, frankly. Space, as well as light, is an expensive commodity in city flats, and switching on an electric light, she took off her hat and flung it on one of the beds. Doffing her jacket then, she laid it with her gloves and pocketbook on a chair, after which she pulled open a drawer of the bureau.

There was no rancor in her face. She'd had a slap in the face that afternoon, of course—the sort, too, that is most acutely felt by women; but though she had returned it in kind, and, as she herself would have admitted, with interest as vulgar as it had been telling, the remembrance of it now was vague. Nor was she more concerned with possible consequences. Aside from the fact that she'd given a gross, commonplace woman what the woman deserved to get, the realization that Mrs. Hodge was the wife of her husband's employer in no wise seemed of moment. The chief thing was what had been in her mind on that walk uptown from Papillon's.

No use to slur facts. No use longer to evade—or try to evade—what she had feared to face before. Mrs. Hodge, like the prophetic Sherman, after all, had been right; and as she pulled open the bureau drawer Bertha shot a look about the dark, scantily furnished cubicle of a room she and Charley Maddox occupied.

"What a rat hole!" she said aloud.

In the drawer was a woman's usual chaotic jumble of small belongings—stockings, strips of lace and ribbon, hairpins, a discarded hand bag and similar female harness. The characteristic confusion, though, meant nothing. Unerringly, she poked and prodded into the mess, producing presently from its recesses what she sought—a bank's pass book. Then, her air again reflectively calculating, she seated herself on one of the beds and turned open the pass book's leaves.

One in search of facts hardly could seek a more reliable source. Of all human documents, at any rate, few are more exact, less biased, and so Bertha Maddox seemed to find it. "Aug. 3, $2.00." "Aug. 10, $3.00." "Aug. 17, $2.50." Then came a hiatus, the array of dates instead of recording a fixed weekly stage, leaping a fortnight at a jump. "Sept. 2, $1.50." So forth and so on, the trite entries together involving a space of some three years, and her brow puckered. She glanced at a figure penciled at the foot of the final column—$48.40. This, it was clear, represented the sum total of the other figures, and flinging the pass book back into the drawer as she caught a glimpse of herself in the glass, she laughed.

Thus forty-eight dollars and forty cents was the exact amount of all the ready money she and her husband had in the world, and she was eying the pass book again when a sudden sound from the stairs outside made her lift her head alertly. The bill for that dress she'd bought downtown would be two hundred and fifty dollars.

The noise on the stairs proved a false alarm. It was one of the tenants probably, walking up, not Papillon's delivery man. Then she remembered that the woman at the shop had said that if the dress was sent the same night it would be late.

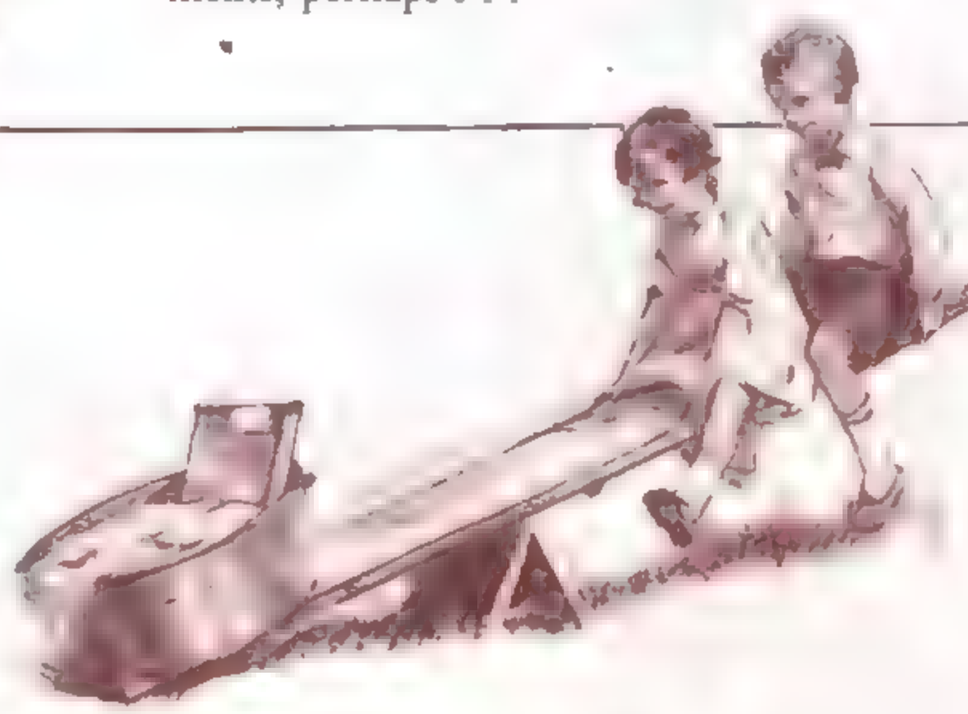
Forty-eight dollars and forty cents!

True, besides this were the three baby bonds, Charley's specialty. She had forgotten the bonds; and now remembering them, it looked as if she meant to laugh again. She didn't though. Her eyes narrowing, she nibbled a pink finger tip reflectively. Of course, when the delivery man came to the door, she could send back the dress, saying she didn't want it; but though this naturally would be what a woman in her place would do, somehow her look gave no indication that she'd fixed on this obvious solution. Her brow still was puckered. The line of her mouth, too, was thin and rigid. In fact, the dress itself was only a vague, inconsequential image in her mind. What it symbolized and had made clear to her—that was something to think about!

There was tonight's party, for one thing—if party it could be called. Jud Gershon and Sophie were coming, but Minnie Harnett had begged off. "I'm so sorry! Ken and I do so enjoy your little evenings!" They were little, that was sure, though this was not the point. Minnie's frank yawns and the way Minnie's eyes wandered about the cramped, minute confines of the flat—a disparaging ennui perhaps to be expected.

(Continued on Page 125)

"OVER the fence is out." Out of range of Mother's eyes, out of range of her "yes" or "no." Out where little hands find strange playthings, where little minds find strange amusements. Perhaps innocent, harmless amusements; perhaps . . .



FAR better when Mother is the companion. Far better when Mother guides the restless hands, and moulds the plastic minds. For "as the twig is bent, so the tree grows." An hour of "mothering" now is worth a year of advice later on.

BUT where are these "mother-hours" to come from? Mother can't be two places at once. Eyes that supervise a washing can't watch children, too. Before Mother can give the children the time they need, someone must give her that time. Who?

THE modern laundry answers the biggest part of this question. It does the washing and any or all of the ironing. It takes washday completely out of the home—out of sight and out of mind. It leaves instead a whole day of leisure. Time to spend with the children—time for story-books and games and picnics. A "Mother's Day" every week!

One of the best things about the time you get from the laundry is its trifling cost. Just call one of the modern laundries in your city and see!

*Published in the interest of the public, and on behalf of the Laundry Industry, by The American Laundry Machinery Company, Executive Offices, Cincinnati, Ohio*

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*And now this* LOW RESISTANCE *"B" battery is built in a new way that still further increases its* STAYING POWER

WITH every improvement in the quality of the music that the broadcasting stations put on the air . . . with every refinement in transmitting and receiving sets . . . the value of Ray-O-Vac batteries becomes more and more apparent.

Here is a current supply that produces a direct, non-pulsating voltage which permits equal amplification of every radio signal. And because Ray-O-Vac "B" batteries have *low internal resistance* . . . from ⅙ to ⅓ that of other "B" batteries . . . signals are amplified without distortion. The result is natural, rounded tones.

*New construction adds still more staying power*

Along with better reception, Ray-O-Vac batteries also give greater economy. They have always been known as the batteries with staying power.

Now a new type of construction makes them last from 10% to 15% still longer!

The old-style battery did not always give all its current in service. It *consumed itself*. With the first break in any one unit cell within the battery, a short circuit was likely to be created that drained the current whether the battery was in use or not. Ray-O-Vac engineers have overcome this tendency of a battery to eat itself up to such an extent that now Ray-O-Vac batteries have a much longer life.

Each individual cell in a Ray-O-Vac battery is now housed in a waterproofed carton that checks the escape of the electrolyte and its consequent contact with other cells. Hence short circuits are less apt to occur and the battery lives longer.

The true test of a battery is the quality and length of its service *on duty*, rather than flash voltmeter or ammeter readings.

You can be sure of getting radio batteries with the longest life and the least internal resistance by simply asking for Ray-O-Vacs by name. You can identify them by the package shown here. Cartons on "A" and "C" batteries are of similar design. Ray-O-Vac batteries are sold by the leading dealers in radio supplies.

*This is the famous Master Ray-O-Vac 45-volt heavy duty "B" battery No. 9303, recommended for sets with four or more tubes. Note the pitchless top—the result of a new type of construction. This battery weighs four pounds less than old-style batteries of similar kind, yet has much longer life!*

FRENCH BATTERY COMPANY
MADISON, WISCONSIN

*Also makers of Ray-O-Vac "A" and "C" radio batteries, Ray-O-Vac flashlights and batteries and Ray-O-Vac ignition batteries*

(Continued from Page 122)

Harnett was getting on, making money—that was it, wasn't it? Whereas Charley —— Hanging up the receiver, she had cut off Minnie halfway in her thin apologies, then she had called another woman, May Reade, the wife of one of Charley's college friends. It was the first time Bertha had asked them to the flat, and she hardly had done so when she repented. Min Harnett was hard to bear. Sophie Gershon, for that matter, was little better; but by now Bertha had accustomed herself to their veiled air of toleration, and could she do it with strangers—the Reades, for example? In her mind's eye, she already pictured them and their look of mild astonishment, not to say surprise, as they found themselves for the first time in that two-by-four abode, the flat with its tenpenny furnishings. What a give-away! What a show-up it was! Worst of all was Charley Maddox's naïve satisfaction. "Cozy, don't you think, eh?" It was to Minnie Harnett he'd said it last. "Bertha made the curtains—real chintz. You ought to get her to help you make yours, Minnie."

"Thanks," said Minnie. Minnie, however, already had had hers made. She'd named the maker then—a high-priced decorator over in Fifth Avenue—but Charley had gone on babbling blindly. "Know any good investment, Ken?—something in baby bonds?" Invariably as was his practice, he'd added, "They're my specialty, you know."

As if anyone wouldn't know! Chicken feed!

There were times when she bit her lips, raging. There were other times when she could have wept, her anguish as much for him as for herself. If only he could learn! If only he could be taught, at least, not to make a parade, a show, of how he had lagged, slipped behind! That was the trouble, though—his guileless, unseeing satisfaction; satisfaction with his home; satisfaction with his job, with his salary; satisfaction at the way he was getting on. If Mrs. Hodge and her doings, however, had brought all this to a crisis, the awakening was not due entirely to Mrs. Hodge. Bertha already had dimly guessed the truth.

Satisfaction like this meant but one thing—it was the satisfaction of a clerk. Worse, it was the satisfaction of a clerk doomed to remain one!

She rose as she heard his key in the latch.

Every night when he came uptown from the office it was Charley Maddox's habit to call out to her the moment he opened the door, "Ooh-hoo, Bertha!" Or "Hullo! Anyone home?" She often had laughed at him for this. "You big baby! 'Fraid to be left alone?" Tonight, however, he was silent when he opened the door. As silently, too, he closed it.

Back in the bedroom, Bertha listened while he fumbled about in the dark, his hand hunting clumsily for the electric-light switch. When he found it and the parlor lamp sprang on, the sounds from the front room ceased. Bertha, however, remained silent too. There was much she had to say to him, it's true, but she had never hurt him willingly; and now that she must, she was in no haste somehow to do it. Glancing at her face in the glass, she was slowly dabbing at it with a powder puff when she heard him move suddenly. As he moved, another sound came from him, and she started consciously.

"Charley!" she cried.

Dropping the powder puff, she hurried into the hall. He was standing at the other end of it, his hat and coat still on and his arms filled with packages. "Hullo, dear," he said quietly.

She still was startled. The sound that she'd heard come from him had been suspiciously like a sob, and she peered at him sharply.

"What's happened?" she asked alertly. "Are you ill?"

"I?" He looked at her with affected astonishment. "What made you think that?"

She was vaguely irritated. "I thought I heard you groan." Pointing at his packages she asked, "What are those bundles?"

"These?" He set them on a chair and began to take off his coat. "Why, they're for the party. The Reades and the Gershons are coming, aren't they?"

She still was upset, uncertain. They had been married nearly seven years now, and in that time, with a woman's uncanny, unerring certainty, she had become accustomed to reading the flexibilities of his mind and moods as if they were so much print. All women have that trick, that trait—an alert defensive instinct—and in spite of his denial, she still was vaguely conscious of something wrong. "Don't be silly!" he laughed, and the laugh now was hearty and unaffected. "I'm all right—nothing wrong with me."

Laying his coat on a chair, he picked up the paper parcels and was heading for the kitchen, when she stopped him. "You haven't kissed me," she said. That, too, was something he had forgotten; and though by now she had eased her mind of its first apprehension, she hardly was prepared for the shock she had when she raised her face to his. Turning suddenly, he crushed her tightly in his arms—too tightly and with such vital strength that she cried out sharply. He did not kiss her though. Instead, he laid his face against hers and held her there. She felt him shake, too, for an instant. "Charley!" she cried.

He released her, and picking up his bundles, walked on down the hall. "Come along, if you're going to get dinner," he said; and alarmed again, though she now held her tongue, Bertha followed him. A dim suspicion leaped into her mind. If anything were indeed wrong, she had an inkling of what the cause might be, and for an instant a faint color leaped into her face, then fled. Her eyes thoughtful, she watched him while he took the paper off his parcels. Evidently he had changed his mind about going directly home from the office. In the bundles were the cheese for Charley's famous rabbit and the beer, and when he had put them into the ice box, then stood up, she turned away, her eyes all at once evasive.

Silent now, she lit the gas cookstove. Afterward she lifted the kettle from the stove and was filling it at the sink when he took it from her. "I'll do that. You get the other things," he said, his voice, as usual, light and boyish. Every evening, in fact, he helped her with the dinner, his clumsy if well-meant efforts as much a detriment as a help. Gradually it had grown into an annoyance. Men who get there don't potter about, doing small domestic tasks. Men making a success of it are not found hovering around their wives' cookstoves, or, much less, buttoned into an apron, washing household dishes. She might be grateful for his help, yet its significance hadn't escaped her. It was something else she meant to talk to him about—a mere detail, perhaps, yet still vital. All that kept her from saying it now, in fact, was the resolve she had made. She would have to hurt him, but she would make the hurt as light as possible. Let him have his dinner first. Let him enjoy the party afterward. Then ——

Momentarily, as she glanced at him, her eyes grew dim, moist. She could have wept outright, in short, for the very thing in him that incensed her—his boyish naïveté and innocence. Why couldn't he see? Why couldn't he be like the other men, the ones that were getting on? She loved him of course. With all his traits, his affection, his thoughtfulness, his devoted loyalty, a woman could not help but love him; yet for all her love, there was that other part of him.

Just as he was setting the dinner on the table she no longer could restrain herself. He put the chops on a platter—the wrong platter, as usual—and as she righted the mistake she spoke, her tone casual, crafty: "Have a good day downtown today, dear?"

He was hovering over the stove now. "Yep, fine. . . . Shall I put the potatoes in the dish now?"

"I'll fix the potatoes; you fill the glasses. . . . Did I tell you Mrs. Hodge rang up and asked me to go shopping?"

"Mrs. Hodge?" He turned and shot a look at her.

She bent over the cookstove busily. "She came for me in her landaulet—two o'clock. I didn't get home till five."

As she knew, he still was looking at her. "I thought you didn't like Mrs. Hodge, Bertha," he said slowly, and she nodded.

"I don't. I couldn't say no though. She almost insisted."

"What happened?" he asked.

She still busied herself at the stove, her air negligent. "We went downtown—Fifth Avenue. She bought herself a lot of things, as usual. . . . Have you filled the glasses yet?" asked Bertha.

That was as far as it got. Afterward, however, she caught him now and then gazing at her furtively, though she gave no hint now that there was anything in his air or mood to disturb her. As the dinner went on, however, the conversation grew more and more spotty, languishing ultimately into monosyllables. She was relieved when the meal was finished. Still more was she relieved when he had finished helping her clear away the dinner things.

A sense of something impending, perhaps tragic, had begun definitely to take shape in her consciousness. She looked forward now with a constantly growing dread to the talk she'd determined to have with him. Was the talk worth while? Could she, after all, say or do anything to alter or, much less, improve what obviously was due to innate, settled traits in his make-up? To add to all this, there was the business of the dress she'd bought that afternoon—a fact that by itself was immaterial, yet that now assumed untold proportions. It was one thing to say with a clear conscience what she had to say; with what had happened at that dressmaker's hanging over her, it was quite another. Once all that was known, the accuser might readily become the accused.

All through dinner she had waited for the doorbell to ring. Though she knew, when it did, what she meant to do, she wished that the ordeal might be postponed for tonight. A glance at the clock showed her it already was nearing eight, and perhaps the shop would not send up the box till tomorrow. "Time you were getting ready, Charley," she reminded him.

"All right," nodded Charley absently.

His hands were red and puffy from the suds, and as he dried them on a kitchen towel she watched him covertly. Absorbed, deeply silent, he trudged across the tiny kitchen to the door into the dining room. Pushing it open, he halted there and then spoke, his voice, as she detected readily enough, artfully careless, unconcerned. "I say, Bee, how much have we in the savings just now?"

She was just reaching up to turn off the kitchen light. Her hand hung there aloft.

"Why—why?" she murmured.

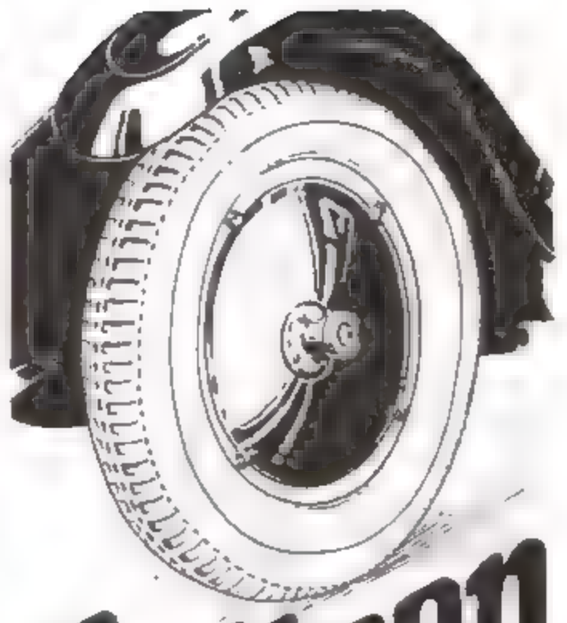
He still was affectedly careless. "Nothing—I just asked. It's around fifty dollars, isn't it?"

She told him the exact amount, one graphic enough in her recollection—forty-eight dollars and forty cents. Now she knew to a certainty that he was hiding something: what, she didn't know, though she had a suspicion. His next question confirmed it. "How much in the other bank, Bee?"

This was a small checking account out of which she paid the household bills. As an asset, it was negligible. "A couple of dollars, Charley," she replied.

He said no more. She heard him trudge down the hall, his footfalls plodding, and reaching up to the light, she had turned it off when the telephone in the front room rang. "I'll go," she called; adding, "You'll have to hurry, Charley; it's already eight." Then, as she took the receiver from the hook and a voice came to her over the wire, her lip curved.

It curved still more as she listened, and after a moment she spoke, her voice cold.

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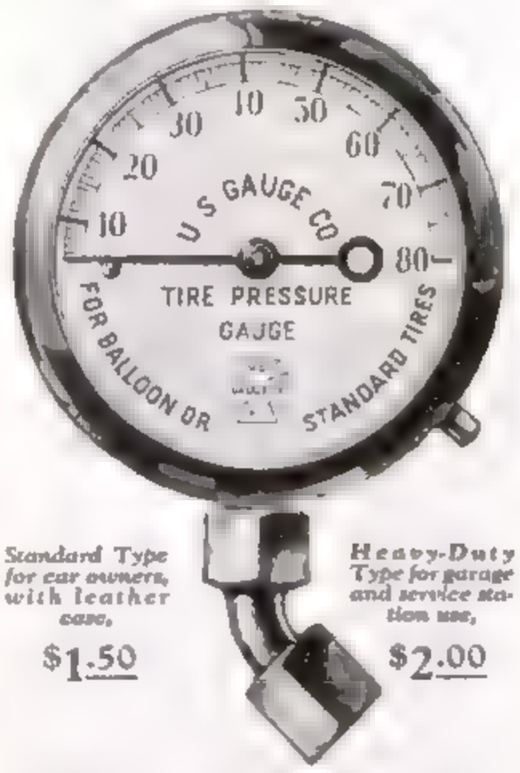


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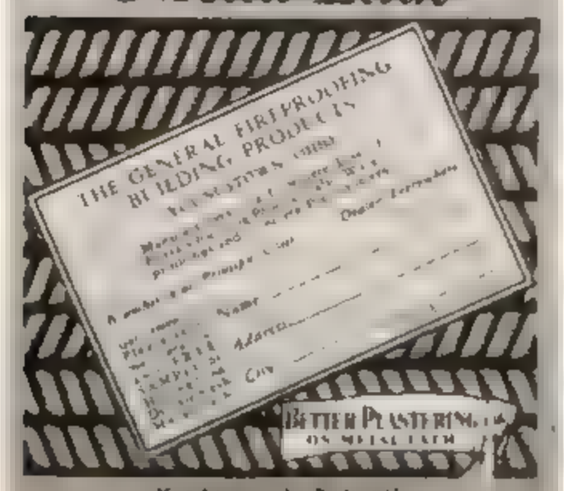


"I see. . . . Yes, I understand. . . . Oh, no," she said, and with difficulty restrained her desire to laugh. "It's not of the slightest importance—not the least. . . . Good night." Though the voice on the wire still was speaking, she hung up the receiver and pushed open the bedroom door. In there Charley Maddox was struggling into his dinner jacket—this a relic of his college days. "Who just telephoned?" he asked.

"Mrs. Reade," she answered dully; "they're not coming."

The desire to laugh got the better of her now. "He had a cold—a sudden one."

Startled both by her laugh and her tone, Charley stared sharply. "What do you mean, Bee?" he demanded.

"Nothing," she answered; and he still was peering at her suspiciously when a ring at the door downstairs saved her from explanations. "You go," she said.

The Harnetts first, then the Reades! It was a wonder to her that Sophie Gershon, too, hadn't made excuses—a happening for which she now would have devoutly thanked her stars. No chance, though. As she heard the door open, she heard, too, a booming voice fill the flat with sound.

"Hullo, Bunny! How's th' boy?"

The voice uttering its usual breezy greeting was echoed by a second voice, its note less affectedly joyful.

"Such stairs!" complained Sophie Gershon. Then, between wheezes, she added, "It's time you folks moved into a flat with an elevator."

v

IT NEVER rains but it pours. To this, too, might be added another saying, Bertha felt, though it was one whose application she never had clearly understood: "After me the deluge." Now she was convinced it definitely was concerned with her.

"Have a cigar, Jud," proffered Charley.

The cigars, a neat dozen he had bought for the evening's entertainment, were laid out on a smoking tray. He had not, for reasons perhaps obvious, bought an entire box; and from the depths of the one easy-chair in which he had ensconced his florid bulk, Gershon reached out a hand to help himself. Then, having picked up one of the cigars, after a look at it Gershon put it down again and took from his pocket a thick gold-embossed leather case. "Thanks, but if you don't mind I'll smoke one of mine," he said.

The cigar he lit was thick, oily and ringed with a rich, ostentatious band. Bertha, watching, saw a faint flush mount into Charley's face. Methodically, she went on setting out a folding card table from behind the sofa. Already bored, as it was to be seen, Sophie Gershon was puffing at a cigarette. A large, plump, fluffy-haired blonde of the doll type, she had a voice as indolent and lymphatic as her person. Now she spoke: "I thought you said you'd asked the Reades, Bee?"

"They're not coming," Bertha answered evenly.

Gershon gave an exclamation, its tone disappointed. "They're not? I counted on seeing Reade. He's in with that big bunch—the Island Trust outfit—they say."

"I'm sorry. He had a cold, his wife told me."

Sophie Gershon indolently recrossed her knees. "I thought you'd get stung, Bee, if you were counting on her. She has the social bug, and would throw down anyone. I wondered when you told me."

"Shall we cut for partners?" said Bertha.

Sophie Gershon spoke again, this time hurriedly. "Oh, don't let's play. We can only stay for a while. We're going on to another party, a supper dance and ——"

Bertha's voice still was level, even. "You cut, Jud," she said to Gershon, ignoring both Sophie and her protests, and lumbering up from his chair, Gershon picked a card. "Shall I draw for you, too, Sophie?" he asked.

"Well, if you must," replied his helpmeet aggrievedly.

Charley Maddox cut last. Both he and Bertha cut high, Bertha turning the ace of hearts, and as this insured the deal to her, she riffled the cards together, at the same time asking, "What shall we play for?"

There was a brief pause. Heretofore she and Charley never had played for stakes; and though she kept her eyes lowered while she rapidly dealt, she knew that Charley as well as the others was looking at her. "Well, at the club," began Sophie Gershon, "two cents is ——"

"Two cents then," interrupted Bertha.

Inwardly, she was cold, leaden. What difference did it make? Confused, Charley opened his mouth to say something, a protest perhaps, but before he could speak, she glanced hurriedly at her hand, then cut him short. She was done with piking. The deadly, disparaging minuteness of the life she had led filled her with revulsion, with revolt. As well be dead. "Three spades," she said.

Sophie Gershon was at her left. She had the spade ace and a long suit of clubs in her hand. "What say?" she interrogated. Bertha repeated her bid, "Three spades," and Mrs. Gershon's eyes glittered briefly. "Double," she said.

Charley passed, so did Gershon. "Redouble," said Bertha.

Startled, Sophie Gershon grumbled, "Enough."

There is no need to dwell on the hand, the rubber either. Failing in clubs and with seven spades in her hand, Bertha not only won her three tricks; she took one extra. The second hand was a repetition. She took the bid of two hearts away from Sophie Gershon and with a bid of four diamonds she cleared both game and rubber. After that it was war to the knife, Mrs. Gershon's doll features vindictively set, her hands and fingers fumbling as she clutched up each deal from the cloth. The second rubber, however, went the way of the first.

A quick fire flowed in Bertha's veins, a sense new to her of potency and achievement. Charley Maddox, too, at her success, seemed to have caught some of her inner exaltation. For the moment, at any rate, the cloud had gone from his eyes, and between hands, he chatted volubly, his talk turning, as was its wont, to that familiar topic of his—his investments. A better name for it, of course, would have been "savings"—the amount and substance of it a clerk's chicken feed—though now he departed from his specialty, those famous baby bonds. The figures he phrased now were in the thousands, though Bertha wished he would stop. Even she read in his artless, chatty utterances his real unfamiliarity with his theme, and so, too, Gershon seemed to find it. Bored, his talk had reduced itself to monosyllables, then to grunts. However, though Bertha's luck still went on booming high, all this could not last indefinitely, and just as the clock struck nine the bolt fell.

"Double!" said Bertha.

Again Mrs. Gershon had made it two hearts. "Enough," she mumbled, her air openly sullen now, and when Charley ultimately led and Gershon laid down his hand, Bertha hardly could restrain her elation. The hand was a bloomer, one with not a trick in what it disclosed, and playing a high card, she had turned the trick on the table when the bell from the street door sounded.

It was her play. For an instant the card she held hung suspended. "That's the doorbell," said Charley, wondering.

If so, it meant nothing to Mrs. Gershon. "Play, if you're going to," she said thickly, and from below the bell rang again.

The hand holding the suspended card wavered slightly. Bertha knew now who had rung the bell downstairs. Hesitating, she put the card back into her hand, then selected another. The change was fatal, and with a cry, a bugling note of triumph, Mrs. Gershon flung down the card she held. "That fixes you!" she gurgled, and sweeping up the trick, she led a high trump. As she did so Gershon unlimbered himself from his chair. "I'm dummy—I'll open the door," he volunteered, adding, "How d'you work the thing?"

"Push that button there," directed Charley; and puzzled, he glanced at Bertha. Her hand wrecked, she was merely following suit, while Sophie Gershon triumphantly raked in trick after trick. "There! Little slam, doubled!" cried Sophie.

Gershon had opened the door. On the landing appeared a man in livery, a pasteboard box in his hand. He spoke briefly. "Maddox?" he inquired, and nodding, Gershon said something, at the same time holding out his hand. The man, however, still clung to the box, and pushing back her chair, Bertha rose. "What is it?" she asked, though she knew.

"It's a box from Papillon's," Gershon answered; and grinning, he added, "The bill's two hundred and fifty."

She heard Charley gasp. An exclamation eloquent with wonder rose from Sophie Gershon too. Bertha, though, did not so much as flicker. "Just a moment," she murmured," and edging past Gershon into the narrow hall, she pushed open the door of her bedroom. Less than a half minute later, when Charley Maddox stalked in there, his face tragic, he found her seated at her dressing table, a pen in her hand.

"Good Lord, Bertha!" he choked. "What do you think you're doing?"

She went on writing. "Don't make a fool of yourself," she warned, her tone level. Then, her tone the same, she added, "I'm writing a check, if you insist on knowing."

"A check?" he cried. "I thought you told me there were only a couple of dollars in the bank!" So she had, and with difficulty he controlled himself. "Do you mean you're going to take that dress and pay for it with a check? The bill's two hundred and fifty dollars. How can you give a check when we have nothing to meet it?"

Bertha calmly blotted the check. "That's your lookout, Charley."

"My lookout?"

"You'll have to get the money somehow," she said, and she was making her way to the door when he stopped her, his hand uplifted, his face convulsed with a tragic wildness of passion and despair such as she never had read in it before.

"I'll tell you something. I tried to hide it from you for tonight. This afternoon I lost my job. The firm fired me."

"Well?" responded Bertha.

She already had guessed that. The calm evenness of her laconic reply, though, served to strip from him the last shreds of self-control and reserve. "Are you crazy?" he choked. "Penniless, without a job—I—and you—you go downtown and buy yourself a two-hundred-and-fifty-dollar dress!"

"Yes, that's it," she answered. "Charley, I've bought that dress and I mean to keep it. I'll tell you why, too, as soon as I can get rid of those people out there."

"You tell me now, you hear!" he directed.

She shook her head, a faint smile on her lips. "No, not till they are gone."

Still smiling, she walked out of the bedroom, her head high.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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*Jim Henry*
(Mennen Salesman)

# A BAD YOUNG MAN

Continued from Page 38

"Chilly evening," she remarked, and gave a dazzling display of dentistry.

Larry nodded. "Mind if I talk to you?" he said.

She laughed coyly. "No. Talk away. But it makes me thirsty to listen."

Another glass was fetched by the bent-nosed waiter.

"Got to talk to somebody," said Larry.

"Sure."

"Life's a joke, isn't it?"

"Uh-huh," she said absently.

"Look at me," he exclaimed.

She did so with no very great interest.

"What do you see?" Larry demanded.

"Young fella with a nice young package," she said.

"Why have I a package? Answer me that."

"No good at riddles."

"I'll tell you," burst out Larry. "I'm bad. Understand that, bad. I was born bad. Funny thing too. Everybody knew that but me. What a sap! Didn't tumble to the fact I was really incurably bad for years. Tried to be pretty square. No use. You can't go against nature. People were always saying, 'There's a wild and wicked guy.' I didn't believe them for a long time. Guess I played the old ostrich game. Hid my head in the sand. Kidded myself by saying that the world was wrong and I was right. Blamed people for treating me like a flea-bitten alley hound. Well, at last I'm hep to myself. I'm going to be what I was cut out to be—a hell-raising, worthless outlaw. I give the round world warning. No more goody-goody stuff for me. Nobody cares a piece of used fly paper for me, so why should I bother about what anybody thinks?"

The lady partially suppressed a golden yawn.

"What's the girl's name?" she asked unexpectedly.

"Pop —— Say, what girl? There is no girl ——"

"Hair tonic!" said the lady. "There's always a girl; or a man. You ain't drinking that varnish remover for your health. When a young lad like you hits the stuff, it's usually because some other guy has cut him out with his sweetie. You want to pour out your troubles on somebody, so you pick on me. I'm used to this confession stuff. Spill your doughnuts. I'll be sorry for you. I always am. I've been thrown down so often I bounce. But let me say this: It's probably your own fault ——"

"Oh, sure! I'm always to blame."

"A barrel of rum to a cup of tea you are," she said, looking sage. "When a fellow loses a girl, it's generally because he doesn't really care enough about her to make a strong play for her. Even the brassy little hotsy-totsys you see nowadays are women under their make-ups. They want to have the boy friend do the heavy-courting work. I don't care what side of the counter the girl is on, there's only one way to get her, and that's to grab her ——"

"Did I say there was a girl?" demanded Larry.

"Don't kid auntie. I know men as well as if I'd made the blue prints for them. If a lad your age isn't moony over some girl, he ain't human. And you look human enough. Listen. Free advice to the lovelorn is my dish. If you're sure this lost jane is the real stuff, go and grab her."

The potion he was recklessly consuming was exercising its authority within Larry Larrabee. It rendered him bellicose and eloquent.

"Girls," he declaimed, thumping the table, "are the bunk. Dolls with sawdust brains, the lot of them. There may be a few good ones, but the good ones couldn't see me with a telescope. I'm a wild onion, and now I admit it. Have a drink?"

"Oh, sit down and put ice on your bean," said the lady, taking a drink. "Tony will be chucking you out, if you behave like an Indian on the warpath."

"Chuck me out, will he?" cried Larry. "Let him try. I can lick my weight in spaghetti any day. I'm tough. Just let somebody start something —"

He stopped abruptly, with mouth ajar. Into the Casino a couple had come, and were passing down the hall to the smaller back room. Larry had only the merest glimpse of the girl, but he saw the man clearly as he struggled out of his overcoat. Those shoulders, those ears, that large hammered-silver flask protruding from the pocket of the dinner jacket, Larry knew. They all belonged to Freddy Trask.

"Excuse me," said Larry to his companion. He bowed. "I see an old friend—a dear old friend. I would have speech with him. Thank you for your advice."

He went lurching down the hall after Freddy, and tapped him on the shoulder. That gentleman turned a startled and instantly hostile face.

"My lucky day!" said Larry. "I've missed you so, Freddy."

"What do you want?" cried Mr. Trask.

"Frederick! Your tone is so ungenteel. All I want is a few kind words."

Larry bowed to the girl. In the light of the green candles on the tables in the back room she looked pale and rather frightened.

"Good evening, Poppy," he said.

"You go way, Larry Larrabee," she cried

He bowed again. He teetered perilously. "Yes," he said, "I'll go. But, Poppy, I want you to go with me. Will you?"

"No."

Mr. Trask cut in. "You mind your own business," he said, looking very fierce. "You can't get away with any more of that stuff."

"Frederick," said Larry, "you surprise me. You know you shouldn't bring a quiet home girl like Poppy to a dive like this."

"I'll go with Poppy wherever I please."

"Masterful fellow! Will you really?"

"Poppy and I," said Mr. Trask, "are engaged."

"Oh!" Larry turned to Poppy. "Is that true?" he asked.

She nodded. Perceptibly he sagged.

"I think," said Mr. Trask, with some of his wonted suavity restored, "you will see that it is not sensible to make any more scenes. I understand from Mr. Penhallow that you are working hard and behaving yourself. It would be foolish of you to get yourself into trouble. Please run along now."

Larry stood looking hard at Poppy. The sag came out of his shoulders. He thrust out his speckled chin.

"Know what I'm going to do?" he said.

"No."

"I'm going to break the engagement."

"Better not start anything," said Freddy Trask; then called loudly, "Hi, waiter, waiter"

The bent-nosed waiter came scurrying in, scenting trouble. Then Larry did start something.

He started it by making a hearty but inaccurate swing at Freddy Trask's impeccable shirt front. They mingled in a tangle of legs, arms and oaths. Crashing over went the tables, candles and all. Writhing and wrestling and pummeling they rolled on the floor. Poppy squealed. The bent-nosed waiter dived happily into the fray. The portly Scarletti, in person, came charging to the scene, letting out a volley of protests. When they were not in the least heeded, he began to punch promiscuously. Even in the uncertain light Larry's red head was a good target, but Mr. Scarletti was no sharpshooter. Some of his very best blows were intercepted by the active elbows of the bent-nosed waiter or by the torso of Freddy.

They whirled about, now up, now down, back and forth across the room. In one corner, submerged, was a man, hitherto unnoticed, who was deep in gin-scented slumber. In the wild mêlée a shove from Larry catapulted the panting Scarletti squarely against the sleeper's abdomen. He woke with a bellow. The unknown, later said to be one Spike Clancy, celebrating his discharge from the United States Marine Corps, fancying himself beset by a host of enemies, roared out, "Up and at 'em, leatherneck!" and struck out impartially and vigorously for the honor of the corps. Indiscriminately he biffed Freddy, Larry and Scarletti. Other patrons of the establishment rushed to the scene of combat.

The ladies screamed in various keys. The gentlemen, inspired by their alcoholic contents to deeds of daring, sought to separate the combatants by yanking, tugging, prying. As it was impossible to distinguish friend from foe, the peacemakers were roundly buffeted and even kicked. They resented this. They were drawn into the maelstrom of battle, and soon, all over the Casino, perfect strangers were presenting each other with free bloody noses. From out the scuffling and uproar the voice of the lady with the golden teeth was heard:

"The cops are on their way."

Then another voice—Scarletti's, panic-stricken—"Fire! Fire!"

A candle, knocked against the flimsy curtains in the back room, had started a lively blaze. Unnoticed in the din of battle, the fire had gained headway. It caught the woodwork. Fanned by the breeze of swaying, lunging bodies, it roared and crackled.

Through the blazing back door Larry Larrabee carried Poppy Bangs. She was kicking a little, and she tried to scratch his face when he snatched her up out of the corner of the room where the fight had penned her. He did not notice her assault. A few scratches more or less made no difference to his face now. It bore the marks of Freddy Trask's diamond ring, the heel of the bent-nosed waiter, divers jabs from the aroused ex-marine, and sundry marks from the fists and elbows of other warriors.

His new suit was quite beyond the help of tailors or cleaners. He looked like a careless person who has tried to jump through a mammoth electric fan. He flopped his struggling burden into the front seat of Mr. Penhallow's big car.

"Stop howling and squirming, you," he growled. "You're going with me."

The blazing building lit up the yard. A figure came running toward the car. It was Freddy Trask, and the splendor of his evening attire was sadly dimmed. Someone in the fracas had tried to remove his shirt without going through the formality of first taking off his coat and vest. The experiment was only a halfway success. It had proved beneficial to neither shirt, vest, nor coat. His face suggested that he had been using it to hammer home large railroad spikes.

"Stop!" he shouted.

It was at this moment that a small car weighted down with large policemen shot up.

"Officer, officer!" cried Mr. Trask. "Stop that man! He did it."

A beefy policeman scrambled out of the car and lumbered toward Larry. He had gained the running board when Larry started.

"Get off, you swollen cuttlefish!" Larry cried, and with a push, sent the officer sprawling on the road. The car picked up speed like a falling brick.

It is highly dangerous to take sharp curves on a narrow dirt road at forty miles an hour, or to plunge along straight stretches at sixty. But that is what Larry Larrabee did all the way back to Kayport. Poppy clutched the side of the car and clung like a barnacle. It was all she could do. As Larry slowed down as he mounted Lighthouse Hill and drew near the home of Nicholas Penhallow, she began to whimper softly.

"Listen to me," said Larry. "You're my girl, Poppy Bangs. I've grabbed you and I'm going to keep you. I won't ask you whether you want to be or not. You've got to be Understand?"

She stopped her whimpering. "All right, Larry," she said.

The party at the Penhallow house had not broken up. In the living room Commodore Bangs, the Reverend Doctor Smallwood, and Mr. Penhallow were discussing yachts and the theft of Mr. Penhallow's car. On the other side of the room Mrs. Smallwood and Mrs. Bangs and Aunt Jessica were trying to think of something to say, and occasionally succeeding. In a corner the Smallwood sisters giggled over some private joke. It was into this reasonably placid assemblage that Larry Larrabee marched Poppy Bangs.

It was Commodore Bangs who first achieved a certain astonished and stammering power of speech.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

This was no time, Larry decided, for finesse.

"I'm going to marry Poppy," he said. "Doctor Smallwood, will you please marry us right away?"

"What!"

The way the commodore roared made the crystal pendants on the chandelier tinkle.

"I'm going to marry Poppy," Larry, very determined in voice and mien, repeated. "What do you say, Poppy?"

His eyes were on hers.

"I do," she said.

He grinned. "She says 'Yes,'" he informed the company.

Commodore Bangs, purple as to face, sputtered out, "I won't have it."

"Why not?" It was not Larry Larrabee who asked the question. It was Mr. Nicholas Penhallow. He was calm as if he were eating muffins and tea. "Why not, commodore?" he repeated.

Even in his empurpled state, the commodore did not forget that he was addressing a very wealthy and important man.

"I've reasons, Mr. Penhallow," he said.

"I think in fairness to Lawrence you should state them," said Mr. Penhallow.

"Well, in the first place," began the commodore, "he's a ——"

The commodore's words were drowned by a thundering at the front door. There entered, breathless, Freddy Trask and the beefy policeman.

The officer swooped fatly down on Larry, and laid a hand on his shoulder.

"No rough stuff," he warned. "I got you."

Nicholas Penhallow was not in the least flustered by what was happening on his living-room rug. "What's the trouble, Wallie?" he said to the officer.

"I'm arresting this here fellow," answered the policeman respectfully.

"What for?" asked Mr. Penhallow.

The officer became very official. "This here young man," he said solemnly, "is under arrest on the following charges: He did purloin, pilfer and make away with one motor car—your car, Mr. Penhallow. He operated same on the public highways at a dangerous and excessive rate of speed. He illegally purchased and consumed alcoholic beverages. While in a drunk and disorderly condition he assaulted Mr. Flask here ——"

"Trask," said Freddy.

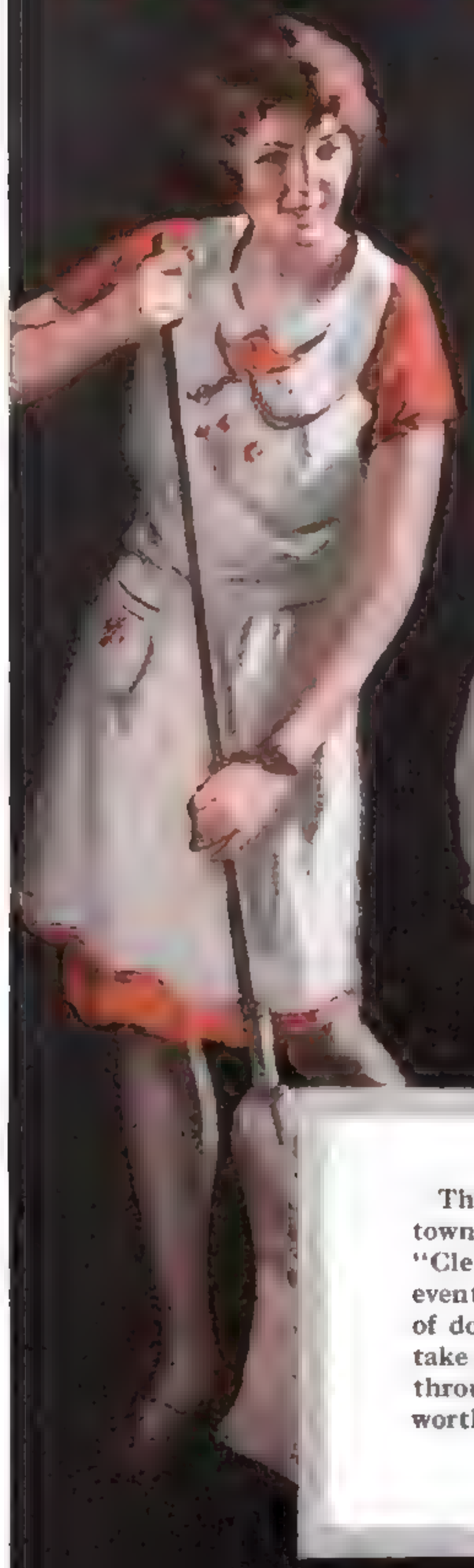
"He assaulted Mr. Trask, then," went on the officer, "and between five and nine other citizens, including Tony Scarletti. He attacked them with fists, feet and otherwise, with felonious intent, and committed battery and mayhem on their persons. Further, he maliciously destroyed property by setting fire to same, and that's arson, Mr. Penhallow. Then he kidnaped and abducted that there young lady. Finally," and here the officer became even more solemn, "he resisted an officer and called same 'a swollen cuttlefish,' which I won't stand from nobody, Mr. Penhallow."

The tranquillity of Mr. Penhallow was not noticeably ruffled. "Anything else, Wallie?" he asked. "Murder, surely."

"No, sir," said the officer regretfully. "No murder. He done his best in that direction though."

(Continued on Page 132)

# Clean up-and prevent fire



This is the slogan of cities and towns all over the country where "Clean-Up Week" is an annual event. It is a slogan worth millions of dollars if every householder will take it seriously and act accordingly throughout the year. For property worth millions is destroyed by fires originating in rubbish piles and litter.

Make every week a clean-up week with regard to preventable fire. Clean out every avoidable hazard. The North America Agent can give you sound advice on practical Fire Prevention methods and dependable property protection.

*The Oldest American Fire and Marine Insurance Company—Founded 1792*

Insurance Company of North America

PHILADELPHIA

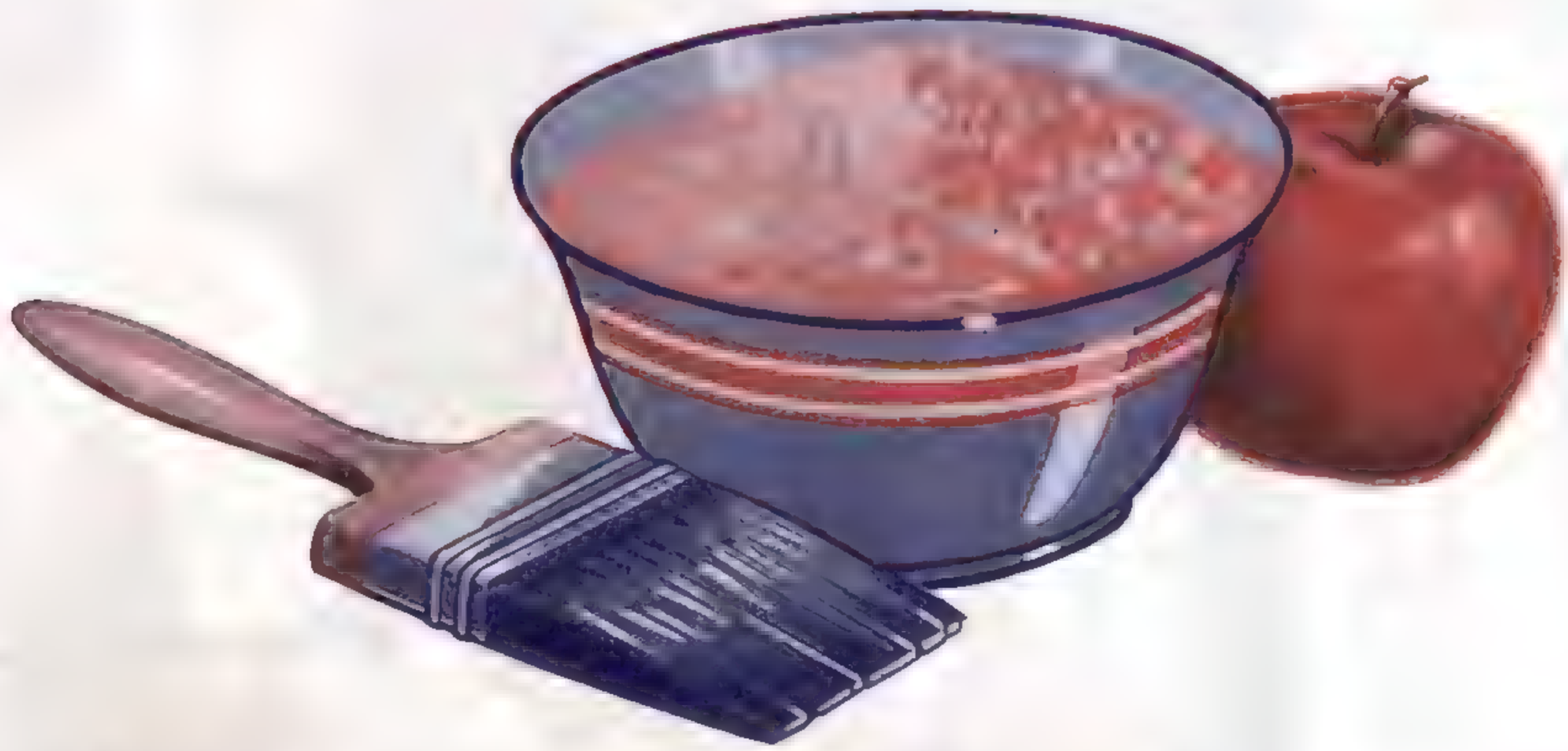
*and the*

Indemnity Ins. Co. of North America

*write practically every form of insurance except life*

# SHERWIN-WILLIAMS

COVER THE EARTH



# You can't paint a house with *apple-sauce!*

WHEN the question of painting or repainting your house comes up, *don't be fooled* by a low price. Remember that *apple-sauce* is not restricted to pretty parlor speeches. There's a lot of it in "cheap" paint.

When anyone tells you, for example, that a *cheap* paint is "just as good as SWP" or any other high grade paint—that's pure *apple-sauce*—plainly exaggerated—unbelievable—too good to be true.

The reason "cheap" paint can be sold at a *low price* is because it is *low in quality*—made of cheap or skimped materials—which smell and look like paint but can't play the part on the house.

If you want proof of this, insist upon seeing the formula of the "cheap" paint, either on the label or in the literature of the company.

Then compare the materials used in making the "*cheap*" paint with the ingredients of fine old SWP House Paint. The SWP formula is always clearly printed on every can.

### *What the formula test shows*

Suppose, for example, that you are buying Outside Gloss White: Note the big percentage of *White Lead Carbonate* and *White Lead Sulphate* used in SWP Outside Gloss White House Paint. White lead should be the *basic* ingredient of all white paint and light tints. It is to these paints exactly what flour is to bread.

See how much less of this basic ingredient is used in the average "cheap" white paint.

*Zinc oxide*, another costly pigment, is the next essential ingredient. A liberal percentage of zinc oxide combined with a large amount of white lead makes for a *balanced formula*—such as the formula of SWP Outside Gloss White House Paint. It assures a finish of superior wearing quality.

More than 90% of the pigment content of SWP Out-

**THE FINEST HOUSE PAINT THAT MONEY CAN BUY**

# HOUSE PAINT

side Gloss White is made up of these two important ingredients—white lead and zinc oxide.

In the majority of "cheap" white paints you will find only 50% or less.

It is the liberal quantity of this expensive basic material in every can of SWP Outside Gloss White that gives this fine old paint its remarkable covering capacity.

In the darker colors like browns and greens, the "*balanced formula*" of SWP is even more important.

Naturally, the dark colors can contain little, if any, opaque white pigment such as white lead or zinc oxide.

Sherwin-Williams have the pick of the world's colors. Sherwin-Williams Dry Color Works produce practically everything except the natural earth and mineral colors.

That is why SWP colors are so rich, so permanent and so true to character.

Greater durability of the paint film on your house is assured by SWP due to the use of a specially treated, pure linseed oil —made in Sherwin-Williams' own linseed oil plant.

### *Price per gallon doesn't tell the cost of paint*

When you read or someone tells you that a "low price" paint costs you less than SWP —that's more *apple-sauce*—unbelievable.

The place to figure the cost of paint is *on the wall*—not in the can—by the job—not by the gallon. Do that and here is what happens:

Each gallon of SWP, because of its remarkable *hiding* and *covering* ability, will properly beautify and protect 360 square feet of wall (2 coats).

The average "cheap" paint, made of inferior or skimpy materials, will cover only 250 square feet per gallon (2 coats)—or less.

SWP costs more per gallon. But each gallon covers 110 square feet more (2 coats). Therefore fewer gallons are needed.

Get an estimate on SWP for your house. Then get estimates on several "cheap" paints. Compare them.

You will find that SWP House Paint costs no more for the amount you need than the cheap brands. And remember this: It costs just as much to *apply* the "cheap" paint as to apply SWP.

### *You get more years of service*

You may hear or read alluring claims that a "cheap" paint is as durable as SWP. Plain *apple-sauce*—every word of it.

SWP with its fine materials, scientific grinding and mixing, dries to a firm, elastic, glossy finish. It will not chip, peel, chalk or flake off. It weathers slowly.

Years after "cheap" paint has literally dried up and *blown away*, your SWP finish will still show a serviceable film. And when repainting *is* needed, you will save money because the finish will be in proper condition to take new paint.

That is why SWP often costs less than half as much per year.

### *Greater beauty, too*

Finally there is a richness and beauty about SWP colors that no "cheap" paint can even approach. They give your house a rich, colorful beauty that is always a pleasure.

They are weather fast—and they are non-fading.

Long after the colors of "cheap" paint have faded like an old shirt, the house finished with SWP shows practically no dimming of its original beauty.

Even after several years it can be washed with soap and water and the colors will come up unusually fresh and bright.

Prepared house paint—at its best

### *Call at "Paint Headquarters" and save money*

SWP House Paint is sold the world over by thousands of dependable SWP dealers. Each one is "Paint Headquarters" in his locality. There is one near you.

Before you let "cheap" paint blind you to real economy, get his advice on your paint problem.

He will estimate your requirements in SWP. Compare it with the cost of "cheap" paint. Then decide.

If you want literature, color cards, a copy of the famous SWP Household Painting Guide, help on a decorative scheme, write us.

THE SHERWIN-WILLIAMS CO.
Largest Paint and Varnish Makers in the World
CLEVELAND, OHIO

**COSTS LESS PER SQ. FOOT . . . LESS PER YEAR . . . LESS PER JOB**

Model 90

Winchester repeating rifle for either .22 Short, .22 Long, .22 Long Rifle or .22 W RF cartridges.

$23.30

There's a Winchester for every shooter's need.

744,037!

THE Winchester Model 90 has long been the accepted stand-by of sports-men for small game and target shooting. 744,037 have already gone into service. Lightness and ease of handling make them favorites with boys and women also.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
New Haven, Conn., U. S. A.

(Continued from Page 128)

"All this happened at Scarletti's Casino?"

"Yes, sir. But it ain't much of a casino now."

"How is that?"

"Burned. No chance to save it when I left."

Mr. Penhallow regarded Larry thoughtfully.

"I see," he said; then asked, "Was anybody seriously hurt, Wallie?"

"Well, no, sir," admitted the officer, "unless you count a few black eyes. I guess," he said, surveying the battered Larry, "the prisoner here is the worst hurt of anybody."

"Lawrence," said Nicholas Penhallow, "is this all true?"

"Every word of it, Mr. Penhallow."

"Why did you do it?"

Larry played with the sole surviving button on his wreck of a suit.

"Because I'm bad," he said. "I went out there to raise hell, and I raised it."

Mr. Penhallow smiled.

Commodore Bangs broke in with: "As I started to say, Larrabee is ——"

Mr. Penhallow silenced him with an authoritative wave of his hand.

"You needn't tell me about Lawrence, commodore," he said. "I know him, down to the ground. I fully share with you the high opinion of him you expressed in your letter to me. Lawrence has lived up to the splendid recommendations he received from you and other leading citizens of Bellemere. Everybody in Kayport will testify to that, eh, Doctor Smallwood?"

"He certainly has," corroborated Doctor Smallwood warmly.

"But, but, but," spluttered the commodore. If any man was ever close to an attack of apoplexy, it was the commodore at that moment.

"Please let me handle the situation," said Mr. Penhallow calmly. "I'm in a better position to do it. Not his prospective father-in-law, you know. Besides, I'm a justice of the peace here. This case would come before me. I'll try it, here and now." He turned to Larry. "Facts as the officer stated them?"

"Yes, sir."

"Motive most important," said Mr. Penhallow. "Think I see it. Lawrence knew what sort of place Scarletti's was. Knew all the decent people here wanted it put out of business. Knew I detested the place. Knew every legal means to squelch it had failed. So he took the only way left. Don't approve of violence myself, of course. But Lawrence is young and impulsive. Muscular Christianity, eh, Doctor Smallwood? Case of end justifying means, what? Good job, if you ask me."

"Mr. Penhallow," said Larry earnestly, "you're wrong. I started a riot only because I was tight and felt like a fight. I went out there deliberately to make a row. The fire was an accident. Carrying off Poppy just happened. I plead guilty."

"Tarradiddle," said Mr. Penhallow. "Bosh. Don't try to pull the wool over my eyes, Lawrence. Know you too well. Pilgrim-father blood in you. I know, we all know in Kayport, that you are a fine, straight, decent young man. Don't talk rubbish."

"I tell you I'm no good," cried Larry. "Ask the commodore."

"The commodore has already stated, in his letter, his excellent opinion of you. Exceptional character. Those were his words. Eh, commodore?"

"I—yes—I—yes, they were," gulped Commodore Bangs. Apoplexy threatened him again.

"Very self-effacing of you, Lawrence, not to claim credit for what you did tonight," said Mr. Penhallow. "I'm proud of you. I find you not guilty. I only hope Tony Scarletti tries to get after you. He won't though. Wouldn't dare show his face in a court room. Just let him. I'll deal with him."

Mr. Penhallow wagged his chin pugnaciously.

"That's all, Wallie," he said to the officer. "Case is dismissed. Tell the chief I said so. I'm sure Mr. Larrabee regrets being rude to you."

"I do, most sincerely," said Larry. "Officer, I apologize for calling you a bad name."

The policeman took Larry's proffered hand.

"Forget it," he said. "I've been called a lot worse things. It's part of my job. You was upset. I don't blame you."

"Now," said Mr. Penhallow briskly, "about this marriage. See no reason why it should not be performed. I can grant a license. Not my habit to take part in other people's private affairs, but Lawrence is a friend of mine, and I think a young man should marry. Any objections?"

"I object," shouted Freddy Trask. "Poppy was engaged to me."

"She isn't now," said Larry.

"No more rows," said Mr. Penhallow. "Let me arbitrate. As I see it, Lawrence wants to marry Poppy. Don't blame him. Fine girl, commodore. So does Mr. Trask. Don't blame him either. Lawrence is making good with me. He can support a wife. I'll see to that. Don't know much about Mr. Trask, but will assume he is eligible. Now, it strikes me that that leaves the question entirely up to Poppy, what?"

"But"—the commodore struggled for words—"I—I don't want Larrabee for a son-in-law."

"Then," exclaimed Mr. Penhallow, showing for the first time a flash of temper, "you're a fool, commodore. You should consider yourself lucky to get him. That answers that. What do you say, Poppy?"

Out of a daze, Poppy Bangs said, "I do."

"Meaning Lawrence?" asked Mr. Penhallow.

She was looking at Larry's red head and freckled face.

"You needn't answer," said Mr. Penhallow. "You have expressive eyes, Poppy. Well, that's settled. Need a Bible, won't you, Doctor Smallwood? There's one—on the table. Everybody set?"

They were driving away in Mr. Penhallow's car. Larry's clothes and face were partially repaired. It was quite a feat, as they sped along, for Poppy to find an unbruised place on her husband's cheek to kiss, but she found one.

"Gosh," said Larry, "how can I keep my mind on driving? We've got to get to Bangor tonight too."

She kissed him again. He stopped the car.

"I can't see very well," Larry said. "I'm beginning to cry a little. Funny. I haven't cried since I was a kid. Another funny thing. I want to laugh at the same time."

"So do I," said Poppy.

By the roadside they both cried a little. Then they began to laugh. They laughed all the way into Bangor. They only stopped laughing when, from time to time, they sang; and their only song was:

*"Are you aware that the cats have got*
*No tails on the Isle of Man?"*

(THE END)

# SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 34)

"But we can't sing in public either. The robins have been engaged by the International Lollypop Corporation. We appear on radio programs as the Lollypop Boys. Tuesdays, at 8:30. Station TWIT."

And so it went. The Home Delicatessen Stores, Inc., had sole rights to the Sunday Night Songsters, formerly the chickadees. The meadow larks went on the air Wednesdays at eight, with the Hotel Tinsel orchestra. The thrushes sang only for Associated Sandwich Bars.

"Is there a bird in the lot who is not under contract?" inquired Mother Nature. "Must I depend on frogs and tree toads to usher in the spring?"

A faint "caw-caw" was heard in the tree tops.

"Faithful old crows!" she cried. "You, at least, are true."

A sleek bird of highly prosperous appearance made a graceful landing.

"I dropped down to report," he said, "that the crow family have just signed up to sing for the North American Hardware and Wire Nail Company. The Bucksaw Choristers, if you please. Fridays at 9:15, and applause cards will be appreciated."

—*A. H. F.*

### Press Agent

*O "VIOLET, by a Mossy Stone,"*
*Cease to indulge your Inferiority Complex*
*By this excessive shrinking*
*"Half hidden from the eye"!*
*Come out—*
*Pep up—*
*Be yourself, Baby!*
*For I am a Publicist,*
*Bigger, Better and more Woolworth than Wordsworth.*
*And if you let me exploit you*
*I shall presently bring you into the Limelight—*
*Put you before the Diamond Horseshoe at the Met—*
*Run you for ONE NIGHT ONLY*
*As the Premier Flower*
*In a Diva's*
*Corsage!*

—*Cyril B. Egan.*

### In the Plow Works

**A Popular Song (So We Hope)**

*A ROUGH but honest fellow was sitting on a bench;*
*A copper said, "What are you doing here?"*
*The other said, "I used to wield a handy monkey wrench*
*Before I left my native city dear.*
*But ever since I left it I can't get a job somehow,*
*At least not in my own especial line;*
*For I used to bolt the bolts into the handles of a plow,*
*And I guess that I was foolish to resign.*

CHORUS

*"Back in South Bend, Indianer, there's a plow works that I know,*
*And I don't know why I went away from there.*
*And I'd love to hear the hammers and to watch the forges glow,*
*And I'd do it if I only had the fare.*
*There's a monkey wrench a-waiting in the tool room there for me,*
*And there also is a Stillson and a spanner,*
*And a girl who pastes the labels who would like my bride to be*
*In the plow works down at South Bend, Indianer!"*

*Then the officer said, "Buddy, I will lend the fare to you,*
*For I savvy just exactly how you feel.*
*In the past I used to labor in the South Bend plow works too;*
*Where I used to polish plowshares on the wheel.*
*Tell the boys when you get back there that Jim Kelly sends his best,*
*And he hopes to come and visit them some day,*
*For you surely made the heart throb 'neath this here policeman's breast*
*When I heard your homesick voice speak up and say:*

CHORUS

—*Berton Braley.*

*The* FAIRWAY

A VERY practical model, full leather lined, with red rubber soles, of tan Elkmoor calf. A blucher that opens wide, making it easy to put on or off. Fits snug at the ankle - gives firm support at the instep.

*Ask for style*
B161

*The* NIBLICK

FOR the 36-hole man, who begins when the dew is yet on the grass. The semi-moccasin of viscolized Norwegian leather - soft, and a pleasure to wear all day. All leather sole with calks and rubber corrugated heel

*Ask for style*
B39

THE LEADING
GOLF AND SPORT
SHOES BY

# Selz

MERCHANTS from coast to coast are offering these models to golfers at prices much less than they expect to pay for such quality in leathers and workmanship. Efficient production on a large scale is responsible.

They are designed with an understanding of the requirements of golf and are built to withstand stress-and provide support comfortably.

Worn by leading professionals, who regard them worthy equipment for the game.

Vast experience in styling enables us to produce a grace and finish unusual to find in sport footwear.

*Write for the new Selz Style Book and the name of your Selz merchant*

THE SELZ ORGANIZATION
*Chicago* © *Pittsburgh*

*Goodyear Wingfoot rubber heels used*

# A STYLE AND A PRICE FOR EVERY MAN

## $6 to $10

*A few hand-sewed models at $12.50*

*The* VERANDA

AFTER the game and the shower slip into these - they're right for the veranda and dining-room. Two-tone sport oxfords, nude calfskin, trimmed with tan grain leather. Do not soil readily - restful to the feet. *Ask for style*
B169

*A lifelong servant—yours for no more than a servant's wage for a few months*

# The KOHLER ELECTRIC SINK

It is economy to pay money for some luxuries. The Kohler Electric Sink is an economy. It does effortlessly, three times a day and year after year, a task that by the old way of doing costs physical fatigue, and mental weariness, and money, and time worth more than money.

Every woman knows the cost. And no American woman, in these "Electric Twenties," intends to keep on paying that cost forever. The Kohler Electric Sink is here. *Now* is the time to stop paying tribute to the tyrant of the dishpan.

The Kohler Electric Sink washes dishes shining clean, as *you* would wash them. It rescues hands from harshening dishwater: saves precious china from old-time hazards of breaking and chipping. Then, its easy task completed, it becomes the best of all sinks for every other use, ahead of its day in features of practical convenience.

Ask your plumber about buying the Kohler Electric Sink on convenient payments—*installation cost included.* A servant's wage for a few months—that's all it means. The coupon will bring more information about this and other fine Kohler fixtures for modern homes.

KOHLER CO., Kohler, Wis.

Gentlemen: Please send descriptive literature as checked.

☐ Kohler Electric Sink
☐ Other Kohler Plumbing Fixtures

*Name* _____

*Address* _____

S.E.P. 5-21-27

KOHLER CO., *Founded 1873,* KOHLER, WIS. · *Shipping Point,* Sheboygan, Wis. · BRANCHES IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

## KOHLER OF KOHLER

*Plumbing Fixtures*

# GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

DRAWN BY HERBERT KING

*They Know the Way*

## *The Electrical Route*

IN THE fall of 1917 a young electrician sailed for Europe as a private. In the spring of 1919 he came home as a first lieutenant. He had scrapped his way up through the ranks and had learned a great deal about organizing jobs and getting impossible things done.

He had a very definite feeling that he could fight his way up from the ranks in the electrical field, just as he had won his silver bars in military work—by straight thinking and the kind of effort that makes every move carry forward toward the right objective.

Before enlisting, this young man had been an expert wireman and all-around electrician, working by the day for others. Now he wanted a business of his own, and he decided wisely to start his business in a community he knew. This community was composed of a fair number of families rated at more than ordinary incomes, and many thousands of plain, average homes.

The ex-electrician decided to organize a business which would handle electric-wiring and contracting jobs, but which would make a specialty of selling high-grade electric appliances. He had some very definite ideas about how he would go about making his contacts and his sales, but before he could start a business he must have a store and stock. And before the store could be leased and the stock bought the matter of capital had to be settled.

Work in the Army had taught this man with an ambition for a business that the first step in any piece of work is to set down your facts and decide what use to make of them.

Accordingly he made a study of the town in which he hoped to open his store, and listed the number of homes wired for electricity, the number of homes owned by persons with an annual income exceeding six thousand dollars, and the approximate number of families then using electricity whose yearly receipts exceeded three thousand dollars.

Next he called on a national distributor of electrical appliances and exhibited his facts. He inquired how much stock he should carry and how much capital he would need. He asked whether this distributor would back him up and help him build his business, provided the capital could be secured. The distributor said yes, and the young man asked to have the answer in the form of a signed letter on the firm's letterhead.

Armed with this letter, and his own survey of his town, the ex-lieutenant called on the president of the best bank in his town. In explaining his plan, the embryo business man said he had no money of his own, but he proposed to put in the hard work and the brains, plus a good working knowledge of electricity. What he was looking for was a man with so many thousand dollars who would finance the firm.

The banker listened to the story and then reached for his telephone. There was a retired business man, it developed, who had said repeatedly that he wished he might get his hand in some little local business, just for the thrill of the thing. To this man the banker told the story, and the result was a small company, nicely financed. The retired business man became president and treasurer, and the ex-lieutenant vice president and general manager.

With the help of the distributor's salesman, a fine store location was selected and fitted up.

A stock of appliances was installed and a modest advertising campaign was planned for the local newspaper. At this point the distributor's salesman asked for a local telephone directory.

"Take every residence listed," he advised, "and send each a letter telling about your business. We'll prepare the letters for you on attractive letterheads illustrated in color. The illustrations show appliances of the type you want to sell. The letter will ask the reader to telephone you for demonstrations. But don't wait for them to telephone. Start right out yourself and ring doorbells."

The letters were sent out and here and there a telephone call resulted. But the young general manager considered the letters purely as introductions. He called at home after home, opening up his talk with the statement: "I am the man who wrote you that letter about appliances. Letters are so unsatisfactory, and I know you have many questions to ask about them. I am here to answer your questions and to invite you to come in and see my new store."

He made it a rule to accept any sort of electrical job. An order to rewire an electric iron cord was received at the store with the same courtesy that attended the acceptance of an order for an electric clothes washer.

When he added two men to his staff, as he soon had to do, he selected young fellows who liked to meet people and who knew how to keep their dispositions in control all day, every day. The store began to get a reputation as a place where a customer was never made to feel hopelessly ignorant because she didn't know that the thing that screws into the electricity place and gives connecting places for two more screw things is called, officially, a two-way plug.

Now it would be fine at this point to be able to say that he sold thousands of electric appliances and was able to buy out his partner the same year. He didn't do anything of the kind, of course. But he did sell more in three months than two other dealers had previously sold in a year, and he got his idea implanted, so that his business is showing a modest increase every year.

When his business was first starting there were some blue months, when rent and salaries exceeded income, but the idea was sound, and the man who used to be an electrician got started in business for himself. He is not wealthy, and the salary he draws is modest. But he has started a real business, and because he believes in it and is willing to work hard at it all the time, it is growing nicely.

—CHARLES LOOMIS FUNNELL.

## *Opportunity Sends Out Scouts*

THE determination of industry to improve the quality of its supervision is indicated by the fact that big manufacturing corporations are now spending large sums of money in securing and training supervisory men. There is strong competition to get the pick of the graduates of colleges and technical schools. It amounts to an annual scramble, scarcely less spirited than a class rush.

*(Continued on Page 214)*

*The new mode caters to comfort*

TIME was when milady squeezed in her waist and put her neck in a stock for dear fashion's sake. But today's wise woman revolts against such tyranny. Short skirts, short hair, freedom and ease are the marks of smartness now.

Shoes, too, reflect this new fashion of comfort. Modern stylists realize that a foot cannot be beautiful in a narrow pointed shoe. Smart styles mirror Greek simplicity. Since tight-toed shoes bring on distressing foot ills and look unnatural and abnormal, they can never accord with the 1927 mode.

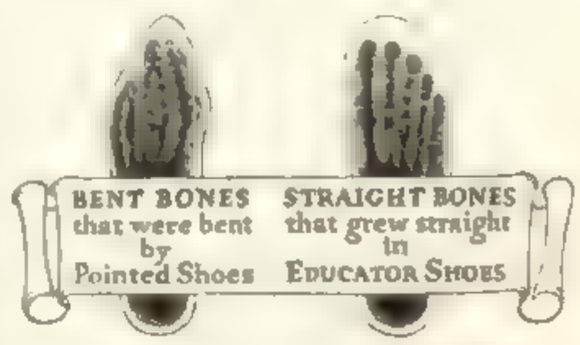
**Educator** Shoes are shaped Nature's way. They are smart because they are natural. They are formed the way Providence made woman's foot. Room for all five toes. Graceful, harmonious, restful.

The modish woman of today wears clothes and shoes that conform to *her*. She does not conform to them. Her clothes blend with her personality. That is why so many women of good taste are demanding Educator Shoes—shoes that really are *becoming* foot dress.

All genuine Educators bear the Educator stamp. If your dealer does not carry them, order from Rice & Hutchins.

Address: 14 High St., Boston, U. S. A.

Send for free booklet, "Comfort, With Style."




Made for Every Member of the Family

*The* NEW EDUCATOR SHOE®

Patent leather, black suède insert and strap. Same model is carried in brown kid with brown suède insert and strap.

*Also many other styles of Women's Shoes*

# *Who has authority* to lose money *in your business*

NO ONE! But investigate and you may find that someone has been losing money for you, month after month and year after year. Perhaps that someone, unintentionally is yourself.

You adopt, as a matter of course, modern factory methods and modern factory equipment which will enable you to cut down your selling price. You would not tolerate for an instant the use of wasteful and old-fashioned methods of production.

But is this true of your office? Or are you still using accounting methods, which, on account of limited facilities, were accepted in the past, but which are now as out-of-date as factory methods twenty years old?

If so, you are losing money every day, either because someone in your organization is not familiar with recent developments in accounting, or because you as a higher executive have not found time to give this vital problem your personal consideration.

For one of two things must be true if you are not using modern mechanical figuring equipment. Either you are not getting the vital figure-facts you ought to have at the time you ought to get them; or you are paying too much for the figure-facts you get.

Don't wait for someone to come to you. Investigate! Call in the local Burroughs man today. Welcome his helpful and willing counsel. Let him show you on your own work what Burroughs can do for you and save for you.

For whatever your business may be, large or small, retail or wholesale, manufacturing or professional, no one has authority to lose money by faulty, costly and out-of-date accounting methods, when Burroughs up-to-date equipment will cut down cost and add to profits.

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**Burroughs**

Sales and Service Offices in all Principal Cities of the World

ADDING BOOKKEEPING CALCULATING BILLING

MACHINES FOR EVERY FIGURE PROBLEM

# THE SEALED WAGER

(Continued from Page 18)

inspected the inclosure, a sealed envelope, marked in Lansdowne's writing, Memorandum of Agreement. Across its flap were two written signatures, Henry Lansdowne and John de Morisco. That was all.

Almost the astonished justice let out a whistle, an undignified whistle, for even his trained perceptions, made well-nigh infallible by science, were balked and baffled. Likewise his inquisitiveness—for Miss Providence had got that long nose from her father. The letter, however, involved no obligation, financial or otherwise, so Trask arose and moved toward the gambler, saying, "This is quite all right, Mr. —— Mr —— "

"—— De Morisco," Crow supplied the *nom de guerre* under which he was sailing. "I am Spanish." A dark skin, jet-black eyes and hair, flashing diamonds, dandified attire—all gave credence to his claim. "My father was Don Miguel de Morisco, of Guatemala."

"And," the justice queried for enlightenment, "what do you wish me to do?"

"Nothing, sir; no more than Judge Lansdowne has indicated. First, we will indorse upon this envelope the hour and minute when you have received it. Then, should it become necessary to open it at Vicksburg, or before, you will be able to state that the document herein has never left your possession."

"But," Trask persisted, "how did you happen to select me?"

"Because, sir," Crow assured him with flattering unction—"because this business may demand the word of a prominent American whose statement would be accepted as final. And Judge Lansdowne knew that you were traveling on the Comus Queen."

"Ah! I see!" This explanation convinced the judge. "Shall we indorse it now?"

"If you will be so kind."

Holding the door open for his distinguished acquaintance, Crow stood aside, then followed to a vacant dining table in the cabin, where Trask sat down, with the gambler leaning over.

"It is now 5:47 P.M.," said the justice, consulting his watch. "March third. Shall I indorse that fact upon the envelope?"

"It will make me very happy, sir. And sign your name."

That preliminary being accomplished, Crow affixed his own signature, "John de Morisco."

The watch which Trask produced had caught Crow's eye—a handsome timepiece, rather florid and overornate, the style that is customarily presented to a politician by his henchmen in the ward. Its owner nodded at Crow's glance of admiration and displayed the inscription, "To the Hon. Solon G. Trask in Recognition of ——" And so on.

"So"—the gambler spoke with reverence—"you are not a prophet without honor."

"Fortunately not. My state has honored me repeatedly, sir, repeatedly."

Having finished their business, Trask had tucked the Lansdowne letter in his wallet, when the door of Number 7 was snatched open and Miss Providence strode out. Pale fire darted from her eyes at sight of Crow conversing with her father. Apparently the gambler did not see her. He bowed himself away through a side passage, ran to his own outer door, vanished inside the bridal chamber, climbed again upon his chair and peeped from the same transom. Just as he thought. Miss Providence marched directly to her father and tried to subdue her tones. But the spinster's voice was naturally shrill, had a carrying quality, and Crow heard almost every word:

"Father, what do you mean by associating with such a creature?"

"Why, daughter! Why?"

"Can't you see what he is? A gambler! Plays for money—and keeps it!"

"Gamblers never keep money," Trask most sagely corrected.

"Anyhow, he keeps diamonds."

"Beautiful stones."

"Do you know how he got two of those diamonds? Won them on a cock fight—a brutal, degrading cock fight! Robbed the brother of that poor young girl in Number 7, who has just been confiding to me. A mere boy, he was. Made him drunk ——"

Miss Providence sizzled. Her wrath exploded in dynamic fragments. Bit by bit, the eavesdropping gambler heard the story that he had so carefully contrived—how the brother of Mademoiselle de Roffignac was plundered of two valuable gems by Don John de Morisco. How mademoiselle hated Don John so venomously that she would never have voyaged by the Comus Queen had she known that he was aboard. How the brother was dead, the family impoverished, the diamonds would save them—Crow heard it all.

"A strong indictment," Trask nodded solemnly. "What's to be done?"

"You must talk with that girl yourself. You're a criminal lawyer and might get back her jewels. Of course, there'll be a good fee."

Perhaps from a good heart, perhaps from a good fee, or to secure a dramatic chapter for his memoirs—at any rate Trask turned with Miss Providence and went into Number 7, where Crow's clever agent could be relied upon to lay their wires.

When Trask and his militant daughter sallied forth from Number 7, resolute as crusaders with a mission, they could see the gambler sitting in the same chair, not far from Mistress Prudence, behind the same newspaper, the same four diamonds sparkling on the whiteness of a ruffled shirt. Whatever might have been Trask's motive, fee or no fee, he was first of all a lawyer, an able lawyer, and realized that naked Justice stands no chance in any court. Justice must be armored with facts. Therefore the judge proceeded to get his facts.

Few accidents ever happened in Crow's well-regulated family. It was no freak of luck that Solon Trask, seeking information of Don John de Morisco, went straight to Crow's partner and capper, the guileless Jud Brill. For Jud's job of come-on, Nature had dowered him with talents. An infantile expression attracted suckers like flies to a molasses barrel. His homely yarns made people laugh. That morning Jud had rambled around the guards, friendly as a big ownerless dog wagging his tail at everybody, and had taken up with Judge Trask. He seemed to know every human being along the Mississippi River, and told his Cincinnati friend about the queer characters who came on board. It was therefore inevitable that Trask should question Jud.

From Jud's self-introduction the lawyer knew him as Amos Babb, a farmer in the vicinity of Vicksburg, and led Babb to the hurricane deck, where they could talk more privately.

"Mr. Babb, you know everybody?"

"Yes, sir; 'quainted with a consid'able sprinklin' o' folks."

"Perhaps you can inform me of this Spaniard with the diamonds, and ——"

"Sartain." An amiable smile overspread the vastness of Jud's countenance. "I aimed to tell you 'bout that feller this mornin'. Curious chap. Says his name is Don John de Morisco. But chicken fighters call him John the Risky."

"Risky? Why so?"

"'Cause he won't do to trust. Crooked as a dog's hind leg, in some ways. Then ag'in —— Set down, jedge, set down an' lemme tell you 'bout him. Plenty to tell."

By a discreet question now and then, Trask got the history of Don John, heard the gospel according to Jud:

John de Morisco—nobody knew his real name—was a fighter of game cocks, a genius who rarely guessed wrong. Won more money than he knew how to throw at

# Listen . . . your LEDGER is speaking!

"I HAVE important information for you—information you *need*.

"The minute an account becomes inactive, I can tell you—in time to save it. When a certain customer is buying more than ever before, I can let you know. Or—when purchases are made only in small lots, the selling costs of which nibble into your profits, I can remind you that it's time to shorten that customer's discount."

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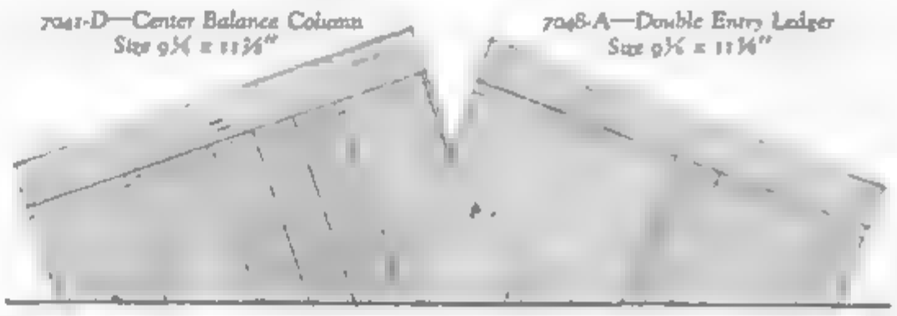

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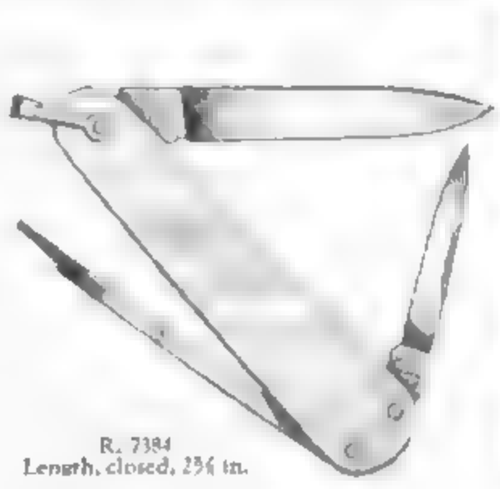
# *Remington*



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Length, closed, 2¾ in.

PEN KNIVES of finest workmanship in a wide variety of patterns.

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Length, closed, 3¼ in.

STURDY all-purpose knives with many blade combinations from which to choose.

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The Remington "Official Knife — Boy Scouts of America." Length, closed, 3¾ in.

THE REMINGTON Official Boy Scouts Knife, approved by Scout Headquarters and the United States Bureau of Standards. The outdoor knife for every boy or man. Every automobile owner should have one. Sharp extra heavy-gage master blade; punch, or reamer blade; long, practical screwdriver and bottle opener; and a can opener that won't slip and really cuts.

You are assured of a good pocket knife if it's a Remington. All Remington knives have the same fine quality of steel, evenly tempered. Every blade has a keen cutting edge.

Compare a Remington with any other make and you will see the difference. A knife for every purpose and every pocketbook—fifty cents to ten dollars. Go to your dealer and ask for a Remington.

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jay birds, then lost it again. For outside his own specialty, Risky was a sucker—would bet the shirt off his back when he knew the cards were stacked against him. Got drunk. Gamblers skinned him at their pleasure.

"Shucks, mister"—big-faced Jud let out that baby laugh of his—"I wouldn't bet with Risky at a cock fight, not if he was blindfold' and let me bet on both chickens. But in a card game it's like takin' candy from children. Perculiar chap." In his lazy drawl, with many a yarn and backwooda anecdote, Jud pumped the lawyer full.

"Sartain," he answered the question. "I knows about them Roffignac diamonds. Everybody do. Got 'em off a boy. Boy's sister's on this boat right now. . . . No, sir-ree! Nary chance to 'cover 'em back in law, 'cause Risky would prove by forty witnesses he bought them diamonds, paid cash, and young Roffignac gambled off the money. Boy's dead now anyhow. His mouth's shut. Risky's slicker'n a eel."

In every essential this ignorant farmer's statement corroborated the Lansdowne letter, and Trask began to be conscious of a nebulous idea that floated through his head. He knew about games of chance scientifically. He might get back the diamonds. Yes, yes, it might be done. But Trask was cautious. Must think it over.

At supper he was still thinking it over, so utterly preoccupied that when he arose from the table he left twenty-five cents on the cloth, a tip for the negro, and did not notice that Mrs. Prudence snatched up the coin, while Miss Providence substituted a five-cent piece. Prudence and Providence, working together, made a team that was hard to beat.

The thriftiness of his family Trask failed to see, being intent upon Don John, who lighted a cigar and went strolling out to the guards, where Trask waylaid him.

"Well met, Don John. How do you amuse yourself in the evening? Poker?"

"Not I," Crow laughed with very white teeth. "Burnt child dreads the fire. I sit here and watch the river a while, then go to my room and read, or play solitaire."

It seemed natural that fellow passengers should sit together, gazing upon the mysterious Mississippi, which now began to darken. The huge white steamer, brilliant with its myriad lights, breasted the yellow current. And whenever Crow shifted position, lamps from the cabin gleamed upon his diamonds. In silence, Trask studied his man, dissected him, planning to get friendlier, when fortune favored the project. Farmer Babb came rambling along and Crow rose, saying, "Mr. Babb, won't you sit down and spin us a yarn? Tell Judge Trask about your mule that was left-handed in both hind legs."

"Oh! You mean old Sarah?" Jud's narrative reeled off so drolly that Mr. Fridge paused to listen, then joined their group. A good yarn leads to a good laugh, a hearty laugh breeds hearty fellowship, and four good fellows drifted into Crow's stateroom for the purpose of sampling his private stock. Tactful management. Trask congratulated himself.

The chicken fighter traveled luxuriously. Instead of two narrow bunks, his bridal chamber was furnished with bird's-eye maple bed and dresser, a small table and four chairs. Excellent liquor. As a convivial host mixed their toddies, it seemed unethical to take advantage of the fellow's hospitality. But he was a dangerous blackleg. The end justified the means. Mademoiselle's diamonds dangled before Judge Trask and steeled him against such quibbles. Farmer Babb kept them hilarious, and presently Mr. Fridge leaned across the table to remark, "Mr. Morisco, those are extraordinary gems. I am a jeweler, and know something of stones."

"You do?" The Spaniard seemed gratified, and, carelessly as if they were pebbles, untwisted the four studs from his shirt to roll them on the table. Thereupon Mr. Fridge took out a magnifier and inspected them.

"Flawless," he decided. "Flawless."

"Might I inquire"—Trask's tone apologized for his crudity—"might I ask the value of such jewels?"

Again Mr. Fridge squinted through his glass and estimated: "Somewhere between forty-five hundred and five thousand dollars each. But how did you find them so exactly matched?"

"The first two—these"—Don John separated two stones from the others—"these were already matched. I bought them of a young Creole named Roffignac; part of their family jewels from France, I fancy."

The childlike glance of Farmer Babb held no possible meaning, yet to Trask it said very clearly, "I told you how he robbed that boy. O' course he claims he bought 'em."

No suspicion shadowed the smiling face of John the Risky as he continued: "I paid young Roffignac ten thousand dollars for the pair, and he lost every cent before night. But"—the cock fighter chuckled reminiscently as he produced three cards from a drawer—"anybody's liable to lose ten thousand. I dropped two thousand myself last week quick, on this—this."

With a contemptuous gesture, he exhibited the cards, as Farmer Babb most innocently objected: "Tain't nary game you kin play with jest three cards."

"Maybe you think it's no game," Don John almost sneered. "Watch me!"

Apparently for the entertainment of his friends, Crow showed the jack of spades, trey of diamonds, seven of clubs, while explaining to thick-headed Jud, "See this one-eyed jack? The sport that skinned me threw them all on the table and bet a thousand dollars I couldn't pick the jack."

"I kin pick him. That's him." Without hesitation, Jud turned the one-eyed jack. "Tol' you so."

"You can't do that again."

Each of Crow's guests betrayed an eagerness to experiment with his new game, and threw the cards in turn, the others laying small wagers and laughing at their awkward fingers. Meanwhile Trask took accurate measure of Don John and found that his information from Farmer Babb had been surprisingly near correct. The Spaniard showed no judgment, no sense of values, and fuddled himself with whisky. Even the stupid Babb won fourteen dollars, and cool-headed Trask cleaned up forty-six. Easy game.

"Let's go." Jud rose when Crow apparently got too drunk to play. Outside the door, he suggested to Trask in a whisper: "Git rid of your friend Mr. Fridge tomorrer night and we'll trim the Risky proper."

"Gentlemen," Crow announced next night as the three took seats around his little table—"gentlemen, be warned. I've been practicing. I'm an expert. Watch for the one-eyed jack!"

"That's him." Jud promptly turned it over, to Crow's evident annoyance.

"Got me that time, but we'll try again. Everybody take a drink," the host invited.

His own glass and half-emptied bottle already stood at his elbow. He filled their two glasses, set down the bottle on the floor, then laughed. "Oh! I forgot the best drinker." But that second bottle, from which Crow drank so copiously, contained no intoxicant.

Fiery stuff! Trask barely sipped it, then sneaked his perilous liquor into the spittoon.

"Now speed 'em up! Speed 'em up!" Crow urged noisily. "There! Turn the jack for a dollar!"

The gambler sat in his shirt sleeves, with diamonds flashing among his ruffles, when he threw the cards so bunglingly that the seven and deuce fell off the table, leaving the one-eyed jack exposed, face upward. As Crow bent down, searching on the floor, it seemed incredible that a hand like Farmer Babb's should be so quick. For swifter than thought Jud reached out and crumpled a corner of the jack—the tiniest, almost imperceptible crease. Yet the one-eyed jack

*(Continued on Page 141)*

# DILL

## Standard Tire Valves and Valve Parts

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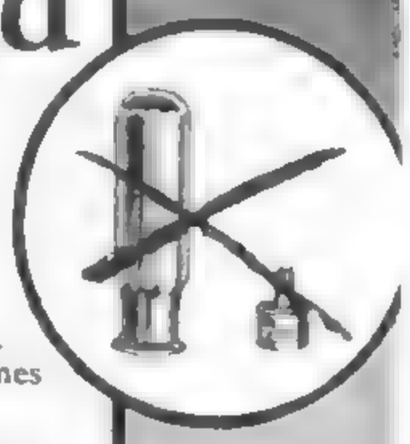

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A real protection, too—one you should never be without. For Instant-On positively seals the valve stem against leaks.

Three or four million cars already are equipped with Instant-Ons. If your car isn't one of them, get your set at any good dealer's—$1 for a box of 5.

And remember—*all* Dill valve parts are guaranteed against leaks.

THE DILL MFG. COMPANY
*Cleveland, Ohio*
*Manufactured in Canada by the Dill Mfg. Co. of Canada, Limited, Toronto*

*These sturdy valve insides hold air. The spring and stem are protected by a metal barrel to prevent jamming. Sold by tire dealers everywhere—30¢ per box of five.*

# A Genuine Hi-Speed Balloon

Flashing speed—sustained speed—sharp curves—rapid "get-away"—abrupt stops—demands are being made on motor cars and tires today that were unknown a decade ago.

Car makers have met them. Today stock cars have speed and "get-away" equal to the racers of a few years back. Quick acting four-wheel brakes have increased safety.

AJAX presents a tire designed and built to meet these demands—the *Hi-Speed* Balloon.

It was natural that this modern *Hi-Speed* Balloon should be produced by AJAX. Furnishing standard equipment on so many of America's finest motor cars for years has given AJAX engineers an opportunity to work in conjunction with the engineering departments of these companies in the production of a tire ideally adapted to meet changing conditions.

Three main features make this tire one of the most important contributions to the motor world within recent years:

**BALANCE—Equalized weight and thickness of rubber and fabric around the entire circumference—a new development in tire making—adds miles of service and makes for steadier and easier steering.**

**CONTOUR—or cross section—a flat surface and more surface on the road—eliminates uneven, spotty wear and helps four-wheel brakes act quickly.**

**DESIGN—Heavy rubber shoulders on the outside make high speed on the curves safe—heavy center-ribbed construction developed from the racing type of tire makes steering easy—an ideal combination.**

*Your AJAX dealer has Hi-Speed Balloons. Try them. They will help you get the most out of your car.*

AJAX RUBBER COMPANY, INCORPORATED

*Executive Offices:* NEW YORK CITY · *Branches in all Principal Cities*

*Dealers Everywhere*

# AJAX *HI-SPEED* BALLOONS

(Continued from Page 138)

was a marked card. Of course the Spaniard, being drunk, would never notice it

"Bet you a dollar this time," Judge Trask experimented, and turned the winner. Again he turned it, just to make sure, for two dollars. Now! He held the Crow at mercy

After that Trask played an artful game Made a pretense of drinking, became boisterous, reckless, then plunged.

"Bet you ten dollars—ten!"

"Suits me"

On his ten-dollar wager Trask steered round the card with the crease, turned the seven of clubs and lost. For twenty dollars he chose the trey; for another twenty, the seven; and he stood fifty dollars loser, when Crow did precisely what Trask hoped.

"You can't beat me now," the gambler gloated. "Suppose we make this interesting." His long slim fingers fumbled tipsily at the top diamond, one of the Roffignac stones, but could not untwist it. He almost tore the stud from his linen and tossed it on the table.

"Bet you that against five thousand dollars!" The Cincinnatian gasped, stopped breathing as this maudlin fellow bantered him: "Bet you that against three thousand—against two thousand—against one thousand dollars!"

"Jee-rusalem!" Jud trod on the lawyer's toe. "You folks is gone to gamblin'."

"I'd bet you in a minute"—Trask tried to think coolly—"bet you in a minute, but I haven't a thousand in cash on my person."

"Your I O U is good." Crow leered at him drunkenly.

"You mean my due bill?"

"Certainly, sir."

The point demanded no consideration from any lawyer. His I O U in a gambling transaction was not worth the paper. No court would enforce it.

"Very good, Don John," the judge accepted. "I'll make the wager. Lend me your pencil."

"Needn't write. Don't delay the game. Your word's good. Here goes!"

At the flurry of three falling cards Trask's breath came quick, but he seized the one with the crumpled corner, turned it over. The jack of spades! Crow stared, stared again, while his adversary exclaimed "I win! I win!" and grabbed the diamond.

For a space Don John seemed almost sober. "Can't understand that," he mumbled. "Must need a bracer."

After gulping the brimming glass, his drink steadied him; the Spaniard untwisted a second stone from his shirt and said, almost quietly, "Judge, you have broken my set. I must have revenge. Look good! Here's the jack!"

With utmost care Crow arranged his cards, made a flourish to deceive the watcher, then threw. "There they are! Pick the jack!"

With fingers clutching the gem he had already won, Trask's covetous gaze fastened itself upon the card with the crimp. Not a chance to lose

"I'll do it." He laid his diamond beside Don John's and turned—again the one-eyed jack.

"Both mine!" And two greedy hands snatched the spoils.

"Devil's luck!" Crow growled, turning back to his bottle. He could scarcely sit, gripping the edge of the table as his thick tongue now proposed: "You've got two and I've got two. We'll bet 'em—bet 'em."

For thrippence Solon G. Trask might have been a gambler—on a sure thing. There lay the crimped jack. Four tempting gems winked at him. So did Farmer Babb. "All right, Don John, my two against yours."

Cold sober as he was, he must be most extremely cautious. In turn Trask examined each of the cards, making very, very sure. Only one showed the well-nigh invisible mark

"This is the jack," he decided. It was. "Mine! All four mine!" The Cincinnatian leaped up and raked in his gains, while John the Risky sank back, muttering, "I'm cleaned out—broke. No, I've got a watch. Here, my watch against yours, judge. Give me a chance, man! Give me a chance!"

Under the table, Farmer Babb again stepped on Trask's foot, which said, "Git his hide! Git all you kin!"

"Very well," the lawyer agreed; "our last wager"

His presentation watch Trask staked against the other, while the gambler seemed struggling to collect his wits, to control the hands which shook so crazily. His cards fell in a heap. He separated them, fumbled, straightened the three in line.

"Now, judge, pick the jack!"

"Easy!"

To the mystified astonishment of Solon G. Trask, he turned the wrong card—the seven of clubs. How did it happen? Must have grown careless. But Farmer Babb allowed him no time to speculate. For Don John slid from his chair flabbily to the floor, where he lay in a hard-breathing huddle, and the farmer caught Trask by the arm.

"Better git out o' here! No, don't rush! Sneak out quiet, so passengers won't notice."

Once he got the excited lawyer out of Crow's stateroom, Jud Brill could not restrain his chuckle at the speed with which Trask's long coat tails flapped to Number 7, where his daughter overtook him as he beat upon its door

"What's happened, father? What's happened?"

"Lemme get in, then I'll tell you."

Mademoiselle's door flew wide and the tiny Creole questioned them with great black eyes.

"Monsieur, you have ~ "

"Yes, got your diamonds; got your diamonds"

Unbelievable! Four glittering gems tight-clutched in the judge's fist! Mademoiselle twined both her plump arms around his neck, kissing and kissing again, until Miss Providence considered it quite sufficient.

"Now, my dear" Trask opened his palm ~"identify your two."

"These," she promptly selected. "These were poor Achille's. I cannot thank you, monsieur cannot thank you. Oh! Oh!" The Creole reached up again and Miss Providence shoved them apart.

"But, father," she asked, "how did you recover them—without a lawsuit?"

By an effort of that nimble mentality for which he was famous, the judge's composure returned, and he replied as befitted a legal luminary: "Ladies, society is fortunate that few men of brains devote their talents to gambling. It would be absurdly easy for them to win. I won these diamonds."

"Won them?"

"I did." He was standing very upright, with the air of a conqueror.

"But how—how?"

(Continued on Page 145)

"You've Got Two and I've Got Two. We'll Bet 'Em—Bet 'Em"

# *An Olympic Land—immeasurably rich—the newest and most beautiful in America*

Across the last mountain barriers in the extreme northwest of the United States, opening out through the magnificent harbors of Puget Sound to all the markets of the Pacific, lies one of the most wonderfully favored regions of the entire world. Here are some of its potentially great industrial factors:

***Power.*** From its mountains falls one-sixth the water-power of the United States. Within 200 miles of Seattle and Tacoma are three hydroelectric projects that make Muscle Shoals look small. 8,650,000 H.P. are available. 660,000 H.P. are actually developed and being utilized.

***Coal.*** Already available in adequate quantity, yet enough untouched coal to supply the Nation's present needs for 126 years—an estimated total of 63 billion tons.

***Timber.*** One-half the remaining timber in the United States! A practically inexhaustible crop. There are 960 billion feet in virgin forests. Of Douglas fir, alone, an unbroken stand stretches along the Coast 350 miles; 100 miles in width.

***Minerals.*** Annual production $300,000,000 in value, only scratching the resources. Vast deposits of iron, manganese, copper, zinc, silver, lead. And everything needed for well-balanced industry: Plaster, cement, phosphate, talc, asbestos, gypsum, siliceous sand, ceramic clays, oil, sulphur.

***Agriculture.*** Farm products with an annual value of $500,000,000, increasing rapidly. Dairying, chicken-raising, truck gardening, fruit, berry and vegetable growing have already become nationally famous.

***Fish.*** Over 70 edible varieties are caught and shipped in various forms to all parts of the world. The catch is considerably more than twice that of the New England Coast, its value totaling $85,000,000.

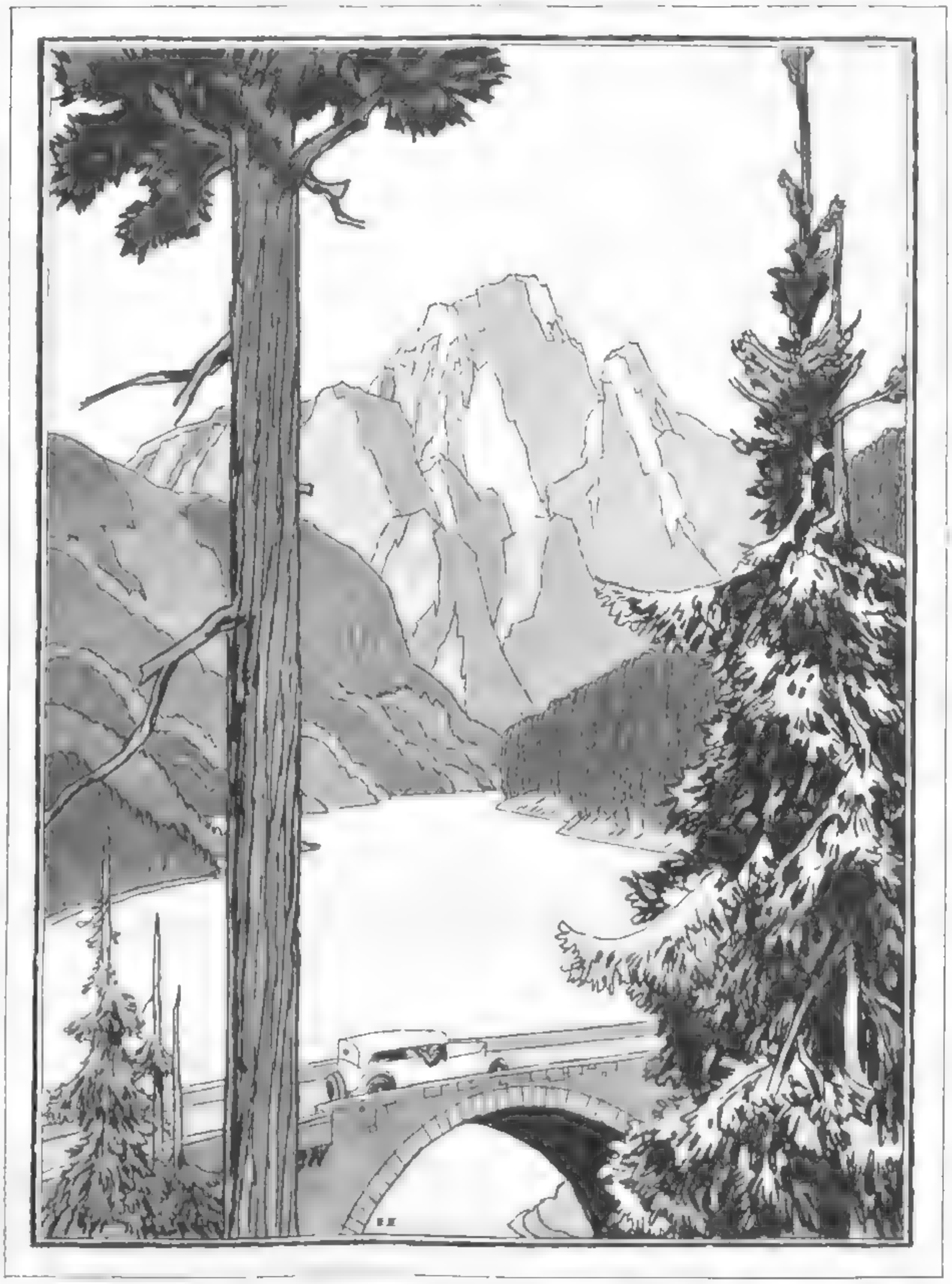
***Transportation.*** Puget Sound is a perfect land-locked harbor of vast proportions. Over seventy ship lines come to the docks of Tacoma and Seattle. The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway brings this region closer to Chicago and the East than any other point on the Pacific Coast. It is also nearest to the Orient.

For three decades this region has grown more than five times faster than the rest of the Nation as a whole. Forty years ago it was virtually a wilderness. Today the Customs rank it third in the United States in commerce; and first on the Pacific. With all the lands of Asia, South America, Africa, Australasia and Alaska offering markets, and all the wealth of the great Northwest supplying its factories and filling its warehouses, this region faces a great destiny.

## *An Olympic New England*

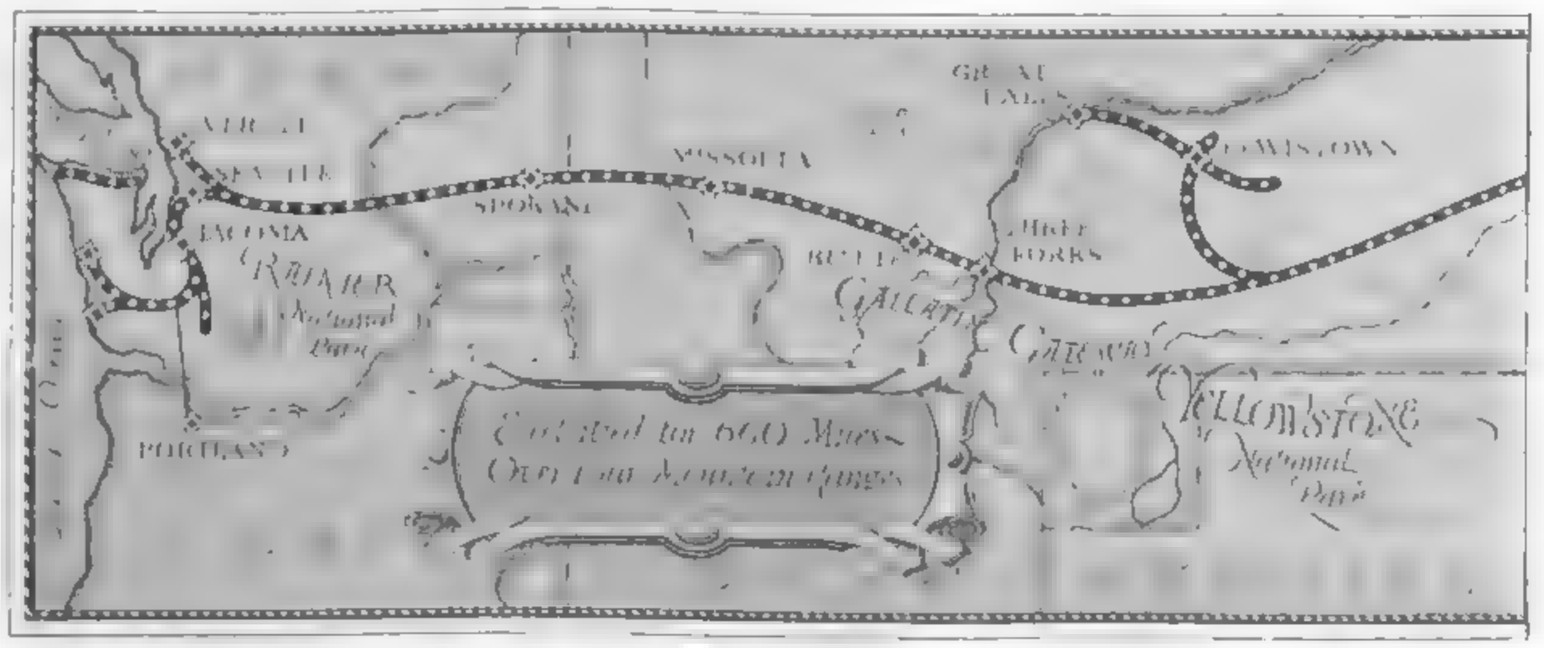
As Boston and New York face the Atlantic, so Tacoma and Seattle look out to the Pacific. But in place of New England's lesser hills, Olympic Washington rears towering mountains through whose valleys flow great rivers. Mountains clothed in giant primeval forest sweep down to the sea. Rose gardens and orchards bloom within reach of ocean spray; violets blossom in the fields at Christmas-time; and glaciers glisten on the mountain tops throughout the summer! Along clean shores are shining, thriving cities destined to be among the world's greatest metropolises!

This Puget Sound region is well termed Olympic!

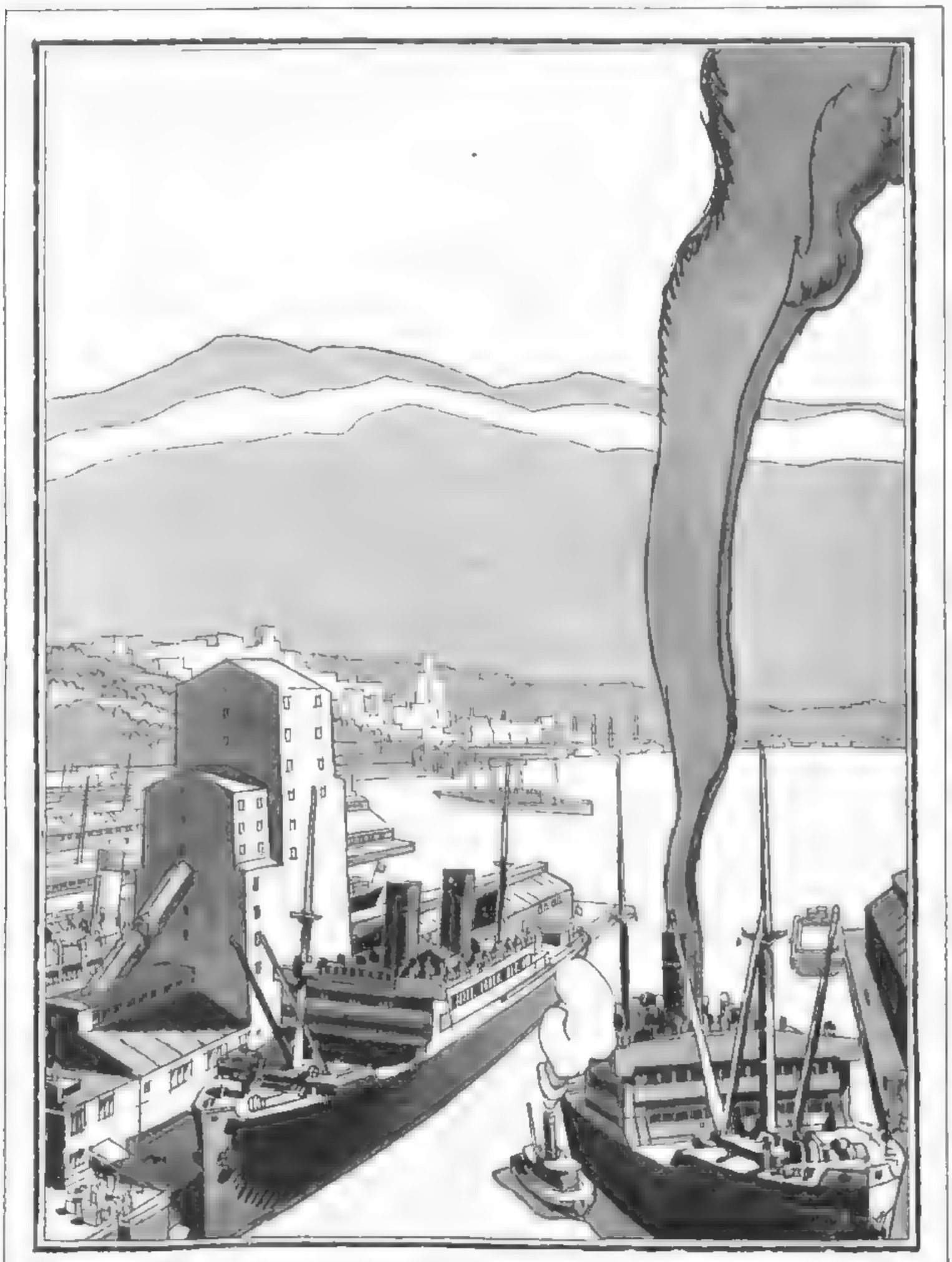


*SHORTEST AND MOST MODERN ROUTE TO THE PACIFIC AND FAR EAST*

# The




*The recognized route between Chicago, Milwaukee and Twin Cities,*



## *How the railroad is opening this mighty region*

WHY is it not better known? Emphatically because Olympic Washington is our *newest country!* Until railroad transportation was made possible across the four mountain barriers that blocked the way to the sea, this marvelous country was hopelessly isolated.

The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul—pioneer in the great work of opening up the resources of the agricultural Northwest—is most notable in its contribution towards developing the Pacific Northwest. Its vast system—11,000 miles long, reaching every vital part of the Northwest—was linked with the Coast in 1911 by an *electrified line* that is one of the world's greatest achievements in railroad engineering.

Milwaukee passenger cars are now being equipped with *roller bearings*—a revolutionary improvement first adopted by this road.

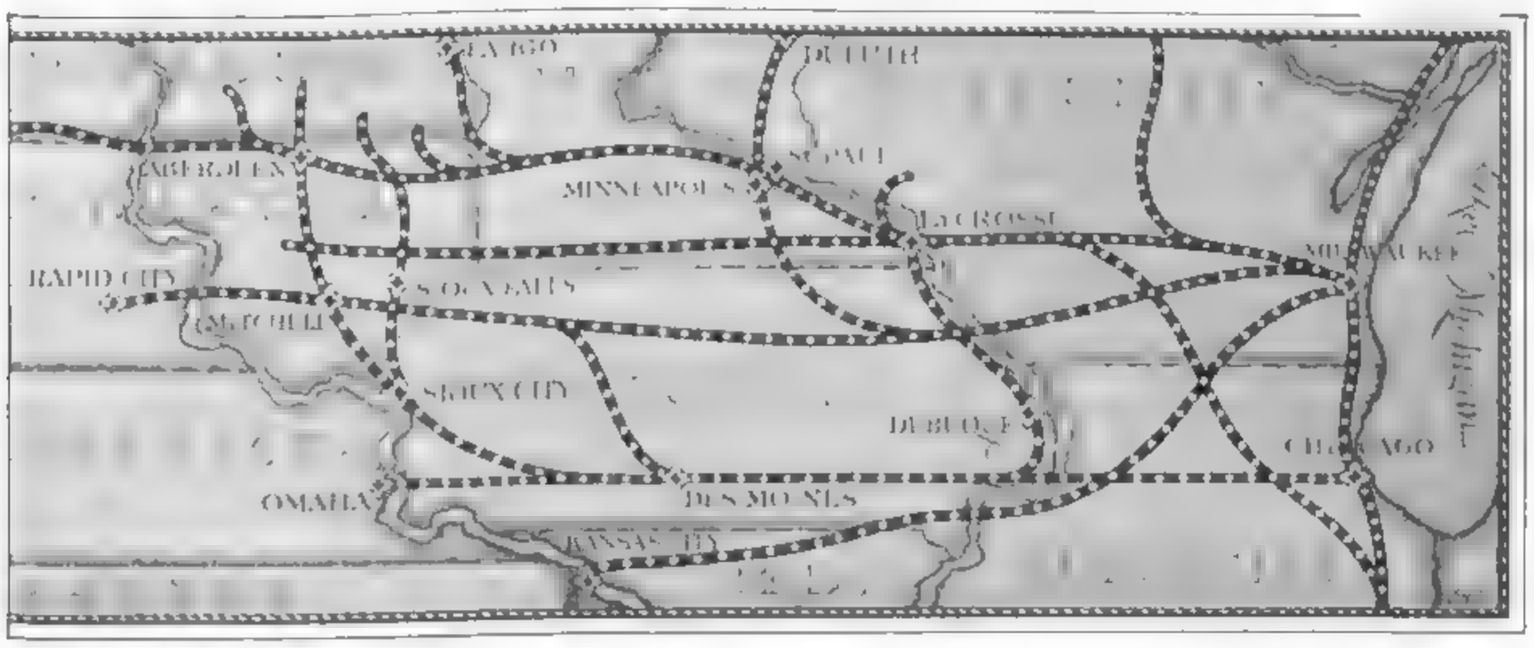
This railroad is the great artery of a powerful body, surging with life. It brings new life and energy in the form of machinery, tools, manufactured products, pure-bred stock, high-grade seeds, and people—people in an endless stream. And pulsing back comes the torrent of raw products upon which the industrial centers of the East are fed. The railroad brings life to the Northwest; and the Northwest gives health and strength to the railroad!

Six hundred and sixty miles of the line from Montana to the sea are electrified. The tremendous obstacles that opposed the construction of a scientifically planned *direct line to the Coast* were turned by modern science into assets. Hydro-electric power, generated in remote valleys, sends the great trains—both passenger and freight—humming across the Belt, the Bitter Root, the Rocky, and the Cascade Mountains.

### *Where America faces the Far East*

Asiatic imports to the United States recently gained ascendancy over imports from any other part of the world! Far-sighted industrial and commercial leaders have long foreseen that the United States is turning rapidly to face the Far East. *The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul is the shortest and swiftest link with the Coast and Orient!*

# MILWAUKEE ROAD

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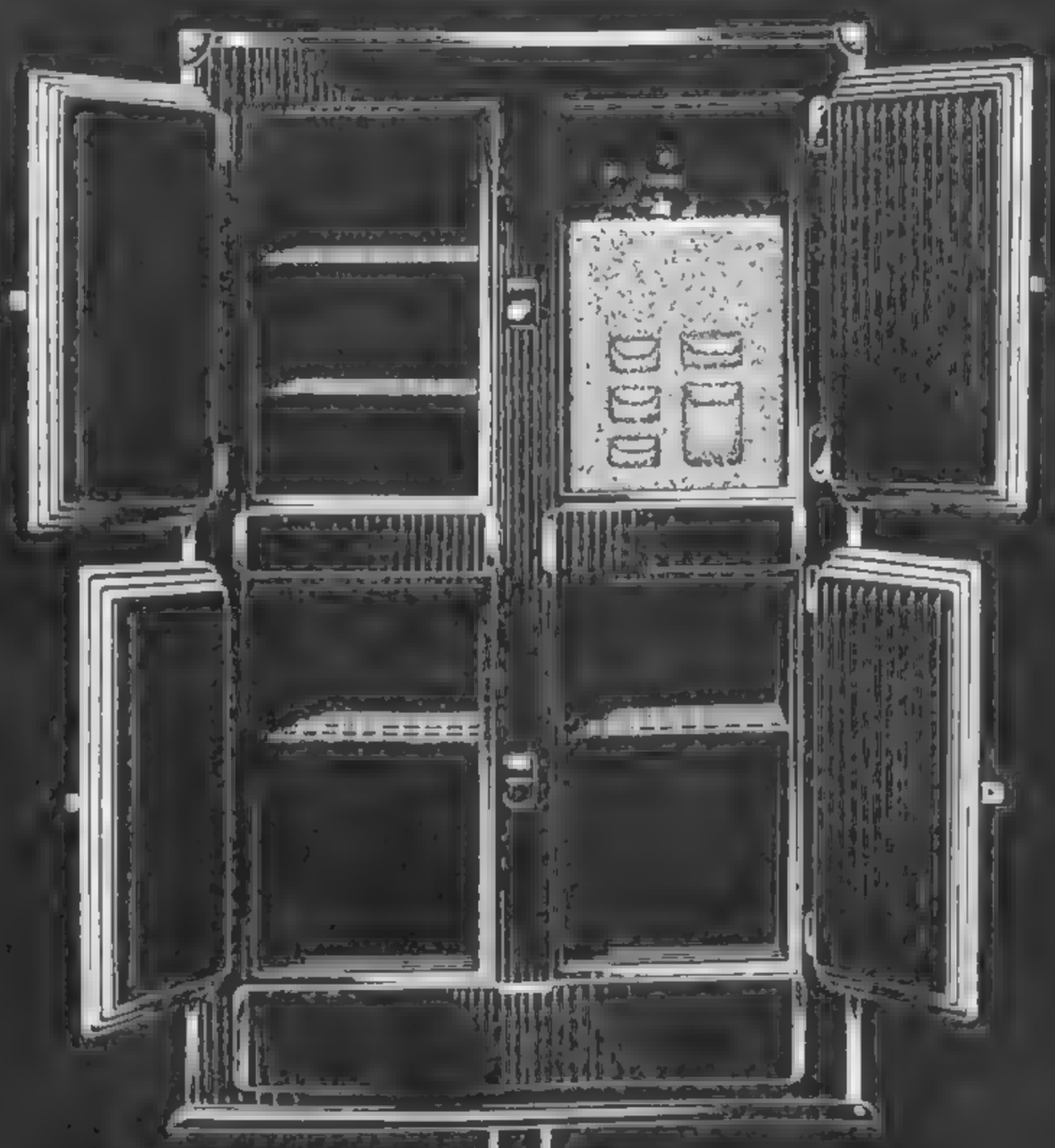
# Copeland

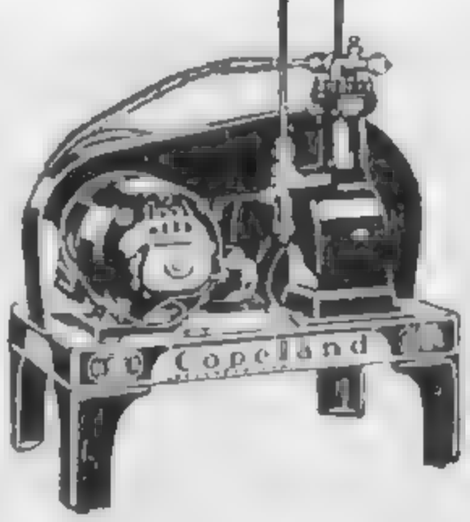
DEPENDABLE *Electric* REFRIGERATION



Electrify your present refrigerator—the Copeland way!

If you now have a good refrigerator you can enjoy the advantages of Copeland Dependable Electric Refrigeration at a very small investment.

A quick installation—the Copeland cooling unit in your refrigerator—the compressor in basement, closet or wherever you wish—flexible copper tubing between the two . . .




Then no more bother! . . . an abundance of crystal-clear ice cubes—delicious frozen desserts—foods kept pure, sweet and wholesome at the scientifically correct temperature . . . the carefree convenience that other women enjoy! A few dollars, representing the down payment, brings you the advantages of *modern, dependable* electric refrigeration. See the Copeland dealer today!

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(Continued from Page 141)

"Quite simple. Last night I went to confer with Don John, having in view our possible litigation. He showed me a new game of cards. Thereafter I studied the theory of that game, went to the bottom, detected its weak spots and beat him at it—beat him at it."

"Ah, monsieur, you are so wonderful! So clever! So ——" And mademoiselle's languishing eyes said much more.

"Nothing wonderful, dear lady; nothing more than the superiority of a trained mind."

"Father," Miss Providence inquired, her pale eyes shining, "what will you do with the two other stones?"

"Really I—really I should return them."

At this merely tentative suggestion the Creole protested, "No, no! I'd strip him naked. I'd keep his shroud."

Miss Providence, less vindictive, was even more positive. "Return those diamonds—to a thief? You'll do nothing of the sort!"

"But I got them gambling!"

"You were the agent of high heaven."

"Yes, yes; in a way."

His law books contained no precedent whatever compelling an agent of high heaven to restore ten thousand dollars' worth of gems won from a Spanish cockfighter. The case was *sui generis*. Justice Trask must take it under advisement.

Still advising with himself, Trask sat alone upon the guards, when Crow came to him, not the cocksure sport, but a broken man, shaking as from the effects of drink.

"Judge Trask," he implored, "a gentleman of your character could not intend to ruin me in a friendly game. I was drunk. Won't you take back your watch, with the fifty-six dollars that you lost, and return my diamonds?"

"Can't do that." His judicial jaw snapped hard. "The Roffignac stones have already been restored to their rightful owner, Mademoiselle de Roffignac."

"Oh"—Crow spoke wearily—"is Mademoiselle Zoe on this boat?"

"Yes; and overjoyed to regain her brother's property."

"Very well." He was in no position to be exacting, and consented. "I'll be satisfied with the two others."

"That matter," the jurist enunciated concisely, as from the high-court bench—"that matter will not be reopened. It is *res adjudicata*."

"By which you mean?"

"Ended—finished—settled."

"But, judge," Don John continued to insist, "I was drunk—utterly irresponsible."

"*De vigilantibus, non dormientibus.*" Not being comprehended, the Latin scholar explained: "Young man, the rewards of this world are for the vigilant and sober, not for the sleeping or drunk. I wish you good night."

The beaten gambler slunk away, while Trask smoked on complacently, nodding and smiling at the touch of two valuable diamonds in his pocket. Atop the eastern bluffs, scattered lights began to show, massing into a constellation at the water's edge. The Comus Queen whistled, two longs, a short and a long.

"Thar's Natchez," remarked Jud Brill, whom Trask had not seen. "I'm gettin' off here."

"Getting off at Natchez? Thought you were going to Vicksburg."

"Changed my mind."

A peculiar fellow, Trask ruminated, as Jud went blundering downstairs.

In his genial mood, Judge Trask found the night landing at Natchez most interesting. He leaned over the rail to watch a stage plank being thrown out, lighted by its flaming brazier of pine knots. Picturesque black roustabouts trotted across the plank, back and forth, unloading the cargo.

"Good night, Judge Trask," said a familiar voice behind him.

The man from Cincinnati started. At the head of the stair he saw Don John, alert, erect and debonair as ever. Lights from the cabin doorway streamed full upon him. He must have done it deliberately, for Don John turned so that the illumination struck his shirt front. There Trask saw four gleaming stones, four diamonds that laughed at him, mocked him. Almost panicky, the judge felt again in his pocket. Yes, he still had his own two.

Precisely as Crow knew that he would, Trask hurried back to the rail and stared downward to see him cross the stage plank. Then Trask got another shock. Don John de Morisco and Farmer Babb were leaving the boat together. Between them, the three arm in arm and very happy, went the tearful Creole, Mademoiselle de Roffignac.

That notorious gambler known as Crow possessed a marvelous dramatic instinct. Halfway along the stage plank he paused, allowing his companions to pass ahead. There he stood, alone, lifting his hat, dignified and distinguished as some grandee of Spain who salutes his monarch.

"Pardon me, Judge Trask," Crow called upward—"a thousand pardons. But will you now be so kind as to read the memorandum of agreement from Judge Lansdowne? Sleep sweetly, sir. Good night."

The amazing fellow was gone. Darkness swallowed him, with mademoiselle and Farmer Babb. Judge Trask fancied that he could hear the lady's laugh.

Yes! The letter! Trask already had its envelope torn open before he reached a swinging lamp inside the cabin. The communication was only a single page, in Henry Lansdowne's writing, and the very first line struck Judge Trask between the eyes, hit him hard, like a sledge hammer:

*Dear Solon:* Have you lost your watch ——

Oh! The watch? He'd forgotten it. Those diamonds would buy a hundred watches. Yet a cold perspiration grew clammier as Trask read on:

My client, Don John de Morisco, a name that he uses when convenient, is a very singular character. A professional gambler, once a gentleman, now an outcast, but a philosopher.

In a case that I have which involves the gambling propensities of mankind, Don John recently made the assertion that he knew of no man who would refuse to bet, provided that man thought he had a sure thing. He insists that it is not morality but fear of loss which deters them. A hot discussion between us culminated in a wager—the *dernier ressort* of fools. He wagered me a thousand dollars that he could tempt any man whom I might select into a game for money. Knowing your rugged rectitude, I chose you for the experiment and gave him this letter.

In spite of what I told him of your character, he wagers a thousand dollars that you would bet, if sure of winning, and that he will bring back to me your watch as proof of the fact.

Please write me what happened.

Anxiously, your friend,
HARRY LANSDOWNE.

"Hah!" Trask tried to scoff. "Fine joke on Henry! He loses a thousand, while I win ——"

Then the sweat popped out like dewdrops on a pumpkin, as a ghastly fear intruded itself. Trask fished up the diamonds from the bottom of his pocket, examined them closely, then darted to Stateroom Number 17, occupied by Mr. Emerson Fridge.

"Emerson! Emerson! Quick! Get up!"

"What's the matter?" a tousled head thrust out. "Boat afire?"

"No! Those diamonds! What did you say they were worth?"

"The Spaniard's studs? About five thousand each."

"Are you sure? Look at them again."

Both men were now inside the stateroom, and Trask sweated more ice water while the jeweler puttered around to light his lamp. But Fridge needed no magnifier to detect the substitution.

"Solon," he said, "these are not the stones that I examined."

"What? What?"

"These two are nothing but paste."

"Paste? Paste?"

"Yes—scarcely worth five dollars."

"Damn scoundrel!" Mr. Justice Solon G. Trask bolted out and savagely slammed the door.

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BUYING ICE CREAM in a Sealright Paper Container is the best way to insure its delicious flavor. Being practically air-tight, Sealrights keep the cold in and the warm air out. Thus ice cream retains its firmness and freshness longer in a Sealright than in any other paper package.

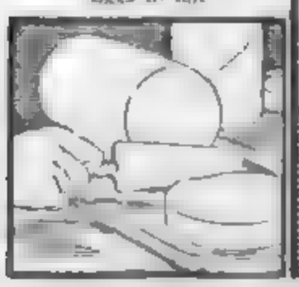
Sealrights differ from all other paper containers. Their patented, inner sealed, double bottom and snug fitting cover make Sealrights 100% leak-proof and practically air-tight. Ice cream can be carried home easily and safely in Sealrights—placed in your refrigerator and forgotten until you are ready to serve it!

Clever hostesses like to serve ice cream the Sealright Way—in attractive, luscious round slices. It's so easy, so appetizing (See illustrations below). No messy spooning or handling.

Hold container under cold water an instant

Remove top and press evenly on bottom with both thumbs

Then cut in attractive round slices to suit



And a quart is ALWAYS a quart in a Sealright—a full quart when filled at your dealer's and a full quart when opened later at home. Delivered to your dealer with covers on tight and insides untouched by human hands, Sealrights are absolutely sanitary. For convenience, economy and safety, ask your dealer to use Sealrights.

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*If it isn't stamped "Sealright" on the bottom, it isn't a Sealright and hasn't the sure protection of Sealright's patented construction*

# THE HORSE COMES BACK

(Continued from Page 13)

The bridle paths, the greatest part of which have been laid out during the past seven years, have been cut through the estates of millionaires and are privately maintained by the owners of the land. A saddle horse is a passport into that country and the rider may go unchallenged into places where guards are posted to halt strange motorists and hikers.

About eight or nine years ago 100 miles of bridle pathways were linked into a single system in the region about Bernardsville, New Jersey. Old country roads that no longer served any worthwhile traffic purpose in this day of concrete highways were tied together, in some cases with the aid of volunteer labor. At Tuxedo Park there are about sixty miles of bridle paths, and troops of riders make use of them. Greenwich, Connecticut, which is in a country that supports several hunt clubs, also fosters people who are dreaming of a linkage of existing bridle paths and old country roads until there is a continuous pathway from New York to Boston; and in Boston there is an enthusiastic planner who hopes for continuous foot and bridle pathways that will follow the Appalachians from end to end, linking Georgia and Maine, and for others that will do for equestrians what the Lincoln Highway does for motorists, giving them a transcontinental highway.

For years after the automobile was accepted by other parts of the state of Maine it was barred from Mt. Desert Island. The restrictions on automobiles were lifted there about ten years ago, but in the meantime a system of bridle paths had been developed, and today the two kinds of traffic are kept separated; and because the bridle paths exist the horses are there in squadrons.

Practically all Southern winter resorts have developed systems of bridle paths, and there is one place in the South where a revival of interest in horseback riding inspired a group of riders, young and old, men and women, to go out with mattocks and axes and clear up a trail system that is now said to embrace about 100 miles of bridle ways. At Little Mountain, not far from Cleveland, a similar enthusiasm has enabled riders to extend a system of bridle paths for 150 miles. In all these cases use has been made of old roadways, log roads and country lanes that were not important for automobile traffic, but which have been vital factors in inducing people in the neighborhood to buy horses.

### *A Problem in Division*

In Chicago the linking of existing bridle paths so as to include trails cut through the forest-reserve system of Cook County has made it possible for riding organizations to plan two-day trips on horseback in which none of the riders go over the same mile of roadway twice. In one of the counties of New Jersey the park commissioners recently built a stable to shelter the animals of riders who found that a journey to the limits of the county bridle-path system was a dawn-to-dark trip.

The extensive development of bridle paths has been followed in nearly every case, it has been observed, by the organization of either a hunt club or a club devoted to polo; and that, in turn, sometimes leads to the development of social ambition. Invariably it leads to the development of good horsemanship.

Fox hunting has been increasing rapidly in the United States in the past few years, and has attained a growth that warrants a comparison with the sport in England, the land of its traditions. A census of fox hunting made in England a year or so ago showed that there were 170 packs in that country, with a total of 11,000 hounds, each pack representing an average of about 300 horses. In some instances the number of horses exceeds 600.

In the United States there are now between sixty and sixty-five recognized hunts, with something more than that number of packs, and the number is growing each year. There are, of course, innumerable small country hunts loosely organized. Sometimes a new club comes into existence through a happening kindred to that biologic process of the lower orders of life which is called reproduction by division.

Such an occurrence came about in an Eastern county not long ago. Tracing out the causes of the Civil War would be comparatively simple beside the gossip research that would be necessary before one could set down the true reasons that led to the split. First, though, it seems, there was a flare of jealousy between the rival daughters of two families which contributed to the development of a frontier between factions of the membership. Then there was a club election and the row grew more bitter, with the result that individuals who had loaned hounds for the sport of all withdrew them from the club pack. Finally members of one faction sent their pink coats to their tailors along with instructions that were as definitely secessionist as the firing on Fort Sumter. The tailors were ordered to put on the pink coats velvet collars and cuffs of an even more violent hue, thus making a new uniform. There are two hunts in that county now, the masters of each being as careful as mountain feudists under peace bonds not to have their packs cross in the field.

### *Colors Few But Flashy*

Probably it would not be far wrong to diagnose rows among fox hunters as growing pains, and in places the growth is due to representatives of those thousands of the country's new millionaires. Childishness, though, seems to have been fairly distributed between new and old.

Fox hunting is flourishing in Pennsylvania, which has fourteen recognized fox-hunting clubs; and in Virginia, which has ten; Ponca City, Oklahoma, has one recognized pack, Fort Sill another, and the state is expecting to see others established. But the uniform of the riders who follow Mr. Marland's hounds out of Ponca City is not recorded in any of the existing compilations of facts on the subject, though, with Indians at hand to furnish ideas, they should be able to raise their visibility above even that of the Dedham Country and Polo Club, the members of which wear green coats with yellow collars in the evening, as in the field.

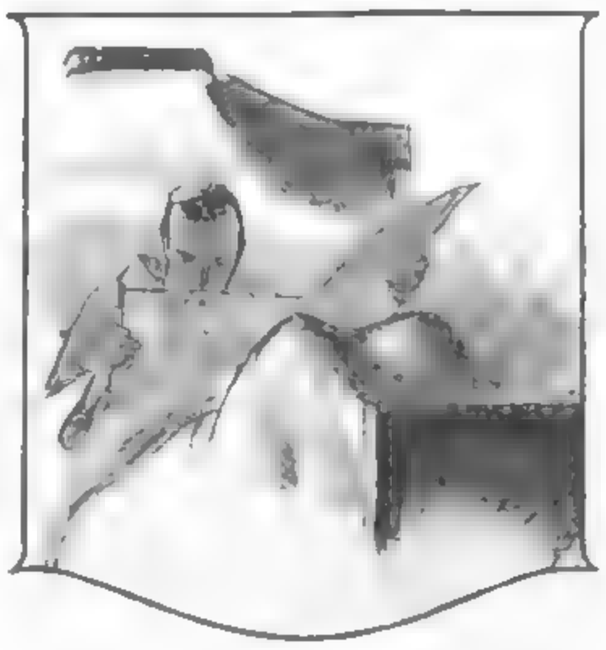
The number of hunt clubs and the number of hunters have just about doubled since the close of the war: there are three hunts at Pittsburgh, three on Long Island and a new one near Milwaukee. The recognized clubs have from 200 to 400 members each and the enthusiasm with which they turn out for a meet is a factor in the high hopes of all those professionals who profit when there is a strong market for horses, horsemanship, tack or apparel. An artist seeking to observe an expression of sincere joy could not do better therefore than to take up a position near one of these *entrepreneurs* as he or she sees a hunt tearing across a field, mounted on horses costing from $1000 to $10,000 apiece, all riders clad in costumes costing about $300, and riding in pursuit of a $25 fox trying to escape from a pack of hounds each couple of which represents from $100 to $200.

Prices for horses are at a point now which permits dealers to buy good horses, give them decent schooling and still sell them at a profit; but this situation in the horse market has not yet tempted anywhere near enough farmers to breed horses to supply the demand.

A government horse buyer whose headquarters is in Cincinnati reported not long ago that he had traveled through Kentucky for three weeks, starting out every morning at daybreak and working until nightfall,

(Continued on Page 149)

# Over-Sunday Hotels



PLAN, when you're traveling, to spend your week-end in a Statler Hotel. For Sunday's a pleasant day in these houses.

When you wake, you will find that a morning paper has been slipped under your door—just as on other days.

If you want to stay in bathrobe and slippers, your breakfast will be sent up to your room. If you want to read in bed, there's a lamp to light your paper just right.

Your clean and comfortable bathroom is waiting for you; a desk, well supplied with stationery, is right there; the hotel's well-selected library awaits your telephone call for a book to match your mood.

Downstairs, whenever you're ready for them, are attractive lounges, comfortable chairs. Excellent restaurants invite you. At certain hours an orchestra plays for you.

And as to service: If, in any transaction in our hotels, you get something less than the complete satisfaction we promise you, I wish you'd just remind the employee serving you of *his* promise to *me*—which is to satisfy you if he can; or, if he can't, to turn the matter over to his superior at once. You'll get satisfaction, every time.

Sunday's a pleasant day in these hotels.

E. M. Statler

## *The Newest Statler Invites You to Boston*

Your pleasure in a Boston visit can be greatly enhanced by living at the Statler—on Arlington Street at Park Square, at the very heart of uptown. A new feature here is *radio reception in every room,* from permanent, built-in equipment—with no extra charge, of course; and every room has also all the typical Statler conveniences. Despite its modernity and luxury, though, *more than 60 per cent of its rooms* are priced at $3.50 to $5, for one person; for two, rates are from $5.50, or, for twin-bed rooms, from $6.50.

### *The Statler Office Building, Boston*

Adjoining the hotel, a marvel of convenience and an ideal location for New England office headquarters. Rental Agents, W. H. Ballard Company, The Statler Building, Boston.

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And Statler-Operated Hotel Pennsylvania ~ New York

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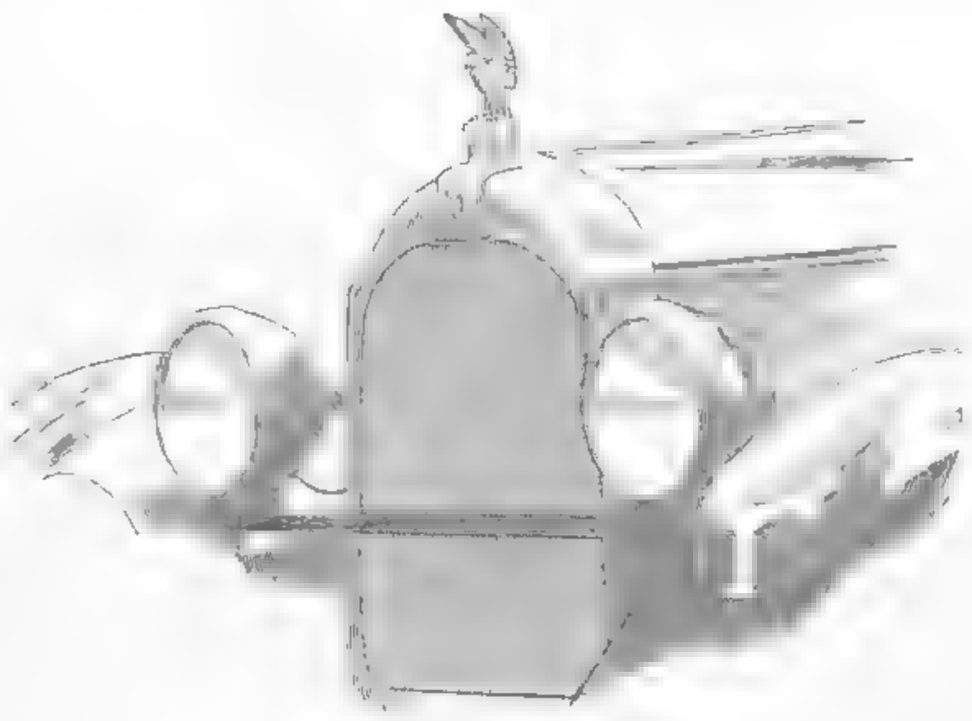
| | For One Person | For Two Persons: Double Bed | For Two Persons: Twin Beds |
|---|---|---|---|
| | from | from | from |
| Buffalo | $3.5[illegible] | $5.50 | $6.50 |
| Cleveland | 3.00 | 4.50 | 5.50 |
| Detroit | 3.00 | 5.00 | 5.50 |
| St. Louis | 3.00 | 4.50 | 5.50 |
| New York | 4.00 | 6.00 | 7.00 |
| Boston | 3.50 | 5.50 | 6.50 |

Every room has its own private bath, circulating ice-water, and other unusual Statler conveniences. In every room is a printed, framed card giving the fixed price of that room.

### *Hotel* Pennsylvania *New York*

—with 2200 rooms, 2200 baths, directly opposite the Pennsylvania Station. A Statler-operated hotel, with all the comforts and conveniences of other Statlers, and with the same policies of courteous, intelligent and helpful service by all employees.



# Now attention centers on the type of motor

WITH the general adoption of essential improvements such as four-wheel brakes, seven-bearing crankshaft and other refinements in strictly modern cars, attention now centers on the most important factor in automotive design—the power plant—and public preference turns to the Knight sleeve-valve engine.

A steadily increasing appreciation for this superior type of engine in many of the finest cars of Europe and America leads to the introduction of the Falcon-Knight—the first Knight-engined car in the lower price range.

The Falcon-Knight engine, the simplest and most efficient in its price class, is appreciated immediately for its power, flexibility, smoothness and quietness—and through the years for its freedom from carbon annoyance and mechanical trouble.

Falcon-Knight cars are now on display by dealers.

Falcon Motors Corporation • Detroit

# Falcon-Knight

(Continued from Page 146)

but had managed to buy an average of only two horses a day. He was far from being satisfied with his purchases, moreover. When the Army purchases 5000 horses, as it did some months ago, the horse buyers who come after the government buyers have a difficult time picking up any suitable animals. There is prospect of an early change in this situation, though, due to a factor which was a source of happiness to a Long Island woman who, though she does not follow the hounds, relies on horseback riding for the major portion of her exercise and counts that exercise as highly enjoyable recreation.

This middle-aged widow had one horse, a relic, in a manner of speaking, of a more prosperous period when her husband had seemed to have an uncanny understanding of the stock market. After he had guessed wrong a few times and died, his widow had left to her just about enough money to live on a small country place on Long Island, and to keep her mare. The mare was getting along in years.

There was only one servant left in the old Colonial house, and the widow herself took care of the mare, grooming her, throwing down her feed and cleaning the stable. A lot of trouble, indeed, and in the spring she sometimes apologized to her middle-aged steed when she harnessed her to a plow, the purpose of this mild indignity being to insure the horse against a loss of its grain ration. Life in that country home might have been made a lot simpler if there had been no horse, but on the other hand life would have been drab and colorless. The horse kept alive its mistress' interest in living, and on the back roads and bridle paths of the island other riders never failed to turn and admire the catlike canter of the sleek bay mare.

The right to be seen mounted on such an animal does as much for one's self-esteem as the possession of any kind of championship, as being the parent of a child prodigy or the possessor of a coveted stamp album. The mare was the widow's one means of gratifying her vanity.

Then came a day when the widow realized her horse was far from being a sprightly animal. Some equine ailment developed, and although the veterinary was able to have her back on her feet in short order, he asked some disturbing questions.

"About seventeen years?"

"Sixteen or so," conceded the widow.

"About three or four years more at the most, I'd guess, even with the easy work you give her. Then she'll have to be pensioned—or shot."

### Correcting a Military Weakness

Black shadows of loneliness descended upon the widow's thoughts. She had a feeling that when she was no longer able to ride she herself would grow old as swiftly as the mare. But the veterinarian was not through talking.

"Elsewhere it might cost a couple of hundred dollars, but over at Glen Head or out at Huntington the fee would be between ten and twenty-five dollars. I'll attend to it, if you wish. It's the government remount service."

That was about two years ago, and the widow has ceased to worry about having to give up riding. She did have to stop for a few months, and for a longer time she was exceedingly careful not to tire her mount.

The mare's foal is a yearling now that could be sold for a decent profit, but the widow has said she would as lief sell a child of her own.

"We're both silly about that colt, I suppose," she explained recently. "When it was still a wabbly-legged creature, Mamie-Belle was the tenderest mother in the world and her nickering when I entered her box stall and tried to fondle that wild little infant she had presented to me was—well, sweet.

"Then in the pasture lot, whenever any of the neighbors' dogs came sniffing through looking for rabbits Mamie-Belle would pretend to herself that they were wolves come to dine on her child. The way she would snap her teeth with savage clicks, roll her velvet-brown eyes, and then charge them with ears laid back, tail swishing and feet bunched menacingly when she got near them was thrilling to watch. I've had that filly halter-broken since it was three months old, and I'm going to break her to the saddle myself. When it's done with gentleness, step by step, there is no plunging and rearing, and therefore no danger. By the time she's three she'll be so accustomed to having me lean on her, and even rest my weight on her back, that there would not be the least thing terrifying about the further liberty of actually mounting her."

Three other Long Island women with mares that had reached a point in life where they were no longer fit for hunting now have excellent colts coming along, thanks to the army horse-breeding plan as operated by the remount service and aided by the American Remount Association and the Breeding Bureau of the Jockey Club. After the disturbing discovery made during the World War that there were comparatively few good riding horses to be had in the United States, the War Department undertook to contrive a suitable way of correcting this deficiency, which is beyond dispute a military weakness.

### An Investment in Colts

In 1920 Congress appropriated money for the encouragement of the breeding of riding horses. The following year there were 159 splendid stallions available for breeders all over the country. At the beginning of 1927 there were 500 stallions in this service, which means that not less than 15,000 foals will be born this year, all of which are calculated to become excellent riding animals—pleasure mounts for the most part.

A farmer in the Genesee Valley in New York watched one of the colts frisking in his barn lot a few years ago and concluded that the remount service was a good thing. About a year later that colt was sold by the farmer-breeder for $3000, and for a while it raced conspicuously on New York tracks. Then, under the name of Faunes, it was purchased by an oil millionaire for $5000 and continued to achieve victories on the track. Unhappily, the animal was injured in a steeplechase so that its racing career was brought to a close. Before that accident happened, the owner valued the young horse in excess of $10,000.

Faunes, though, was an exceptional colt in every way; yet other breeders who have availed themselves of the opportunities placed in their way by the remount service have had profits that have served to make them permanent converts to the doctrine that it is good business to breed good riding horses. It costs no more to raise good horses than it does to raise scrubs, and it takes a smart trader to dispose of a scrub horse in these days for the price of his keep.

A Nevada farmer not long ago sold for $400 a suckling colt whose mother was one of his work mares, but the sire was a remount stallion, and a number of half-bred colts carrying the blood strain of remount stallions have sold in the Central and extreme West, in these boom days for saddle horses, for sums ranging from $1000 to $1500. Three years ago a Virginia dealer purchased at $200 a head practically the entire crop of half-bred yearling colts in that state. These colts all owed their good blood to their sires. The dealer, after educating his big-boned, docile purchases, got prices for them that would have bought free of encumbrances some of the small farms on which they had been foaled. When he had finished with them they had been developed into hunters and weight-carrying polo ponies. A few sold for as much as $2500 apiece.

How long the present extraordinarily fine market will last no one can say, but one of the leading dealers in saddle horses in the Middle West reported that he had sold


Impressive Proof!
Be sure the shoe you select meets this test . . . .

The Ground Gripper Modified Corrective

SO-CALLED comfort shoes can *claim* anything. But just test them this way:

FIRST of all, has it the backing of thousands of satisfied wearers? Is it made by a manufacturer who, during his entire business career, has *specialized* on this type of shoe? Then, does it offer the combination of the three scientific principles approved by physicians and orthopedic specialists for *actual and immediate* comfort, relief and prevention?

Such a shoe is Ground Gripper, as hundreds of thousands of wearers attest and as 25 years of intensive study of this type of footwear proves.

It is the only shoe made with the *combination* of: the FLEXIBLE ARCH, allowing the foot muscles to exercise with every step; the STRAIGHT INNER LINE, permitting the toes to function with a free, strong, gripping action; and the PATENTED ROTOR HEEL which makes you "toe straight ahead"—the normal, natural way. These are the principles which thousands of foot specialists are agreed upon as ideal.

**In two types for men and women:**

*Corrective*—guards against and corrects foot troubles.

*Modified Corrective*—embodying the same features but with a modified outer swing.

The nearest Ground Gripper dealer will gladly suggest the type most suited to your feet. Ask us his name.

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Now you can have the ideal combination of style and comfort for dancing, the theatre and more formal occasions—the Ground Gripper Dress Line for women. Beautifully designed, stylish in appearance and far more comfortable than the usual style shoe.

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"The wealth of a nation is men

*—not silk, and cotton, and gold."*

Such is the spirit of the South.

In 1900 there were 73,000 school-teachers in the states of the South served by Southern Railway System, and the appropriation for education amounted to only 90 cents per inhabitant. But in 1924 the appropriation was $8.00 per inhabitant, and the number of trained teachers had increased to 143,000.

In 1900 only 64.8 per cent of the children of school age in these states attended school. But in 1924, the latest year for which complete figures are available, 81.6 per cent of them attended school.

The Southern States are using their prosperity to bestow upon young men and women those educational advantages which make life broader and happier. The Southern Railway System pays school taxes in the states it serves amounting to three million dollars per year.

*The Development Service of Southern Railway System, Washington, D. C., will gladly aid in securing industrial locations, farms and home sites in the South.*

SOUTHERN RAILWAY SYSTEM

THE SOUTHERN SERVES THE SOUTH

more high-grade animals during the early months of this year than at any time since he had begun to deal in this type of merchandise. His buyers come from all over the United States. It was an exceptionally rich mine owner of Arizona who bought four horses from that man last winter, giving his order over the telephone, without even having seen the animals he ordered shipped to his home in the Far West. Such dealing would have shocked David Harum or that deacon whom he skinned in a horse trade, but it is by no means an unusual experience with the dealer in question. He sells his horses as new automobiles are sold—satisfaction or money back.

One show mare sold recently at an auction in Chicago for $20,000, and two of four bidders did not drop out of the competition for this beautifully made creature until the bidding passed $15,000. Ninety head of horses, from weanlings to venerable animals with hardened arteries and distinct recollections of the Taft campaign of 1908, sold at another sale in Chicago for an average of $600 a head, the top price being $4,000. As a further instance of the advance in values which has occurred in response to the increased demand, there was the purchase of one mare in a recent sale for $2400. At a dispersion sale four years ago the same horse was not counted an especially noteworthy bargain when she was knocked down for $400.

A dealer in saddle horses visited, a few months ago, a number of establishments where riding horses are bred, and examined more than 100 animals. Only two of those he priced were offered for less than $1500.

It may seem paradoxical to persons unfamiliar with horses that such prices are being paid for four-legged animals when untamed representatives of the same species in some Western states are being hunted down as vermin, or shipped to export canning factories or driven by the hundreds at $7.50 a head into Mexico. When the horses are compared, however, even an unobservant person should be able to distinguish the things that make wild, undersized, ewe-necked broom-tails a drug on the market and make their well-bred and very distant cousins living proofs of the value of good blood in a horse's veins.

### *Peggy of the Third Cavalry*

It is blood that makes the fourteen-year-old army mare Peggy, belonging to the Third Cavalry, what she is. With a trooper on her back, Peggy won a 300-mile, five-day endurance ride in 1924; again in 1925. In 1926 she was fourth in that contest. Peggy is regarded as a three-quarter-blood horse, and if there were a couple of hundred thousand others like her among the more than 2,000,000 horses engaged in non-agricultural work in the United States, soldiers who realize that riding horses are as vital in wartime as airplanes would breathe more easily.

The men who take an interest in the performances of Peggy and her rivals know that a country with a plentiful supply of the right types of horses for military service is at least partially prepared for national defense.

This boom in horse flesh, though, has drawn some excellent soldiers out of the Army. A major, one of the crack polo players, resigned his commission about a year ago to take charge of the Virginia breeding farm of one of the country's wealthy polo enthusiasts. As in the Dark Ages in Europe, when knowledge was preserved for mankind behind the walls of monasteries, so the horse branches of the Army have been keeping horsemanship alive during the years that men have been busy with various kinds of speed machines. Some of the big play stables in America are offered opportunities from time to time nowadays to hire, at bargain prices, as trainers men who were commanding Russian and German cavalry squadrons a few years ago.

In one Eastern city there is an old German cavalryman with a fierce mustache bent up at the ends Kaiser fashion, who conducts a riding academy which may some day be fashionable. The horses he keeps are the best he can afford. He is not rich. It is a certain element among his pupils who are most worthy of consideration in view of the increased interest Americans are taking in equitation. For the most part they are young women—stenographers, chorus girls, university students. They ride on the bridle paths of the park at night and get reduced rates by purchasing a card not unlike a meal ticket.

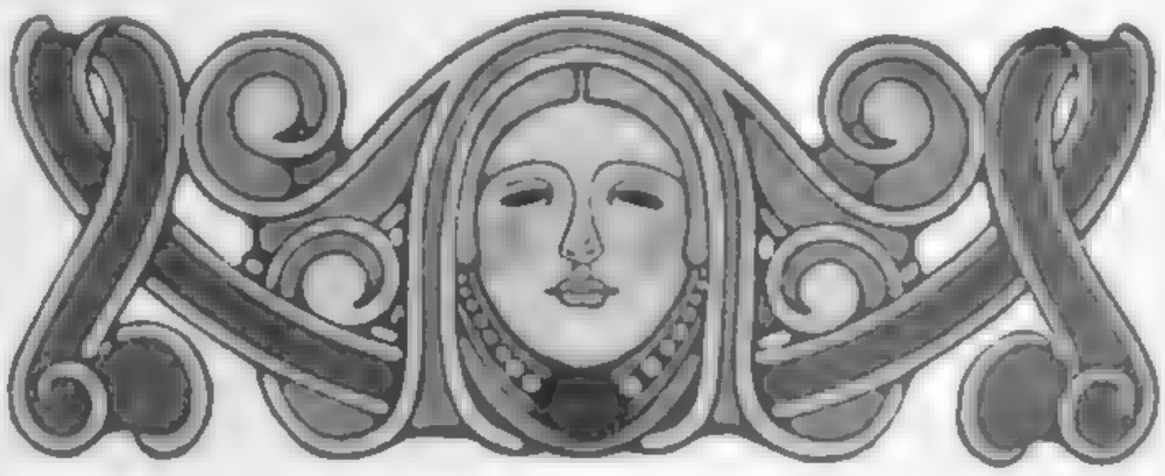
The use of the horses at night gives the old cavalryman an extra profit and gives his pupils the comfortable sensation that when their various Prince Charmings, millionaires' sons or otherwise suitable husbands finally discover them they will not be unprepared for an improved station in life.

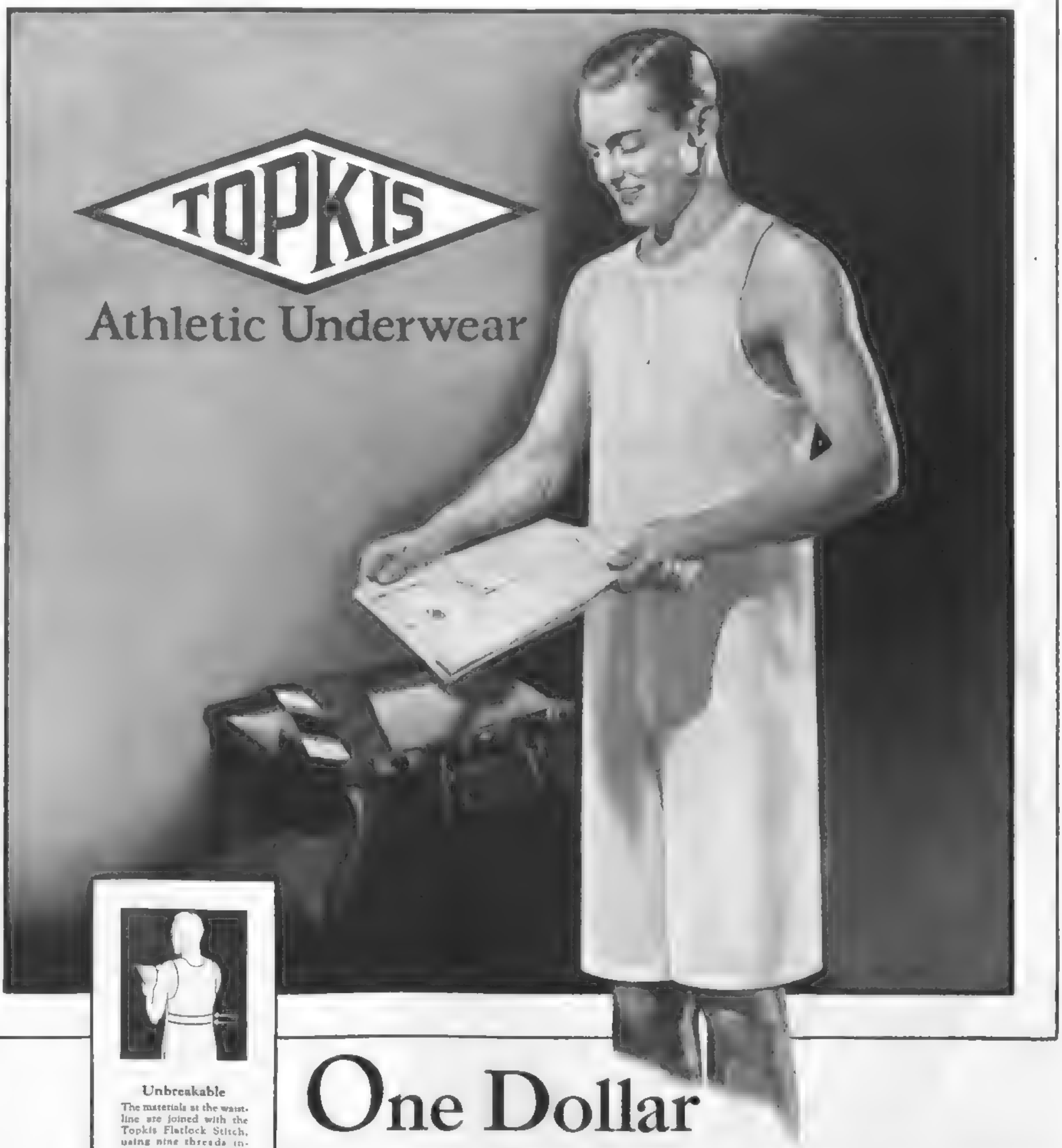
### *Traffic Congestion*

The old-timers among the mounted policemen in Central Park in New York are agreed that there are five times as many riders using the bridle paths there today as there were ten years ago. If they are asked on a sunny Saturday afternoon or Sunday morning, they will say there are ten times as many, and not be exaggerating much. Such an occasion is an excellent time to observe a typical swarm of the people who are creating the new market for riding horses. A majority of the men posting on English saddles, legs flopping out of control as they argue with their mounts, would explain, if given the chance, that they ride because some doctor prescribed this form of exercise. Here and there in the procession a Western stock saddle is to be seen, and the man astride it is usually getting along comfortably with his horse whether the animal's back is supple or as unyielding as a hickory log. Some of the elderly riders are persons of consequence and frequently they are excellent horsemen.

A few years ago the elderly president of one of the country's greatest railroad systems was trotting briskly along one of the soft roads of the park when a young woman mounted on some livery nag that she had spurred into a wild gallop dashed from a side road and crashed into the old gentleman's mount, with the result that he was thrown heavily and killed. This sort of thing happens just often enough to remind persons who have forgotten, that an unskillful, reckless rider can be as great a menace in traffic as an unskillful, reckless motorist. Occurrences of this kind are in the minds of those who are seeking to reserve sections of bridle path in the various systems for the exclusive use of children riders and their escorts.

*(Continued on Page 153)*





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*Men's Union Suits, $1.00. Shirts and Drawers 75c each. Boys' Union Suits, 75c. Children's Waist Union Suits, 50c and 75c. In Canada, Men's Union Suits, $1.50.*

*Fine, durable new fabrics. Fancy madras, plain madras, white or color stripe, silk stripes, mercerized crepe, pajama checks*

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TIMES

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PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER CO. OF AMERICA, INC.
Jeannette, Pennsylvania

# Pennsylvania Balloons

*6-ply* HEAVY DUTY

(Continued from Page 150)

The encouragement being given to child riders in all parts of the country is one of the healthiest factors in the revival of horsemanship. In comparatively recent times there was a Children's Horse Show down in Virginia, which was worthy of note as the first of its kind. Children managed every department of the enterprise except judging. Since then these junior horse shows have gained in popularity. One of the California riding clubs had its fourth annual children's show this year, in which there were fifty-two exhibitors, all under sixteen years, who showed eighty-eight horses, ranging from eleven-hand ponies to sixteen-hand hunters and jumpers.

An examination of a number of catalogues of the old pre-automobile horse shows will reveal that in none of the classes was it then specified that entries should be ridden or driven by children. In most of the well-conducted shows today there are special classes in which only the horsemanship of children counts, and in a great many of the children's saddle classes the behavior of the rider counts heavily.

At one of the Eastern hunt clubs it was determined some time ago to arrange a drag hunt for children. Low panels were placed in the fences at places specified by the most timid mother, who was given the privilege of selecting the jumps. A twelve-year-old boy carried the horn in that affair.

The girls in an exclusive riding organization in a large Eastern city are taught to ride by a woman of good family who until a few years ago was the proprietor of a riding academy in a suburban county. When she took it over it was a livery stable with about nine horses, several more than were necessary for the existing demand. She was a superb horsewoman, with a love of horses so deeply ingrained that she had persuaded herself the enterprise justified her in going into debt for about $20,000. That was in 1907, and riding academies everywhere in the country were suffering from a combination of ailments, automobiles being the chief affliction in that year.

### *Week-End Riders*

For some years she was up at dawn of every day, for there were horses to be groomed, saddles and bridles to be cleaned, feed to be measured out, and countless other tasks of a sort that were the common lot of American boys before Mr. Ford and some others learned how to apply the principles of mass production to automobile manufacture. After twelve years of work there, this woman had forty-five horses in her stable and could afford to employ grooms enough to take care of them. She had paid off her indebtedness, and when she sold out, the $40,000 she received was hers to keep.

That stable has been taken over and expanded enormously since she gave it up, by a hotel enterprise which is operated on a basis that permits people possessing enough money to go there and wear any kind of sporting attire they fancy. It is called a country club, and for a week or a week-end or a day its temporary members can be golfers or polo players or fox hunters or steeplechasers and have a fine and expensive time of it. There are several of these country-club hotels along the Atlantic Seaboard, and the head of the most impressive chain of them is a most enthusiastic horseman, who has not forgotten the human craving to ride horses about which he learned when he was a block boy holding the horses for park riders who were renting by the hour the nags of his employer. That employer sold his riding academy a short time ago for a price said to have been in excess of $1,000,000. Most of that sum represented the value of the land and buildings.

### *What to Do When You're There*

In the large cities there are only a few representatives left of the old-fashioned horse lover who had to have his animals stabled on his premises. Most of the city riders depend for stabling on public stables, clubs or riding academies. In one of the large cities of the Middle West a recent count showed that there were forty-three stables and academies as compared with thirty-nine three years ago. In these establishments there were 1878 riding horses, an increase of 126 animals. A more impressive element of the improved condition of horses and horsemanship, however, was disclosed by this fact: About 1350 of the horses were owned by the men and women who rode them, whereas only 650 were privately owned in that city three years ago.

The growing interest in horses is responsible for the development of scores of new clubs in the United States, and for elaborate structures that have been built in some of the larger cities by some of the older organizations of horsemen. The Chicago Riding Club is now quartered in a building which is said to house the largest riding ring in the world, 300 feet long by 100 wide, with a seating capacity of 3000 when it has a show. There are accommodations there for 452 horses and the club operates its own blacksmith shop. Cincinnati has a club which is reported to have spent $400,000 for its building, and San Francisco has been nursing a $1,200,000 horse-show arena with a seating capacity of 8000.

It is the people who come to sit in those chairs at horse shows who are relied on to become purchasers of the thousands of colts of good blood that are now pastured out in the country, as well as those adult horses that are to this market what used automobiles are to another field of American industry. A great many of these potential horse buyers are people who have discovered that an automobile makes it possible for them to live in the country, but who have not yet discovered that a horse is the perfect answer to the question of what to do after one arrives in the country.

DRAWN BY KATE COLLIER

*The Nearsighted Cotton-Picking Mammy Makes a Slight Mistake*

In the merry game of "*Wash and Wait*" ..*the lazy drain-pipe wins!*

A GREAT heap of clothes ready for the rinse—a great tubful of suds draining drop by drop! Jab away at the waste-pipe with your bit of wire. Dear Lady, prod and poke again! You'll end by waiting woefully till the last reluctant drop of waste water seeps out.

But—use Dräno! You'll never have to play the game of "Wash and Wait." Pour a little Dräno down the drain at the first signs of laziness. It will boil and bubble its way through the obstruction, dissolving away lint, hair, soap-fats, grease or other obstructions. Before you know it the drain will be open, free-flowing—scoured clean on the inside.

Millions of housewives use Dräno regularly in kitchen sink, bathtub, wash-bowl and laundry tub. It positively cannot harm enamel, porcelain or plumbing.

*Deodorize the garbage can*

Sprinkle Dräno freely into can and add a cup or two of water. It disinfects, too.

*For other toilsome tasks*

The directions on the Dräno can tell you how to purify garbage cans and clean oily garage floors. But Dräno does more than that. It removes unsightly rims from oven glass. It clears downspouts and disinfects icebox outlets.

Buy a can of Dräno today at your grocery, drug or hardware store, or send 25c for a full-sized trial can.

THE DRACKETT CHEMICAL COMPANY
Cincinnati, Ohio

Dräno

*Cleans and Opens Drains 25¢*

*35¢ in Canada*

Unless the Gas Range has a RED WHEEL it is NOT a LORAIN
LORAIN OVEN HEAT REGULATOR
LOOK FOR THE RED WHEEL
DANGLER LORAIN
NEW PROCESS LORAIN
CLARK JEWEL LORAIN
QUICK MEAL LORAIN
RELIABLE LORAIN
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Take No Chance—Buy a Red Wheel Gas Range.
BACK of every Red Wheel Gas Range is an institution rivaling in every way America's greatest manufacturing organizations. With six great stove factories, huge foundries, modern enameling plants, expensively equipped research departments, skilled designers, thousands of highly trained workmen, and up-to-date equipment, American Stove Company is unquestionably able to build the finest gas ranges and sell them at the most reasonable prices.
Twelve years ago this Company gave to the World the first device to control automatically the heat of a gas range oven—Lorain, known everywhere by its famous Red Wheel.
Eliminates all Guess-work
Lorain eliminates all guess-work from oven cooking. It provides a means of cooking Whole Meals while you're miles away from the kitchen for hours at a time. It has created a new and easier canning process. In fact, Lorain has completely revolutionized home-cooking methods.
Tens upon tens of thousands of Red Wheel Gas Ranges are now in use and the number of owners is growing by thousands each week. Buy a Red Wheel Range and be happier.
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
Largest Makers of Gas Ranges in the World
829 Chouteau Avenue St. Louis, Mo.
No matter where you live you can now use a Lorain equipped Gas Range
LORAIN
AMERICAN STOVE COMPANY
829 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo.
Please send me free copy of Lorain Oven Canning Chart. (PRINT name and address plainly.)
Name
Street
City State
S E P -5-21-27


# DEBUTANTE DIPLOMACY

(Continued from Page 19)

"There were invitations to exactly the same dinners, the same teas, the same lunches as when I left," he said. "The same proportion were from people I didn't know at all, who had just got my name from the list. And I was invited to almost every one of the forty debutantes' parties as usual. This in spite of the fact that I've gone to coming-out parties for so long that it makes me feel antiquated. I haven't made any duty calls or anything since I've been back, and in fact when I was here before I didn't do most of the things I was supposed to do, and thought I'd be in bad with everyone. But apparently any unattached male in Washington who owns a dinner coat can eat six free dinners every night and at least three luncheons every noon. I believe a perfect stranger about whom no one knew anything could come here, and if he could just manage to be seen at one or two of the smart houses, he'd never need to buy himself any meals after that except breakfast if he stayed here fifty years!"

Another bachelor was discussing his feelings when he is asked by telephone to lunch or dine: "Unless it's one of my half dozen intimate friends, my first thought is: 'I wonder how long ago she really got up the party and how many other men have refused.' Then, if I say I can't go, I can usually hear a sound very much like a sigh from the other end of the wire, and I know she is thinking, 'Oh, dear, where can I get an extra man?'"

Not all our embryo diplomats—not, indeed, even all those of experience—regard with such amused detachment the numerous invitations which their morning mail and the continuously ringing telephone bring in. In fact, one young man not long ago almost wrecked his career because he failed to interpret this experience correctly.

### The Fountain of Youth

He had grown up in a city where his family—although nice people, with a good deal of money—had no social position whatever. This was due to one of those curious combinations of circumstances of which every town has its own example, and it was only important because it engendered in their son, who was more worldly minded than his parents, an inferiority complex regarding society. So that even when he went away to college he refused to respond to overtures of normal friendliness and acquired the reputation of being almost a hermit.

The result was that until, in the late twenties, he came to Washington for a three-year term in the State Department he had gone out very little. But down there no one stopped to inquire as to the position his family held in his native city. His name was put automatically on the list of eligible bachelors. He held an official position; he was young, good-looking, well-to-do and unmarried; he was asked everywhere. Within five months he was transformed. A man who had known him at college ran into him at a ball where he was cutting in on only the youngest and prettiest of the debutantes, and swore that even his looks had changed.

"He looks like his own younger brother," he said, "and his manner has improved incredibly. He used always to have a chip on his shoulder—it was terribly hard to be nice to him. I remember once asking him to a house party and he accepted, and then dropped out at the last moment, at terrible inconvenience to us, because I told him some girl from his home town was going to be there. But now he's the most agreeable person I ever saw. He's certainly on the crest of the wave."

It was impossible to sustain this precarious position, however; for after a year of it his head was completely turned. From having had an attitude absurdly humble toward society, he had now reached the more ridiculous extremity of exaltation. Whereas at first he had been pleased and grateful whenever he was asked to dine off the gold service of one of the big houses or to lunch at one of the small ones where only the conversation was valuable, he now acted as if he, and not his host, was conferring the favor whenever he went to a party.

He got so he would accept two or three dinner invitations for the same evening, then find out which one the people he liked best were going to, and telephone to the others at the last minute and say he was terribly sorry but he'd got his engagements mixed up in his book. He'd go to balls and openly criticize the music and the food and the gown of his hostess with insolence which he assumed was *savoir-faire*.

### An Undiplomatic Maneuver

These shortcomings were not discovered all at once. Washington is observant enough, goodness knows; but as someone said afterward, it did not bother about him because it was too busy gossiping about the delinquencies of better men. Eventually, however, he chose the wrong hostess to whom to be rude. A great many women who entertain constantly in the capital grow hardened to breaches of ordinary good manners. This is due in part to the transient element in society—the continuous arrival and departure of distinguished guests; not only Europeans but men from all parts of our own country, who come to Washington on brief visits of a business or personal nature—and also to the local political situation, which accustoms people to readjustments of guests even at the last moment. Often they accept these readjustments without stopping to inquire whether the man who disappointed them had a really valid excuse.

There are one or two women, however, who refuse to treat the matter so casually. One of these is the wife of an important official, and when the would-be diplomat telephoned her at noon one day that he would be unable to dine with her that night she was furious.

"But you simply can't drop out!" she said at first. "Two men have had to because of the Senate fight, and I can't fit another place!"

He answered glibly that he was terribly sorry, but he had got his engagements mixed in his book and shouldn't have accepted in the first place, as he had promised weeks ago to dine with Susie Smith that night. Susie Smith was one of the most popular of the young girls who had been out a year or two and her parties were always successful.

"Susie didn't get up that dinner until three days ago!" the wife of the official retorted, completely losing her temper. "She asked me, so I know. Now look here. I wouldn't have you at any dinner after you have behaved like this, and I think you'll find in the future that most of my friends will agree with me!"

When she compared notes with some of them, and found that the same performance had been repeated a good many times, they all agreed not to ask him again to any party, large or small. Then everyone to whom he had been rude heard of it and his social career was cut short. Incidentally, this had a definite effect upon his career in the State Department as well; for, although the policy there is not to encourage the purely social type known derisively as the cooky pusher, they do expect conformation to a standard of good manners higher, and not lower, than the average. Diplomacy, moreover, is a profession in which personal liking is of such vital importance that Washington social life furnishes an excellent laboratory in which to watch the development of traits which might in the future be of value or of harm to the service.

(Continued on Page 157)

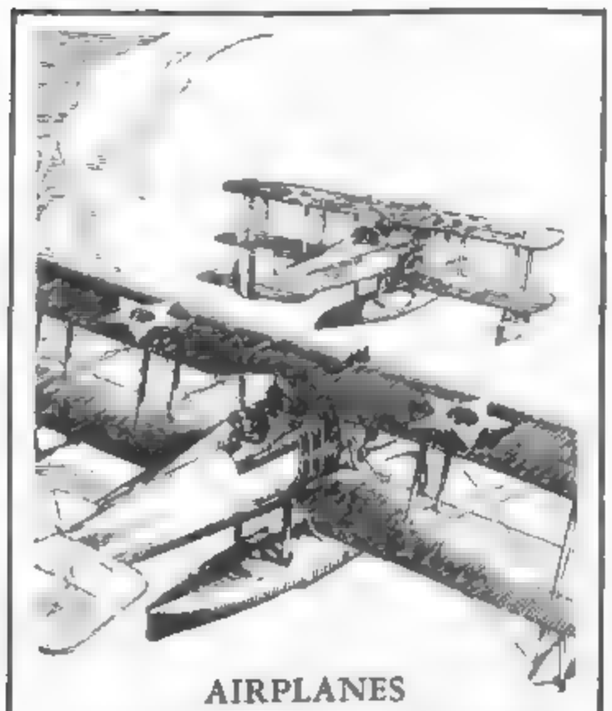
# *Who uses* ETHYL GASOLINE *..and why?*

ETHYL GASOLINE is motor gasoline treated with Ethyl brand of anti-knock compound, the chemical ingredient developed by General Motors to make gasoline a more efficient fuel for internal combustion engines. Its chief advantages are:

Elimination of "knock" under all driving conditions—transformation of carbon from a liability into an asset—more power on hills and heavy roads—quicker acceleration—less gear shifting—reduced vibration—freedom from the trouble and expense of carbon removal.

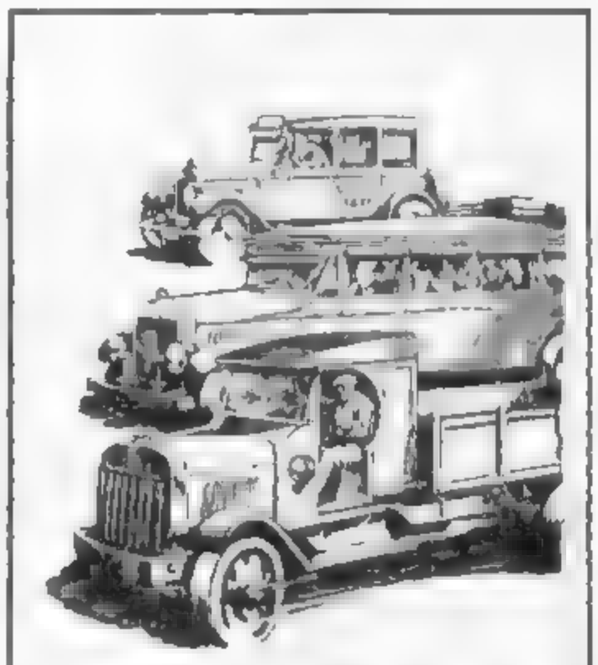
Try Ethyl Gasoline yourself. It will make your car perform as never before. On sale through responsible oil companies at pumps displaying the "ETHYL" emblem shown below.

ETHYL GASOLINE CORP., 25 Broadway, N.Y.



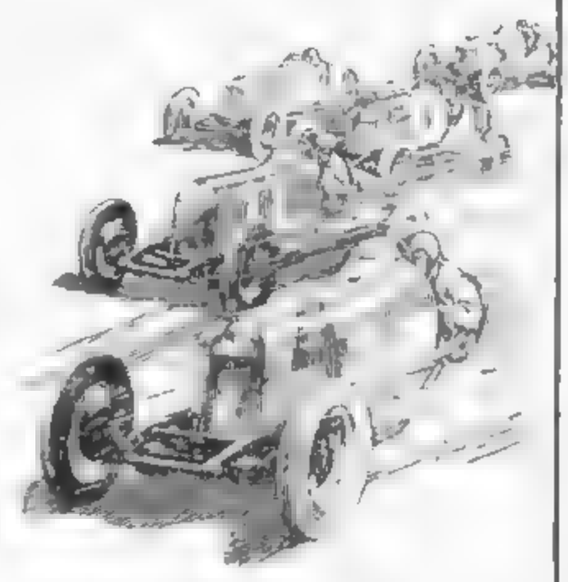
**AIRPLANES**

THE United States Navy is using Ethyl Gasoline as the fuel for airplanes because it develops all the power and efficiency of their engines.



**CABS, BUSES and TRUCKS**

BUSINESS concerns which operate large fleets of cars and trucks are using Ethyl Gasoline because its superior performance reduces running and maintenance costs.



**RACING CARS**

RACING drivers who are setting new speed records are using Ethyl Gasoline because it develops the maximum power their engines are designed to deliver . . . *and when Segrave drove 203 miles an hour at Daytona Beach last March, he used Ethyl Gasoline.*

**YOUR OWN CAR**

MORE than a million passenger car owners like yourself have adopted Ethyl Gasoline because it gives an engine performance and motoring satisfaction beyond that obtainable with regular gasoline. Just try a tankful!

*Underwear in two pieces—shirt and drawers—won't do.*

*The Rockinchair "Two-Piece Unionsuit"*

*The ordinary "sack" or "balloon" type of unionsuit won't do.*

# The Advantages of Both Without the Disadvantages

NO one can deny that the Unionsuit "should be" more satisfactory than two separate garments—shirt and drawers.

But many have avoided the one-piece garment because they were unable to secure a comfortable fit.

Rockinchair is converting men to the Unionsuit because it combines the advantages of the two separate garments without the disadvantages.

It is actually made in two pieces—a shirt tailored to FIT—drawers tailored to FIT—bound together by the exclusive Rockinchair band.

*Rockinchair originated (in sanitary union suit style) the opening and the bloused effect in the back, affording absolute freedom of body movement*

Each half of the body—above and below the hips—has perfect freedom of action. Yet there is no shirt to run up the back—no drawers to slide down.

Rockinchair is made in 36 distinct sizes for 36 distinct builds. One of these is yours—practically custom-made for YOU.

Your Rockinchair dealer will tell you which. With your 3 measurements—Chest, Waist and Trunk—he will pick out your individual size with the help of the Rockinchair Size Indicator.

*Write us for "The Story of Rockinchair"*

HENDERSON AND ERVIN—MARK HENDERSON, *President*—285 Madison Avenue, New York

## 3 Measurements are Necessary for Proper FIT in a Unionsuit.

**CHEST**
alone won't do.

These three men have the same Chest measure

**WAIST**
alone won't do.

These three men have the same Waist measure.

**TRUNK**
alone won't do.

These three men have the same Trunk measure

All three measurements are necessary. It requires only a minute or two for the retail salesman to measure your Chest, Waist and Trunk (trunk from middle of right shoulder, down the front, through the crotch and up the back to the starting point). His Rockinchair Size Indicator will then automatically select your size and model

You will never know what FIT in a Unionsuit means until you wear *YOUR* individual suit of Rockinchair

# ROCKINCHAIR

## 36 Sizes for 36 Builds—Which is Yours?

(Continued from Page 154)

A person who wishes to keep his sense of proportion, in spite of what may appear to him to be evidence of an overwhelming personal popularity, must remember that to be an extra man in Washington, willing to go out, is to bring to the hearts of hostesses more pleasure than can be produced in the majority of cities by gifts of pearls and sables.

For our capital is a city of professional hostesses. There is no place in America where entertaining is done so continuously, so ardently, nor, indeed, so well. But the *sine qua non* is extra men. They are as necessary to the game of hospitality as horses are necessary to the game of polo.

Of course, in all cities extra men are greatly in demand; but in Washington they are of much more importance than in other places, because most entertaining centers around political figures. Any one of the dozen hostesses of the first rank—a surprisingly large percentage of whom, by the way, are widows—will always arrange their smartest dinners around a cabinet officer, a prominent senator or one or two foreign ambassadors—never more. Incidentally, in Washington, as in London, there is much less interest, even socially, in the representatives of foreign nations than in our own public men. There will also be other men of political distinction in addition to the guest of honor, who, by the way, is necessarily the ranking guest; for the order of precedence is as rigidly observed in our capital as in any other in the world, and although a dinner may be given in honor of a certain senator, for instance, if there is a cabinet officer present, he, and not the senator, will sit on the right of the hostess. The result of having as guests a number of men of the political and diplomatic world is that at the last moment there are always one or two who cannot avoid dropping out.

### Borrowed Husbands

There is nothing more disconcerting to the hostess, but there is nothing more inevitable in Washington. If a man is sitting in a committee, or if he must confer with other members of his party, or if he is called unexpectedly to see the President, he is forced to disregard his promise to attend what he probably thinks of as just another dinner party. Of course, if he is invited to dine at the White House he has no choice but to break any other engagements. But whatever the emergency, the fact remains that before any large dinner, the hostess, or her social secretary if she has one, is apt to be called to the telephone and told that Senator So-and-So regrets extremely that something has come up which will prevent him from dining with her. If the matter is not secret, he will try to soften the blow by explaining the importance of the reasons that detain him.

Then the hostess is faced with the serious problem of finding an extra man. She will have a list of them in her book of telephone numbers, of course; and she will know by heart the numbers of the Metropolitan Club and the Cosmos, for at these two clubs for men male Washington is apt to drop in at some moment of the day. If it is before half-past four in the afternoon, she may call up the State Department. She does not hope to find someone who has not been invited out to dinner; this would be impossible. The most for which she can hope is to discover some man who was so tired from going out every night that he has decided to take an evening off.

As one of them said, "Humanitarians think the working week should be cut to five days. I don't see why the diner-out shouldn't have one night off."

If she tracks down a man with these intentions, she may have to coax him a good deal. But if she is one of the distinguished hostesses whose dinners are more splendid than those given anywhere in the country, the young man will usually accept. If, however, as is often the case, she cannot secure a bachelor, she will telephone to some of her intimate friends and demand the loan of a husband.

There is so much entertaining in Washington that a good many people, particularly young men who are interested in their work, refuse to go out more than three or four nights a week. Now if the hostess knows several couples like this—and everyone does—on the theory of chances, she will be able to get one of them on a free night.

Filling in at the last moment is one of the typical features of Washington society. It is not only men who are in demand in this capacity but sometimes women. Then a wife must be borrowed for the evening, or one of the countless unattached women. But sooner or later everyone who goes out is asked to fill in, and everyone who entertains is forced to ask their friends to fill in for them. There is no place where it is done to such a large extent, and no place where, under proper circumstances, people object so little to being asked to do it.

### More Than Meets the Eye

"In fact, I think it's more fun to fill in at the last moment than to be asked weeks in advance," said a young matron who belongs to what is becoming known as the Georgetown intelligentzia. "My husband works so hard that it's impossible for us to accept invitations a long time ahead, so when we're asked together to large dinners we usually have to decline. But when someone calls me up at the last moment and says a woman has been taken ill and won't I be an angel and fill in, I usually put on my best dress and dash out and have a beautiful time."

Of course, the successful hostess only asks people to help her out in an emergency whom she knows well and has invited before then in the conventional way. A feud was started not long ago because an untactful woman who had not lived long in Washington needed an extra woman at the last moment and telephoned at six o'clock to a girl whom she scarcely knew to ask her to dine at eight.

"I'm awfully sorry," the girl said, "but I can't come."

"Have you another engagement?"

"No; but I've got to take a train early tomorrow morning and decided I'd stay at home." Then becoming angry at herself for explaining, she added, "But I wouldn't dine with you anyway, Mrs. Blank, on such short notice."

"Why," said Mrs. Blank, "I met you at the Smiths' last week and you told me yourself you were filling in. I don't see why you won't fill in for me."

"Mrs. Smith is one of my best friends. I dine with her once or twice every month anyway. As a matter of fact, I had been there two nights before you saw me. I like her and I like her parties. But as for yours, Mrs. Blank, I don't know anything about them and I don't expect to."

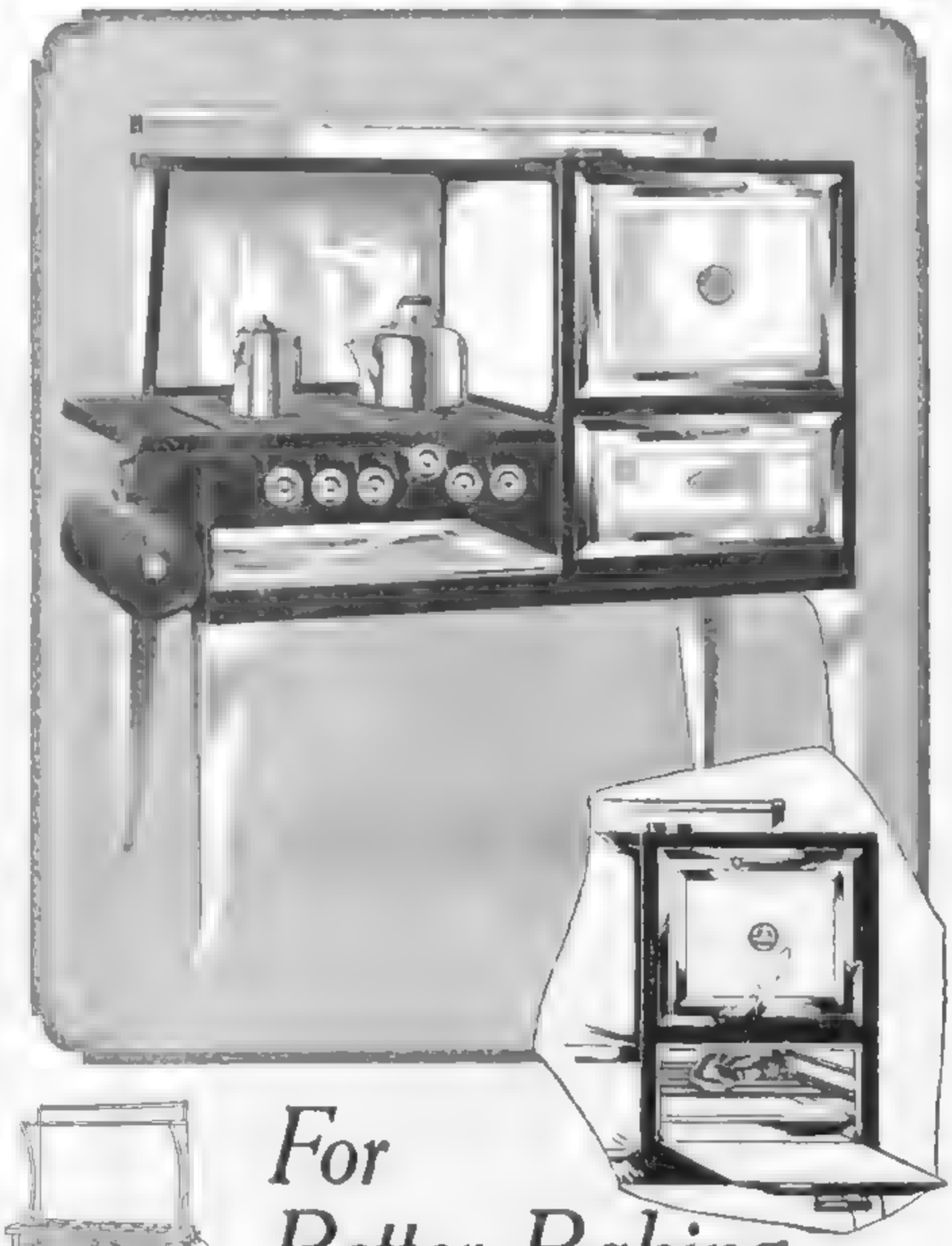
Mrs. Blank then began to realize that there is more in the Washington social scheme than meets the eye, and that there is no place where one must be so punctilious as in the realm of the unconventional.

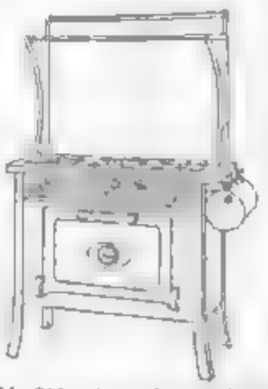
This whole question of filling in arises usually through the set of circumstances which makes Washington society unique. According to the strict rules of etiquette, if either a husband or wife is unable to attend a party for which they have accepted, they both drop out. This may be disturbing to the hostess, but it will not be nearly so distressing as to have some inexperienced woman telephone and say, "I'm so sorry! My husband has been called out of town and I'll have to come without him." The firm hostess will say, "I'm sorry, my dear, but you can't." When the guest is an important person, however, this is a difficult thing to say.

In our capital, where society consists, more largely than in any other city, of a collection of individuals, rather than representatives of families, as in Boston or Philadelphia; or of wealth, as in New York, the entire success of a dinner or luncheon may be destroyed by the absence of one guest.

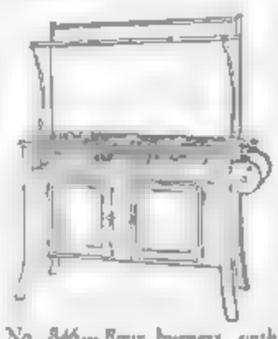

KITCHEN KOOK

THE WORLD'S FASTEST COOK STOVE

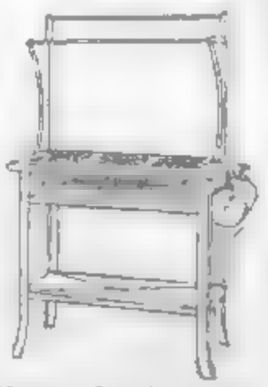




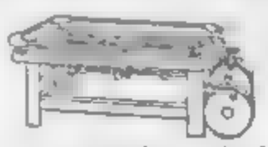
No. 855—A popular priced range, with three top burners and built-in oven.



No. 846—Four burners, with a large utensil cabinet underneath. Broiler [illegible] enamel. Also made in three burner size.



No. 833—One of the most popular Kitchenkooks. Three burners; also made in four burner size.



No. 810—The Galleykook. For marine use. Heavily galvanized throughout. Also made with three burners.

*For Better Baking, Faster Cooking*

*Kitchenkook* is a revelation. It is built like the finest gas range, and brings to rural and suburban homes every convenience of city gas; in fact, it is a gas stove, making and burning its own gas from ordinary gasoline. It lights with a match, and in one minute one or all burners are ready. The strong, steady blue flame, which can be turned on or off like gas, makes cooking a delight.

*Kitchenkook* is a wonderful baker—and broils with equal facility. Its cleanliness, speed and economy appeal to all women. It burns without soot, smoke, odor or grease; no pots and pans to scour.

The above style comes in beautiful black and white porcelain enamel—made with right or left hand oven.

Write for name of nearest dealer, and folder describing this range and fifteen other popular models.

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.

ALBERT LEA, MINNESOTA

Branches in New York and San Francisco

American Gas Machine Company, Inc.
Dept. K. 18, Albert Lea, Minn.

Send me full particulars about Albert Lea Kitchenkooks, and name of nearest dealer.

Name. . . . . .

Address . . . . . .

Town and State . . . . . .

Monito
MO-KNIT-TOE
SOCKS

Monito
Monito
Monito
Monito
Look for the Golden Moor's Head on Each Pair
Style 6783
Colors, Silver, Cedar Wood, Hollywood Tan Retails at $1.00 per pair
Style 3810
Colors, Silver, Black, Saxon, Blue, Sun Tan Retails at $1.50 per pair

*Exclusive Styles! In Jacquard Patterns*

New—distinctive- unique! Color combinations of refreshing novelty. Design motifs that embody the best ideas of Europe and America.

Monito Socks are the style leaders for Spring and Summer. And every pair of Monito Socks feels, fits and *wears* as well as it looks.

See them at the Hosiery Counter. And ask your haberdasher to show you Monito Golfsox—a worthy addition to the famous Monito Line.

MOORHEAD KNITTING CO., Inc.
Harrisburg, Pa.
*Makers of Men's Socks Exclusively*


Most of these are men. Of that there is no question. They are the ones who are doing things, as the phrase goes, and who are the central figures of interest. Nevertheless, there are a few individual women who by their presence are certain to make a party interesting. Three or four of them do so because of their combination of personal charm plus political insight. But the women who as individuals are most in demand as guests are those skilled in listening. There is no place where this art has so much opportunity for development, nor where its rewards are so bountiful. To produce the best results, however, this listening should be more than merely negative silence; it should be constructive; the person who does it well must be able to ask the right questions at the right moment, and this requires a good deal of knowledge, as well as tact.

As one of the wittiest of this group said when someone complimented her on her skill in drawing out men in conversation, "Oh, yes, I'm like the organ that grinds while the monkey dances. But I work just as hard as he does."

This effort is not only necessary for the popular guest in Washington but it is the first requisite for the successful hostess. In society where entertaining centers around personalities—personalities, moreover, who are actively engaged in work of public interest—it is doubly necessary that conversation should be guided by an expert hand.

One of the most successful hostesses now in the capital has made her Sunday-night supper parties a distinguished feature of social life not only because she invites in good proportion the most interesting people from the political, artistic and smart worlds but because after they are in her house she is clever enough to draw opinions from them on topics of interest, preferably controversial topics, and give all her guests a chance to express themselves before an eager audience.

### *Information and Decoration*

Strangers who come to Washington are constantly surprised to find that there alone, of all the cities of America, entertaining is an art in itself. A woman who came from the Western coast to stop with one of the many well-to-do widows who entertain delightfully was bewildered to discover the means by which her hostess selected her guests.

"Why are you asking the So-and-Sos?" she asked, naming a journalist and his wife. "Are you indebted to them?"

"Not at all," said the other. "I'm asking him because the ambassador who is my guest of honor told me he wanted to meet him. You see, journalists have a great deal of power in Washington, for they not only can help or harm a public man but they have a great deal of information which they can't always print but which the politicians and diplomats like to get."

"I think I see why you're asking them. But what about Miss Jones? Has she just entertained you?"

"No. But she's so decorative that I ask her. Besides, in a party like this, with the politicians, a diplomat and a journalist, it's necessary to have one or two women who are just smart."

"But at home," said the Westerner, "when we give parties, we ask people we're indebted to or people whom our husbands make us ask for business reasons; or when we want a good time we just ask our intimate friends. But in Washington you don't do any of these things."

"No, we don't," said the widow. "Of course, we pay our social debts, and the women who are married have to entertain their husbands' associates to some extent, but by and large, we consider entertaining as an end in itself. The primary reason for giving a party is for my own enjoyment."

This would seem to be a normal reason for entertaining anywhere, but it is extraordinarily rare in other places. For, as the visitor said, most people who entertain just for their own amusement invite only the small set to which they belong and the members of which they meet almost daily.

There are some people in Washington who do just this, but they are not characteristic. The hostess who makes the society of our capital so markedly different from that of other cities entertains with zest people whom she scarcely knows—newly arrived officeholders or diplomats whom she has never seen—and then adds just enough people who can be counted on to save any situation, whether or not she likes them personally.

There are, of course, a good many women in Washington who aspire to be the center of a salon. In fact, the astute foreigner who runs out of conversation at the house of any one of these women will endear himself permanently to his hostess by saying, "This is the only place in Washington where I get the feeling of being in Europe."

No foreigner has ever been known to express this opinion in private, however, about even the most cosmopolitan of the houses at which he is entertained.

### *Safety in Diplomats*

"The reason we love Washington is because it is not like any other capital," an attaché at one of the big embassies said the other day. "Certainly it is as different as possible from Rome or Paris or Vienna."

"But doesn't it remind you of London?" someone asked.

"Not at all!" he answered promptly.

"But there is the same interplay of political and social life."

"Oh, yes; but in order to reproduce an American London you would have to roll New York and Boston and Chicago and Washington all into one city. Remember that London is the only great city of the entire British Empire. In America you have so many. Of course, you cannot have that complete centralization of ability—financial and artistic, as well as political—which makes London unique. Besides, for your political leaders you are apt to draw upon men who are less socially experienced than those Great Britain called on in the past, whatever she may be doing now. The result is a constant influx into Washington of men of political power who are greatly sought after by hostesses but who are literally ill at ease in a drawing-room. Salons cannot be composed of men like that."

"But there are the foreign diplomats."

"Dear lady, we know our place. The handsomest bachelor ambassador from a European country would not compete in real lionization with your powerful senators. Diplomats are safe to entertain, and pleasant, too, but the woman who wants a real salon isn't going to be content to have it made up of foreigners. She wants bigger game."

He went on to say that during the several years which had elapsed between his departure from Washington and his recent return, he had noticed one definite change in the direction of true cosmopolitanism, and that was in the increased importance of the intellectual group.

"The first luncheon I went to after my return," he said, "I was surprised to find myself seated next a very pretty girl whom I had remembered seeing as a child when she came into the drawing-room before one of the smart dinners at her mother's. 'I hear you are married,' I said. 'I suppose you are now the chatelaine of a great house, carrying on the brilliant social tradition of your mother and grandmother.' She said, 'Don't be silly!' or words to that effect. 'My husband and I are living over in Georgetown, and many of the crowd we play around with you've probably never heard of.' Then she told me of that group of people of intelligence and cultivation who have gradually formed a coterie of their own."

Upon investigation, he had learned from them that people outside the group were apt to refer to them as the Georgetown intelligentzia, and assume that, as most of

(Continued on Page 160)

# Makes Milk Drinking a Game!

# Thompson's Chocolate
## *"DOUBLE MALTED"*
# MALTED MILK *at home*

Now a "home-made" chocolate malted milk with the "real professional" taste!

Like magic! In fifteen seconds you can change plain milk into creamy, chocolate malted milk . . . AT HOME.

Everybody loves it!

Children shake it for themselves with a shaker or mason jar. It is much better for them than plain milk, *and you don't have to beg them to take three glasses a day.* It comes with the chocolate and sweetening right in it, ready to be mixed at home, just as you would get it at the soda fountain.

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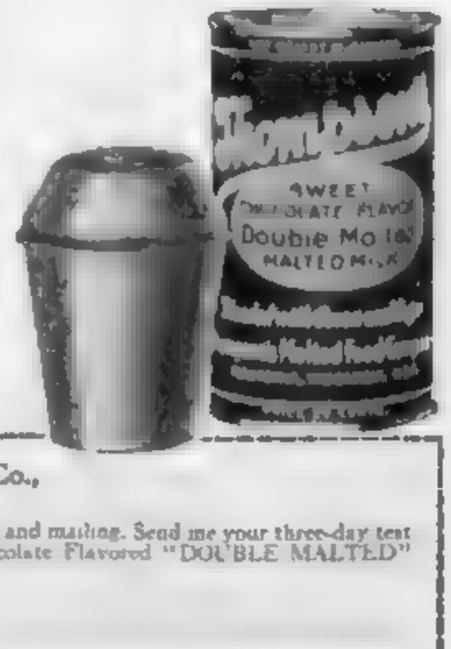
The famous "DOUBLE MALTED" process is found in no other brand. By this process the vitamines are not destroyed in the making and the activity of the enzymes which help to digest other foods is retained. That is why Thompson's is so healthful for the whole family. Thompson's Malted Milk will dissolve without lumping in cold milk.

*High Energy—Deep Sleep*

Quickly digested—Thompson's helps digest *other* foods. That is why you have so much energy when you drink it in the day-time. Light—and yet nourishing—it is a snug "nightcap," inducing restful sleep.

***30 Glasses Cost Only 60c***

It costs so little. So easily made. Buy it at any store, in one-pound or economical five-pound packages. Or send coupon for three-day trial package.

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Thompson's "DOUBLE MALTED" Sweet Chocolate Flavor Malted Milk

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I enclose 10c to cover cost of packing and mailing. Send me your three-day test package of Thompson's Sweet Chocolate Flavored "DOUBLE MALTED" Malted Milk

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(One package to a person. Write plainly.)

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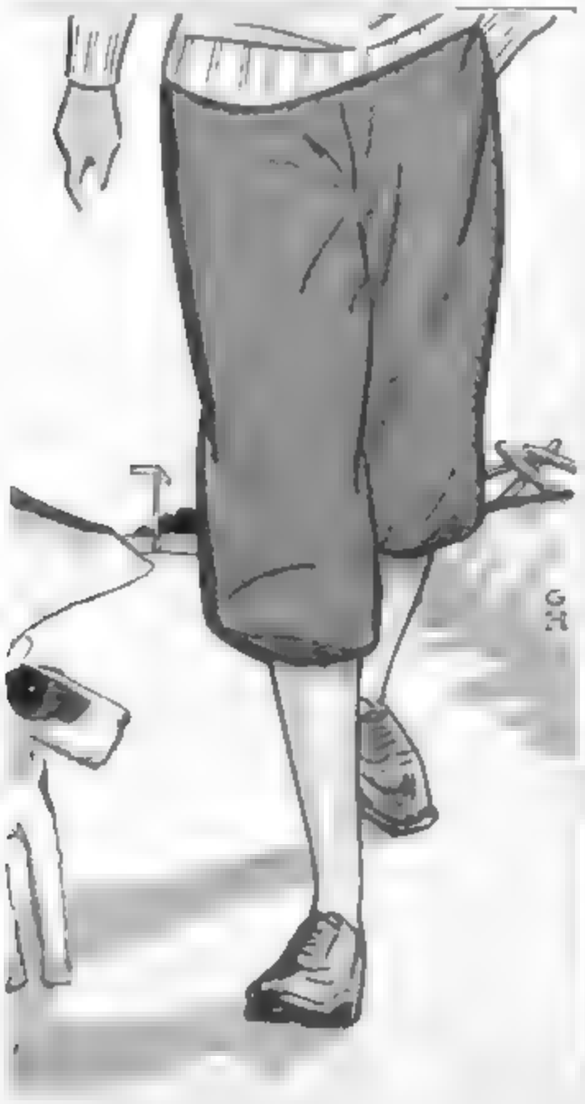

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Merton Caps and Knickers to match are sold by the better dealers everywhere. *Write for the new Merton style booklet. Free, of course.*

CHARLES·S·MERTON·&·CO
210 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

(Continued from Page 158)

them, both men and women, were actively engaged in some form of intellectual endeavor, they spent their time, when together, in conversation about deep and esoteric subjects. As a matter of fact the most potent force which drew them to one another was their agreement as to what constituted recreation.

"They are too intelligent to try to be highbrow," he declared, "and they work too hard during the day to desire to work at society again at night. Therefore their social needs are quite different from those of most Washingtonians. Nevertheless, they are young enough and gay enough to need amusement, so they find it with one another in the most noncompetitive and, to my mind, most delightful way possible. They may dance, or dine and talk, or have charades or music; but the point is, it's done for amusement, not to impress anyone else, not to grind any ax. The result is that they are a self-contained group who have a great deal to offer individually. They have begun to be a factor in Washington social life; something which they do not welcome, in as much as they have none of the three requisites for penetration of the smart world—leisure, money and social ambition."

### *A Journalist for Bait*

It is undoubtedly true that Washington society today pays much more attention to talent and intellectual ability as such than ever before. This is due in part to the example set by London and New York, but more largely to the increasing number of hostesses, which creates a competitive demand for parties that will be out of the ordinary.

For instance, one of the most brilliant journalists in the capital is greatly in demand as a guest at smart houses, because it has been discovered that the most distinguished of the foreign diplomats like to talk to him. Therefore someone who wants to make sure that a newly arrived ambassador will accept a dinner invitation may invite the journalist weeks in advance as bait.

It is fashionable now to be intellectual, or at least try to surround oneself with intellectual people. A few of the intellectuals are willing to fall in with this trend, but the more serious ones are reluctant, because, as the returned diplomat said, they have not the excess time or money which constant going out demands, nor do they find relaxation in a one-sided social relationship.

As someone put it, "An intellectual may, if he wants to, become smart, but a smart person cannot become an intellectual."

However, there are enough members of this group who are willing to accept invitations in moderation so that every luncheon and dinner may have a sprinkling of them. The proper ingredients for a typical Washington dinner are said to be one cabinet officer, one senator, one ambassador, one journalist, two widows, as few wives as possible and a debutante or two for good measure.

A few years ago almost all the entertaining which was done for the debutante, aside from the initial reception or dance given by her family, was of this kind. She was asked, in somewhat the same spirit as the journalist was asked, to fill a particular place in the general picture. Of course hostesses made a point of asking the daughters of their friends rather than any casual girl who happened to come out that year, but the debutante, as such, had to take a rather unimportant place in the social scheme.

Two or three years ago, however, in the spring, several mothers whose daughters were to make their debuts that fall decided to talk matters over so that the dates of their parties should not conflict. They consulted a professional social secretary, each chose her day, agreed not to entertain on the day selected by someone else, and in fact put the matter on a more businesslike basis than ever before. The eventual result of this meeting was to consolidate the debutantes into a set of their own. Up to that time Washington had carried out, more than most cities, the theory that a girl, by making her debut, took her place in a society which was already established and governed by her elders. Today, however, instead of a debutante becoming part of her family's social group, she forms a group of her own.

There is no doubt that the existence of social bureaus has done much to foster this new order. These bureaus, of which there are several in Washington, are usually run by well-bred women who have been part of society and have successfully capitalized their knowledge of its intricacies.

### *Small and Expensive*

"Among other things, they've made exclusiveness expensive," said the mother of a deb of last year. "I went to one of them to get advice about my daughter's dance, for although I've lived in Washington for a long time, I didn't know many dancing men, as such. 'The thing everyone does,' she told me, 'is to buy a list. If you're giving a big party, I can furnish several hundred names. Such a list will cost about fifty dollars. Of course, if you want to give a small party—especially if you want to give it in your own home—you will want a smaller and more carefully selected list. That will cost twice as much.'"

Some of the social bureaus devote their activities almost entirely to the promotion of subscription dances, of which there are more in one evening in our capital than in any other city in the world. Every postman's ring heralds the arrival of at least one new invitation to an affair of this kind. The old residents, who go out constantly to private parties, find these affairs a great nuisance, and even resent returning the tickets when they do not attend the balls. But to the stranger in town—the tourist or the newly arrived official—they are a godsend. Some of them have no social significance whatever; others are very smart, and the stranger will see there all the celebrities of whom he has read, headed by the President himself.

In order to find out which of the printed cards of invitation denote one stratum of attendance and which another, the newcomer will have to consult some experienced person—usually a social secretary.

### *Trumped With a Chef*

The members of this invaluable profession abound in Washington, and are consulted by nearly everyone sooner or later. Among other questions which they are called upon to answer frequently is that important one of precedence.

One of the most charming young women who help out the uninitiated in matters of etiquette has invented a game by which she says the young of the capital may be painlessly instructed in this matter. It is a game which could not be played anywhere else in the country, but it is becoming very popular in Washington.

Two or more players select, sight unseen, a handful of visiting cards from any bowl in anyone's front hall. Then, keeping the cards face down, they place them on a table. They turn them over simultaneously. If one player has a card engraved "Mrs. Brown" and the other's reads "The Italian Ambassador," the latter wins, and puts both cards in his reserve. If, however, both have drawn ambassadors, then they must learn which one first presented his credentials at the White House to see which one wins

Any ambassador takes a minister or a senator. A senator takes a congressman, and so on. Everyone's tray is piled high with official calling cards, so the game can be played anywhere.

The other day, however, a bitter dispute arose over the question of the respective importance of two private citizens.

"Mrs. Smith's card wins, of course," said the player who had drawn it. "Why, in her home town her family has a very distinguished position. Her grandfather ——"

"Don't be ridiculous," said his opponent, finally putting down a nicely engraved square bearing the name of Mrs. Jones. "It doesn't matter a whoop in Washington who your grandfather was. Mrs. Jones has the best chef in town. She wins!"

*The Head of Knight Inlet, British Columbia*

# Better Shoes for Less Money

HOOD specializes on a few styles of Canvas Shoes. Large runs on a few numbers result in manufacturing economy.

These savings, put into quality and style that satisfies mothers as well as children, give more value for the same money.

Incidentally, with fewer numbers, the retailer carries smaller stocks, moves them faster, and makes more attractive prices.

Ask for Hood Canvas Shoes—"Smokrepe" or corrugated rubber soles for greater style, comfort and service.

*Made by*
Hood Rubber Co., Watertown, Mass.
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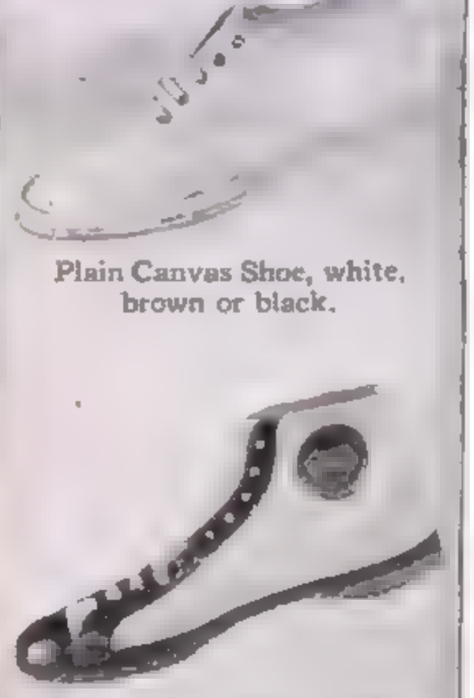

Plain Canvas Shoe, white, brown or black.

Trimmed corrugated sole, white or brown canvas.

The "Smokrepe" sole. Buy the "Smokrepe" in any style for most economical service.

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HOOD THE SYMBOL OF WORLD WIDE SERVICE IN QUALITY RUBBER PRODUCTS

# The New and Easier way to keep silver gleaming

WHEN light rays shimmer on your polished table, correctly set with your choicest silver, what do they reveal?

Do flashing surfaces tell fastidious housekeepers that you, too, know this new method of keeping silver bright?

Women no longer dread the task of cleaning silver. This new, easy Fuller way quickly brings a brilliant polish without the inconveniences of old messy methods.

No digging into hardened paste with the fingers. Just squeeze the tube. Out comes this wonderful new Fuller Silver Polishing Cream onto the dauber. Then a few deft strokes and the silver shines with all its lustrous splendor.

This new kind of polishing cream does not streak, scratch or whiten in crevices. Comes in cream form so leaves no dust. Has no waste—does not dry or harden. Gives a better polish. Has a pleasant odor and—a little goes a long way.

And the dauber. It's shaped just right. Saves hands and finger nails. Gets into curves and crevices. Covers more surface than a cloth Distributes polish evenly with no waste. Can be washed while in use—water helps the polish.

*This is another one of the up-to-date Fuller Housekeeping helps, brought right to your home by your Fuller Man. If you wish this or any other phase of Fuller Service before the Fuller Man's next regular call, phone the Fuller Brush Company Branch Office in your city. Or write direct to The Fuller Brush Company, 1058 Windsor Ave., Hartford, Conn. (In Canada, Fuller Brush Company, Limited, Hamilton, Ont.) Also ask for free booklet, "The Cleaning Problems of the Home".*

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Look for both!

# FULLER BRUSHES

45 BRUSHES – 69 USES – HEAD TO FOOT – CELLAR TO ATTIC

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# DISPOSSESSED

Continued from Page 27

"I don't see what you do with it all." Belle sighed. "Uncle Ben always managed to put by something every year, and you've only got yourself to keep."

"Jim in another fix?" Lily seemed to put her own construction on the tone and words. Belle frowned.

"I don't see why you should say it that way, Lily. It isn't Jim's fault that business is so bad, and he's having a real good trip too. He got four orders in Kenosha and ——"

"How much does he need this time?" said Lily, dusting flour on her hands above the board.

"It's eighty dollars. His insurance comes due and he can't collect his commissions till the first of the month."

Lily meditated. Slowly she untied her apron and removed the flour. "You watch my gingerbread, Belle, and I'll step down to the bank a minute. Maybe I can manage."

"It's only till the first. He'll get his commissions then." Belle stopped her at the door. "Don't—don't say anything about it, will you, Lily? I'd hate to have the others talking. It's none of their business, and ——"

"I won't tell anybody." Lily took down her dowdy hat from the nail beside the crinkly mirror. "Don't let the gingerbread burn while I'm gone."

She hurried past the women on the front porch, answering their affectionate but inattentive greeting with her vague apologetic smile. Gilmore Britt, forsaking the bench beside the fountain, cut across the lawn to join her at the gate. His large, benignantly protective manner was tinged now with diffidence. He cleared his throat as he endeavored, unsuccessfully, to adapt his ponderous stride to Lily's unrhythmic skip.

"Yes." Lily seemed to interpret the sound as a question. "I've been thinking it over, Cousin Gilmore, and maybe there's a way we can get it for you. If you'll walk over to the bank with me ——"

Relief, lightening for a moment Mr. Britt's smoothly pink countenance, faded to doubt. "The bank—Gannett's bank?" His pace slowed. "I don't believe I'd better go there with you, Lily. Gannett and I never got along any too well."

"He's been real obliging," said Lily. "Two-three times when I've been kind of pressed for ready money he's let me take some. I guess he'd be willing to lend me this five hundred you need."

Mr. Britt stood still. "You might try it," he conceded. "But I guess I better not go along." Again he cleared his throat. "You see, Lily, it might look as if my business wasn't doing so well. Bankers all kind of hang together, and Gannett doesn't like me. It'd be just like him to talk, and if it got around that I was kind of in a tight place it might do me a lot of harm."

"I don't believe he'd talk," said Lily. "He's real close-mouthed, Mr. Gannett is."

"When he wants to be." Mr. Britt gave the words dark emphasis. "Rather not have him mixed up in my business, Lily." He meditated; brightened suddenly. "I'll tell you what, you just let him think you want the money yourself. Don't need to mention me at all. None of Gannett's business what you do with it."

"That's so." Lily nodded. "And I could get the money in bills so I won't need to write a check."

"Yes, that's the best way." He drew in a large breath. "I'll go back. Gannett might guess if he saw me talking to you."

Lily moved briskly forward as he turned. In the bank, as she approached the railing that guarded the inner office, a clerk jumped up to open the gate for her; and Wallace Gannett, lifting a look of august challenge at the sound of her step, abandoned it instantly for one of amiable welcome, rising to indicate a chair and, as Lily took it, closing the door behind her.

"I guess I'd like to borrow some more money," she announced. "I hate to bother you, Mr. Gannett, but ——"

"Only way we make any mpney is lending it," he said. His grin showed irregular teeth, strong and yellow. He drew a pad of blank notes toward him and dipped a pen, his arm moving in preliminary Spencerian flourishes. "How much this time?"

"I'd like about five hundred and eighty," said Lily. "I hope it isn't too much, but ——"

Gannett's grin stiffened. "Five-eighty, eh?" He filled in the date and hesitated. "Easier to deal in round numbers. Better make it six hundred even, hadn't we?"

"If you're sure you can spare it. You've been real obliging, Mr. Gannett. I wouldn't want to trouble you too much."

"That's what I'm here for." He filled out the form, blotted it, extended the pen to her. "You write your name here."

Lily signed in her stiff, angular script. "You've put your own name on it," she said. "I thought ——"

"Sooner lend it to you myself," said Gannett. "Bank's loans have to be approved by the directors, and I figured you'd just as soon keep it just between us two. Nobody's business, I guess, if you need to borrow."

Lily beamed. "It's real kind of you, Mr. Gannett. I was going to ask you if you could keep it kind of quiet. I'd hate to have folks talk."

"Thought so." He rose. "You just sit right where you are, Miss Harlow. I'll tend to it. Want cash, or shall we credit your account?"

"I'd kind of like the money, if it's all the same." His eyes narrowed meditatively, widened again. He nodded and went out, returning presently with a handful of bills which he counted out before her on the slide of his desk. "Five ninety-seven—took off the interest for a month."

Lily looked up. "I don't know as I could pay it back so quick, Mr. Gannett."

He shrugged. "That's all right. Renew it as often as you want to. No hurry."

He paused with his hand on the door knob. "Saw Bert Finner just now. Know he was in town?"

Lily Harlow did not look up; she continued to fumble with the bills, trying to crowd them into her shabby hand bag. "Oh, yes; he stopped in a minute."

"That's what I thought," said Gannett. Again his lips withdrew from the uneven yellow teeth. Lily went out, her skipping step slithering on the imitation tiles of the lobby. Her pace abated as she came abreast of Dorner's window, but she did not quite pause before the display of hats beyond the plate glass. At the gate, Gilmore Britt encountered her, his eye interrogative. She nodded.

"He was real nice about it, Cousin Gilmore." She opened the bag, but Mr. Britt, with a swift backward glance at the porch, made a cautioning gesture and stepped aside to the shelter of a clump of hydrangea bushes. Here, pocketing the five hundred, he bent a dubious gaze on the money that went back into the purse.

"Borrow some extra, Lily?"

"I thought I'd better." She spoke apologetically. "I'm kind of short of ready money this month, and ——"

Mr. Britt wagged his head. "That's bad—borrowing for living expenses. Shows you don't figure right. Ought to be able to put something by right along out of your interest money."

"I know." She was still more apologetic now. "I don't seem to have a good head for business, Cousin Gilmore. I guess that's why Uncle Ben left the money tied up." She smiled. "Judge Dibblee says nobody can ever get it away from me, no matter what happens."

Again Mr. Britt's head moved in admonition. "Wouldn't advise you to get in the habit of borrowing, all the same. Your money's tied up all right, but the place isn't. If you got too deep in debt you might lose it." He lowered his voice on the final words.

"Could I really?" Lily looked up. "How?"

She listened gravely to a simplified explanation of legal processes, her eyes widening as Mr. Britt's forefinger emphasized upon his outspread palm the sinister eventualities which he described.

"But Mr. Gannett wouldn't do any such a thing," she protested. "He'd never make the sheriff take Burnside away from me just to ——"

"Don't you make any mistake about Wallie Gannett, Lily. He gets his pound of flesh and some scraps thrown in for dog meat every time. That's how he's got rich. And he's always wanted to own Burnside, too—tried to buy it from Uncle Ben, didn't he? No, sir! You give him a chance to do it and he'll take the place away from you so quick your teeth'll rattle!"

"I should think they'd make me pay out of the money Uncle Ben left," said Lily. "It don't seem reasonable to sell a body's house when there's money right in the bank to pay with."

He drew in the audible breath of resolute patience. "The money's in trust," he said. "Nobody can touch it. Law allows 'em to attach the interest to collect for necessities—groceries and coal and so on—but that's all."

She meditated. "I guess I understand. I—I'll be real careful, Cousin Gilmore. I'm real glad you told me."

He stopped her as she turned. "Guess we better not say anything about this little deal, Lily. Sooner keep it just between us. Nobody's business if you want to do me a little favor."

"I won't tell anybody," she promised. Mr. Britt returned to his newspaper and the relighted remnant of a cigar. In the kitchen, Lily allayed the anxious inquiry of Belle's glance with the remaining bills. Belle took them, a certain want of assurance in her manner.

"I'd just as soon you didn't mention it, Lily. It's only till the first of the month, and they're all so down on Jim ——"

"I won't say anything."

Lily spoke absently. She had stopped before the wavy mirror, her hands lifted to her hat.

"There's some real pretty hats in Dorner's window," she said. "I had a notion to get me one, but it didn't look sensible, spending borrowed money that way."

"It'd be downright foolish," said Belle decisively. Her glance, as she paused in the doorway, regarded Lily with concern. It cleared, however, as Lily, hatless and aproned, briskly resumed the interrupted preliminaries of dinner. Belle went back to the porch. Della Nixon looked up from the card table.

"We're all worried about Lily, Belle. She's been so queer this summer. Of course she's always been quiet, but she never used to mope. It's so strange, when she's got everything in the world to make her happy." She laughed softly. "If I owned this lovely old place, and plenty of money to run it, I'd think I was the luckiest woman alive. Has Lily got anything on her mind, Belle? Any trouble?"

"Of course she hasn't!" Belle spoke with conviction. "Lily's happy as a cricket. You're just imagining things, Della. If you go out in the dining room you'll hear her humming Silver Threads this very minute, and you know's well as I do that any time Lily hums that tune she's happy's she can be."

III

QUIVERING bulk and righteous indignation made Gilmore Britt's entrance impressive. Under his malefic glare a man far more redoubtable than Elbert Finner might justifiably have quailed.

(Continued on Page 165)


Life's minor handicaps
(such as cuff buttons)

This young fellow is trying to dress in a hurry. He has to catch his train. But he can't get his cuff buttons into his shirt and fastened fast enough. And he's either going to lose his temper and miss his train or go cuff-buttonless.

But there's a remedy. Buy Kum-a-parts!

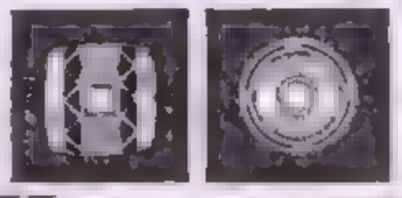
• • •

You can get Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons into cuffs easily and quickly. That's a time-and-temper-saving convenience. You won't miss trains or go cuff-button-less. The little snap device—easy to fasten and unfasten—sees to that for you.

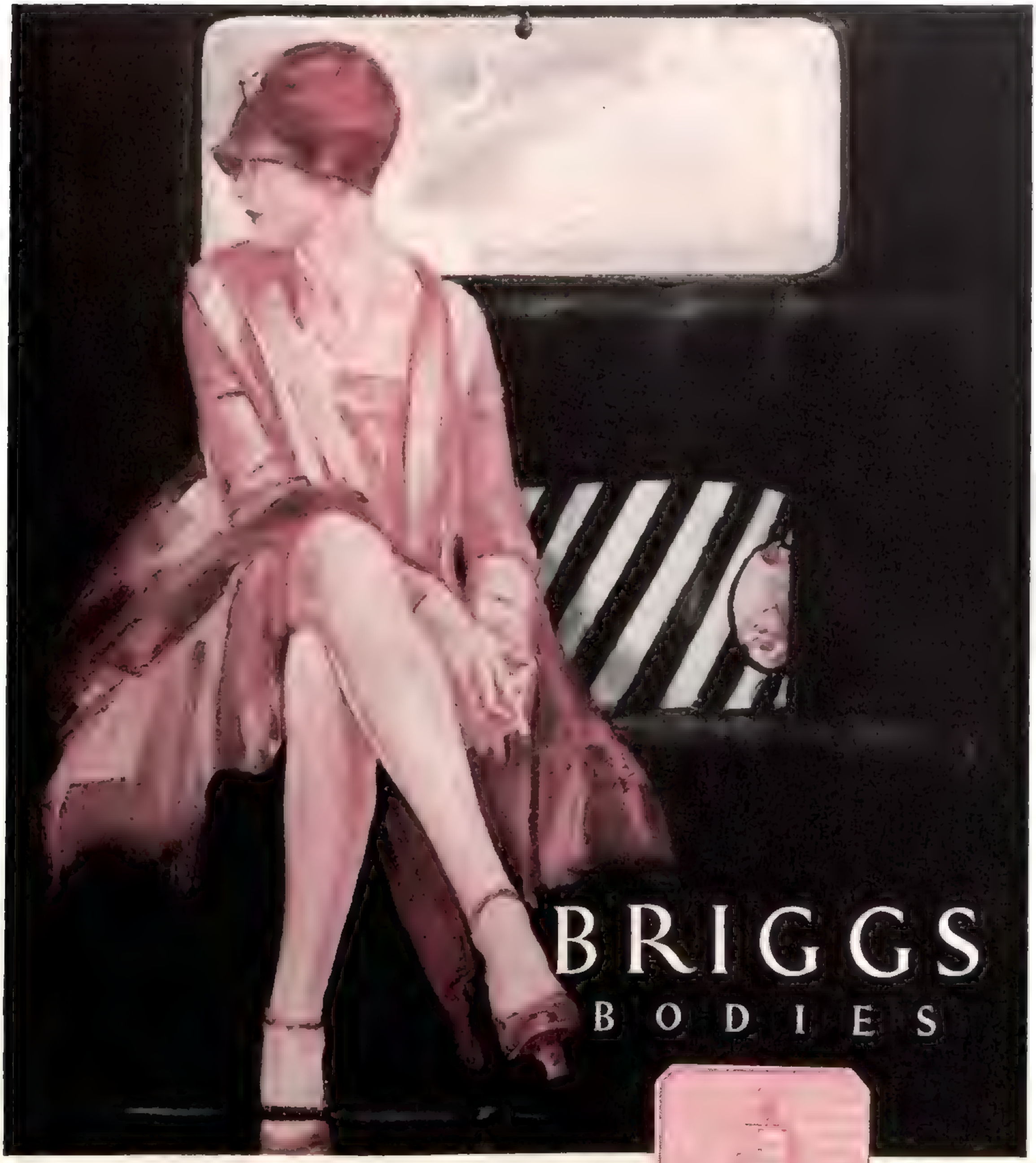
Kum-a-part Cuff Buttons are smart, correct and come in a wide variety of styles and prices. Up to $25. There is a set to suit your taste and purse. What is more, they are guaranteed for a lifetime. The Baer & Wilde Company, Attleboro, Mass.

• • •

*The new Slip-in-Studs for evening wear make putting on a stiff shirt a pleasure.*



Kum-a-part
Cuff Buttons




Automobiles that come equipped with Briggs Bodies are of the calibre that offers a sound investment in style permanence as well as in intrinsic value.

Briggs Manufacturing Company, Detroit, Michigan

(Continued from Page 163)

"So"—Mr. Britt inhaled noisily through distended nostrils—"so I've found you at last, have I?"

"Looks like it, Gilmore." Elbert Finner regarded him with mild bewilderment. "Hadn't ought to have had much trouble doing it. Name's on the window." He indicated the reversed legend painted on the glass. "In the phone book, too, and I run an ad three times a week in the Courier, besides. Guess I'm about as easy to find as anybody in the insurance business in Binchester."

Mr. Britt's gesture abolished the quibbling answer. "I'd have found you anywhere!" he declared. "And now I've found you"—again he drew in and released an ominous breath—"you're going to come clean, see? You're going to pay back every cent you swindled Lily Harlow out of, and you're going to do it good and quick, if you know what's good for you."

Mr. Finner's shoulders straightened. "Lily been swindled, you say?" His eye and voice might have given pause to one less justly embattled than Gilmore Britt. "First I heard of it. Guess you better start in and tell me what you're driving at."

"That's right, play innocent! I knew you'd try that." Britt laughed harshly. "It won't work, Finner. We all know you hornswoggled Lily into borrowing eight thousand on her place. Gannett knew it, too, all the time he was egging her along to do it—put-up job between you. You got the cash out of Lily, and Gannett bid in the place at the sheriff's sale for maybe half what it was worth. Can't touch him, maybe, but we'll touch you, all right! Cheating a lone woman out of house and home! Even getting her to put a chattel mortgage on her furniture! You ——"

"You mean to tell me Lily's lost the place?" Finner's question cut through the froth of Britt's fuming eloquence. "Mean to say ——"

"As if you didn't know all about it! As if you didn't know she's living right here in Binchester in a dinky little flat! Lily Harlow—after owning Burnside! As if ——"

"Hold on! If you're so sure I know already, guess it won't hurt to tell me where she's living. Let's get that straight, first off."

"You know, all right." Britt flung the address at him scornfully. Finner methodically wrote it down. "You can't fool me, Finner. I know all about it, and I know how to handle a skunk like you too. Maybe you're safe as far as the law goes, but you aren't up against the law—you're up against me, and you're going to hand that money back to Lily or ——"

"She tell you it was me that swindled her?"

"You know that too. Took good pains to make sure she wouldn't give you away. But that won't help you. You'll find out that dealing with me is a whole lot different from swindling a weak-headed old maid. . . . Oo-ooff!"

The final ejaculation accompanied the process by which, without premeditation, Mr. Britt sat down. He sat on the floor, his choice in the matter influenced by the impact of one set of remarkably bony knuckles upon the cushioned bulge above his watch chain and the nearly simultaneous arrival of another set at the exact spot at which his jawbone lay nearest to the surface of its pad of jowl. The change in his mental attitude seemed no less marked.

"Nice way to act!" he mumbled plaintively, with a suggestion of loosened teeth. "Nice ——"

Without speech, Mr. Finner laid firm hold upon his collar. Gilmore Britt's heels scraped on the floor as that ungentle clutch drew him past the door. Still seated, his injured gaze beheld Elbert Finner in the act of withdrawing a key from the lock.

"My hat's in there," he protested. Finner seemingly did not hear. He was already on the stairway toward the street.

Lily Harlow, responding presently to the hum of the buzzer beside her door, did not instantly recognize her caller.

"Why, Elbert!" Her voice, mildly pleased, held a wondering note. "My, but you've changed, Elbert!"

"I just heard." Ten minutes in the trolley car had failed, it appeared, to restore the normal deliberation of his breathing. "I just saw Gilmore Britt and ——"

Lily's face clouded. She stood aside. "You'd better come in. I got to tell you about Gilmore. He—he got it into his head that I—that I'd been lending you money. They all thought so. I kept telling them different, but they wouldn't believe me. I'm real sorry if he said anything to you about it, Elbert."

"He said you'd lost the place. Said Gannett foreclosed on you." Finner still had some slight difficulty with his respiration. "Is that right, Lily?"

She nodded. "Yes, it's gone. I don't blame them for taking it to heart the way they do. They all set so much store by Burnside. It does seem a terrible pity to let it go out of the family. I don't wonder they all took on about it."

The lines about Elbert Finner's mouth tightened. He nodded grimly. "Been listening to Gilmore Britt take on," he said. "Why didn't you tell him who swindled you out of all that money, Lily? It don't matter much, but"—his voice found its old apologetic note—"but I kind of didn't like it when he claimed I did it. Guess I came mighty near losing my patience with Gilmore."

Lily shook her head with the soft obstinacy of meekness. "Nobody swindled me, Elbert, unless I did it myself. I passed my word I wouldn't tell who borrowed the money." She hesitated. "It was—it was as much theirs as mine anyway."

Elbert Finner's chin jerked forward. "They meached it out of you themselves!" he said sharply. "The whole kit and boiling of 'em did it! Gilmore Britt got some of it, I'll be bound! That's where it went."

"I I passed my word I wouldn't tell," said Lily stubbornly.

Elbert Finner struck his hands together. "You don't have to tell me! I know! That's relations—every time. Dreen the last cent out of a body's pocket if you give 'em half a chance! You lemme handle 'em for you, Lily. I got a lawyer that can sweat blood spang out of a brick. You lemme sick him on Gilmore Britt and the rest of 'em! They'll pungle up in a hurry, I'm telling you!"

She shook her head more resolutely than before. "I couldn't do that, Elbert. I—I don't know as I'd want to, even if I could."

He brushed the words aside. "I tell you I can make 'em pay every cent!"

"I I don't know as I'd want 'em to, Elbert."

"You're too soft-hearted, Lily. It ain't right. They owe it to you. You'd ought to make 'em pay, and make Gannett sell you back your place, too, and your furniture."

"Do you guess he would?" Her tone was troubled. Elbert Finner stared. She led his eyes about the room as if in explanation. "I—I'm kind of used to it here," she said. "I picked out the furniture myself, down at the Mammoth Store. I they couldn't make me buy the place back, could they, Elbert?"

"Make you?" He eyed her blankly. "You mean you don't want to buy it back? Mean you'd rather live here in a coupla rooms, when by rights you'd ought to be living back there at Burnside? Mean ——" He stopped, his gaze narrowing. His voice changed from expostulation to something wholly different. It became almost wheedling, supplicatory. "You mean you're glad to get shut of it, Lily? Mean to tell me you like it better here, where you hardly got room to swing a cat?"

Lily smiled feebly. "Don't know as I ever wanted to swing one, Elbert. It's—it's kind of easy, keeping house here." Her eyes lighted. "It's just like you were telling me—'lectric stove and ——"

Suspicion came into Elbert Finner's gaze—suspicion and something else. "You did it on purpose," he charged. "You didn't have the heart to up and sell the place for fear they'd all talk you to death about it, but you aimed to let 'em lose it for you! You wanted to!" He caught in an excited breath. "And me thinking you was just as crazy as your Uncle Ben about having a houseful of free boarders! Me staying away from you all this while for fear I'd—for fear I'd ——"

He paused as the familiar, listening look came to her face, her head tilting intently to one side.

"What is it, Lily? Got something on the stove?"

She shook her head. "No, I'm just making a fresh batch of ice in the 'frigerator." Her voice warmed suddenly. "It ought to be 'most done, I guess. I'll go see."

Elbert Finner followed, walking on tiptoe, to the tiny alcove kitchen. He stood still while Lily withdrew the rime-coated pan from the white-enameled cabinet and with a skilled broom straw delicately prodded the surface of one of its frozen cubes.

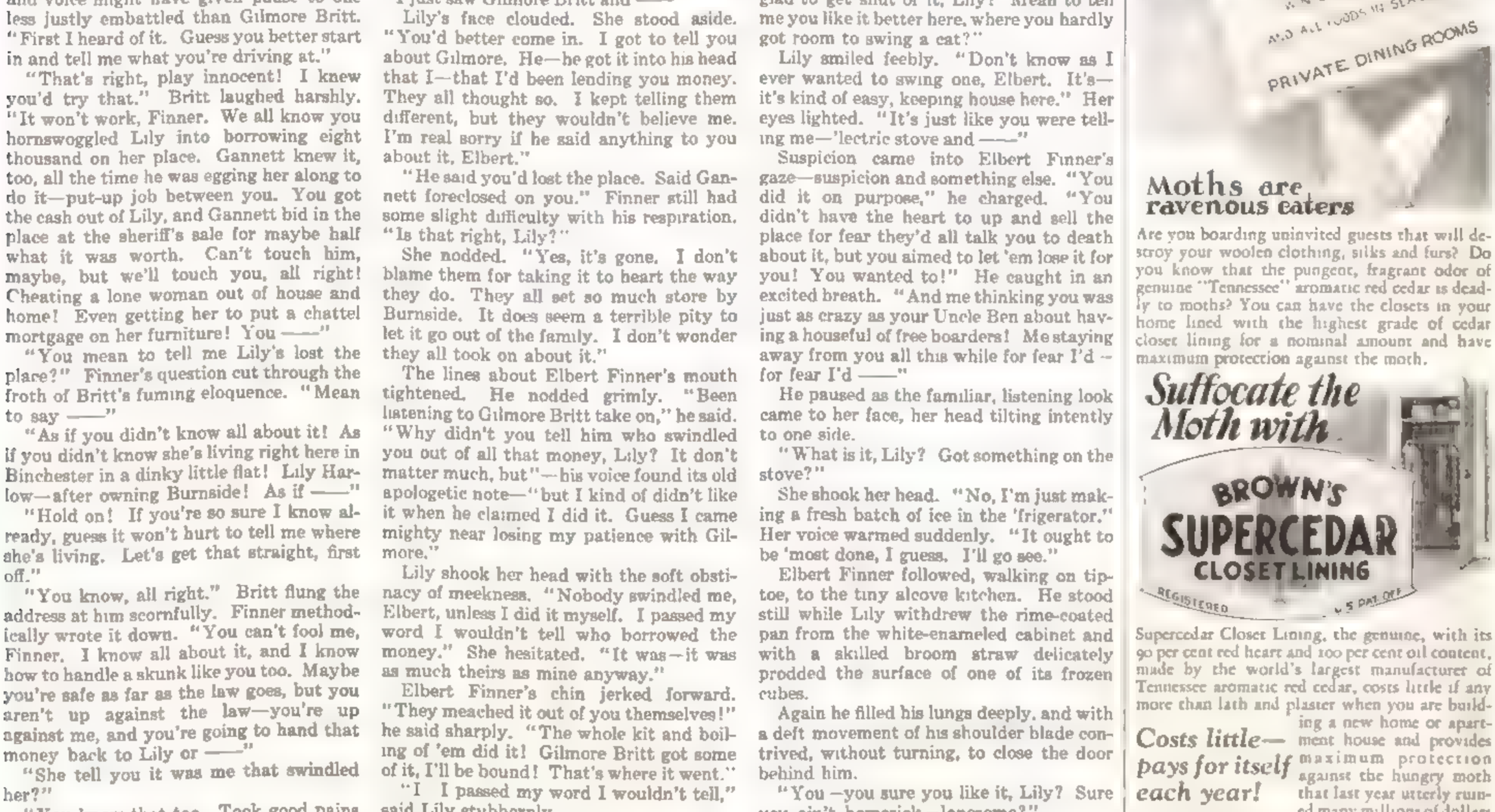
Again he filled his lungs deeply, and with a deft movement of his shoulder blade contrived, without turning, to close the door behind him.

"You—you sure you like it, Lily? Sure you ain't homesick—lonesome?"

She looked up. "It's—it's kind of a rest, being lonesome," she said. "Maybe when I get used to it —— I guess a body can get tired of anything if they get too much of it. But ——"

Resolutely Elbert Finner stepped forward. "Don't you worry about that, Lily. You ain't going to get too much lonesomeness. I guess maybe you've had all that's good for you already."

Her hands fumbled nervously with her apron, but there was the ghost of laughter in her eyes. "Maybe I have," she said.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# THREE HUSBANDS IN PARIS

(Continued from Page 9)

Latin poets he pulls down the blind—especially the one that wrote about Lesbia. No, you've got to put on a real show for him—the lighter side of moral turpitude. Make him believe that you're the most dangerous woman in the United States and that if the president ever saw him he'd be fired tomorrow. Tell him about your three husbands in Paris and the different ways they made love. And call it Amou-r-r-ruh!" and she rolled out the *r*'s richly like an obese prima donna.

"I know," said Claudette mildly. "I was going to do that too."

Miss Thorne opened her lips to reply, checked herself and closed them again. And suddenly she burst out laughing. "Oh, my dear," she said, "you are the most delicious person I ever knew!"

He was waiting for her the next day at the same time and in the same place. Claudette came down the aisle dressed all in black except for a flash of scarlet in her little hat to match her scarlet lips. From head to foot she could have been drawn in a dozen strokes. The effect was perhaps a little overdramatized, but she had counted on that. Her companion's simplicity, she felt, would allow for a certain breadth of treatment. Nothing about him had changed. He looked as though he had been standing there ever since.

"You see, I am punctual," said Claudette triumphantly; "but how I have had to fly! *Mon Dieu!*"

She hadn't realized how tall he was. The man was simply huge. Crowded close behind him in the elevator Claudette could just see over the rough shoulder of his overcoat. He seemed to fill the whole car.

They went through the crowded store to the street and around the corner to the Carlton. "Are you staying here?" he asked as they mounted the steps into the marble-and-gold rotunda.

"Heavens, no! It's far too overwhelming!" answered Claudette. "I should be afraid a gold-leaf cornice would drop on me and cr-r-ush me!" And she stood aside as the coat girl took his hat and coat, making of herself against that background of amorphous elegance a posterlike figure deftly and daringly drawn, sensationally alien.

They sat in the very center of the great dining room, under a chandelier like an inverted fountain, and while he ordered the luncheon Claudette sat back studying him thoughtfully.

His face as it bent over the menu card was inexpressive and, it seemed to her, rather uninteresting. Yet when he looked up and smiled he was really quite attractive. All the downward spreading lines vanished in an instant and his teeth showed very even and white and not too large. His finger nails had evidently been attended to, hastily and rather absently, with a pocket knife.

He finished the order and the waiter went away. Claudette leaned toward him, her slender black-sleeved arms resting on the table. She said, in a manner at once naïvely spontaneous and intimately aware of itself, "I have never lunched with a professor before. You don't know how terrified I am! You see, I am not at all a profound person."

He smiled and answered politely, "Perhaps if you had lunched with more professors you would realize that that is the last thing you need to be terrified about."

Claudette laughed. "But I was quite sure you would be charming," she said gayly, "because you were an answer from heaven, and naturally one expects from heaven the proper discretion."

"An answer from heaven?" The cocked eyebrow went just a fraction higher.

Claudette nodded. She went on, keeping to the note of demure vivacity: "All the rest of the year I pray about the things that everyone prays about—sins of omission and commission, and the President and his advisers, and to be preserved on land and sea. But on the first spring day every year I pray for a new agreeable young man to take me out to luncheon."

He smiled, proffered the dish of celery and olives and sank back in his chair, his hands in his pockets. "And does heaven always fill its spring contract?" he asked.

She nodded, and her gay significant silence presented him with a whole portrait gallery of agreeable young men—fashionable, gallant, distinguished amorists every one.

"And they all fall in love with you," he said, in the voice of one rather languidly setting up the necessary corollary, "and nothing comes of it."

Claudette laughed. She wasn't in the least discomfited by his tone, whose casual knowingness suggested nothing more than a willingness to accommodate itself to the sophisticated tradition of her Paris springtimes.

"Sometimes they fall in love with me and always I fall in love with them," she said, and sighed. "I am by nature romantic. I do not believe that one should discipline the generosities of the heart. One must love in order to live," said Claudette, carefully selecting a stalk of celery, "if it is only in two rooms over a chemist's shop."

"Have you ever lived in two rooms over a chemist's shop?" he asked.

She nodded. "And went every morning to market and brought back onions in a string bag, and a brown-paper parcel of fish." She was overcome with a sudden melancholy tenderness for that fugitive idyl. "It ended," she said; "it was necessary for it to end."

She laid down the stalk of celery dramatically, as though she were renouncing it, as though it were a symbol of the simplicities that life was forever compelling her to leave behind. "You see," said Claudette, "I am *artiste*."

"*Artiste?*" he repeated with inconceivable stupidity.

She nodded. "I am *artiste* in clothes, in color, in charm," she explained patiently. She boldly borrowed from the opening section of her first lecture: "For instance, a woman comes to me—*mon Dieu, quel type!* Everything wrong about her but her expression, which is amiable, though a little anxious. *Bien*, we will leave that. But the rest of her! Her hat!" With her hands she sketched out an enormity, crushed it over her eye and peered out at him with an expression at once so amiable and so anxious that he burst out laughing. "Her shape!" She drew out shudderingly the arc of a billowing embonpoint. "Her gown, her complexion, her feet!" Her hands pantomimed despair.

"*Bien*," said Claudette, "let us create this woman. First of all, her shape. We will control it, modify it, to make her not rockbound, but abundant, sumptuous, undulant, yet massive, like a modeling by Gaston Lachaise. We will change the lines of the face, the texture of the skin. We will clothe her in something that will give her rhythm, a serene progression of line, the repose of achieved social effort."

However, this was getting into the lecture. She checked herself. "If I could show you that woman as she is and as she would become, you would understand how I am *artiste*," she said.

"I am quite sure of it," he said, politely corroborative.

The waiter came and laid the soup plates before them, and after he had withdrawn ——

"You understand," said Claudette persuasively, "I have not neglected that other side." She sighed a little. "To succeed as an artist it is sometimes necessary to fail as a woman," she said. This meant very little, as she knew quite well, but she had a magpie fondness for the glitter of an epigram.

"How does one fail as a woman?" he asked perversely.

"*Enfin*," answered Claudette, a little annoyed, "I mean today—I should never succeed in the life of domesticity."

He smiled. "In your case, of course, that would be a very minor success," he said placatingly, and after a moment's silence: "Then you haven't married?"

The Bœotian simplicity of the man!

"But certainly!" answered Claudette lightly. "I have married three times."

The eyebrow went up in an expression of skeptical sympathy. It was really astonishing how much that eyebrow could convey. It was as though, having had to translate so large a share of its owner's opinions to the world, it had developed a special sort of explicitness of its own.

"Oh, I assure you it was altogether amicable," said Claudette, laughing. "I cannot—*soyez-vous*—devote myself to them, but I still adore them—all three—and whenever I return to France they are waiting for me."

He smiled. "But doesn't that make going home rather complicated?" he asked.

"*Mais non*," answered Claudette with a touch of rebuke. "You understand, this is Paris, this is not America. Besides, they have no need to complain," she went on disarmingly. "I am a different Claudette with each one. With Gustave, who is a lieutenant and gallant, I am gay, chic, tremendously *mondaine*. With Fyodor, who is a Russian *émigré*, and all emotion, all heart, I am *grande amoureuse*. But with Gaston, who is now middle-aged and must always be amused, I am *gamine*. It is necessary, you see, to be all things to all men, but one thing to each."

Having triumphantly cleared her moral position, Claudette sat back and allowed the waiter to remove her plate. Her imagination, to tell the truth, had carried her to greater lengths than she had intended. But it didn't matter. Brilliant women with a European background are always allowed a margin of indiscretion.

Only it seemed to her that her companion might have indicated a livelier appreciation of entertainment so explicitly Continental.

But he only grew the quieter as Claudette grew gayer. He sat back, watching her reflectively and in silence as she built up with bold strokes and even bolder implications that brilliant and epigrammatic study of herself. Even the eyebrow, after a time, ceased to function.

"Well, it's a good thing I can be amusing for two," thought Claudette, and went on to remove, in the kindliest way, his scholarly misconception of life in the capitals of Southern Europe.

"What's it all about?" he said suddenly in a mild voice.

They had just finished luncheon. Claudette had opened her cigarette case and was tapping a cigarette against the palm of her hand. "All about?" she repeated in a puzzled tone.

He was smiling at her across the table, a look of unexpected banter in his eyes. "I mean to say—anyone can see you are brilliant and tremendously emancipated and contemporary," he said, "but I had an idea you were extremely intelligent as well."

For a moment Claudette was simply speechless. Actually the only thing she could think of to say at the moment was "Re-ally!"—that superb retort of the suburban lady in an exchange over the bridge score. And she couldn't say that.

"Put it this way," he said, still smiling good-naturedly: "Why not let the contemporary portrait speak for itself a little?"

"Really!" said Claudette witheringly. She tried to manage an ironic smile, but she couldn't. It was like going along confidently in the dark and coming up smartly

(Continued on Page 169)

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# DEVOE

## Paint & Varnish Product

(Continued from Page 166

with one's head against the edge of the door. Deeper than the pain of the injury was the fury at not being able to inflict the slightest discomfort in return.

"I'm sorry," he said politely, but with a faint gleam in his eye. "Perhaps I shouldn't have brought the matter up."

That was the worst of all. To create the situation and then basely to leave her there, fixed in an attitude at once ridiculous and august, the outraged suburbanite to the life. After that, conversation of any sort was all but impossible. In a moment he glanced at his watch.

"I'm very sorry," he said politely, "but I have a lecture at two which, unfortunately, I can't neglect."

He beckoned to the waiter, paid the bill and helped her briskly into her coat. They walked out of the hotel and down the steps. For a moment they stood facing each other under the great iron cupola.

"Are you coming my way?" he asked.

She had intended going back to her flat. But it was at the Vendôme uptown, with the university next door. "No, I'm going back to the store," she said. "Good-by." Her bright negligent smile simply annulled him, left him featureless and void, as though she were smiling at the space in which he was standing.

"Good-by," he said. He held out his hand and Claudette slid hers into it and out again. There were words on his lips, but without giving him time to utter them she went past him and up the street.

Claudette walked slowly back to the store. The lethargy of springtime and early afternoon was in the air. The store itself was partially deserted, the sales clerks stood in listless attitudes behind their counters. The great systole and diastole that kept the human tide flowing all day long through the wide aisles had slackened. She wandered rather aimlessly about the main floor. She didn't want to stay in the store and she couldn't face herself and her own ridicule in her flat uptown. How could she have been so incredibly, so disastrously obtuse? The fact was she had simply lost herself in her part the two rooms over the chemist's shop and Gustave and Fyodor and Gaston had been for the moment as real as though they had actually existed. She had seen the three quite plainly, waiting for her there at the end of the gangplank; Gustave tall and slender, with an air of distinguished devilry; Fyodor short and thickset and all covered with a tremendous black beard; Gaston with a mild, sardonic, middle-aged eye, looking rather like Anatole France without his skullcap. . . . She could laugh at herself now, but there was little gayety in the laughter even yet.

She glanced up, to see Sade Thorne coming toward her along the aisle. Claudette turned aside hastily and began to examine a rack of hand-painted ties. Too late!

"Hello, darling!" cried Miss Thorne. "Where did you come from?" She was carrying a sheaf of little blue and pink cards and she was wearing her smart dark frock and brilliant scarf; without her coat to distinguish her from the ordinary shoppers, and with her hat so that she wouldn't be confused with the sales staff. "I thought you were taking luncheon with your professor," she said. "I wasn't expecting you back all afternoon."

"Well, I was," answered Claudette, "and I am." And noticing a gathering thoughtfulness in Miss Thorne's face, she added, "I wanted to see Mr. Armstrong about using some of his window-display stuff in tomorrow's lecture."

"He doesn't get back from luncheon till three," said Miss Thorne. "You might as well come to my office."

They took the elevator to Miss Thorne's office on the fourth floor. It was a tiny place, with a desk set over by the window, and for the rest indescribably crowded with jars of peasant pottery, wall cloths of hand-woven linen, little high-glazed china figures, deliberately quaint, painted squares of silk—all sorts of bright, unrelated things that gave it the air, at once casual and dedicated, of a fashionable gift shop rather than an office.

Miss Thorne went over and sat down at her desk. "Sit down," she said, and picked up her memo pad. "Let's see—Sellery at four about the summer-goods posters and the Saturday morning layout," she murmured. "I suppose your professor dashed off to order two dozen red, red roses for you, did he?"

Claudette stood by the window, watching a fat, opal-breasted pigeon balancing on the eaves of a neighboring roof.

"As a matter of fact, he was frightfully dull," she said. "Who was it that said professors were bottled men gone putrid?"

"Oh, lovely!" murmured Miss Thorne. She looked up with a sudden brightness of eye. "Don't tell me he didn't fall for you!" she said.

Claudette yawned. "I was bored almost to tears," she said. And after a moment, "Why aren't we featuring the new printed crêpes more?" she asked. "They're tremendously good-looking. Did I tell you about the one Richter showed me in Paris? They took the Café Dome for a motif—tables, poets, bottles and everything—in medallions. It was simply fascinating."

Miss Thorne amiably accepted her cue. "There was one they put out with sort of lemon-colored lozenges with phosphorescent edges," she said—"the kind you see when you shut your eyes tight in the dark. The ghastliest thing!"

They did not mention Professor Protheroe again.

Claudette sat on a bench in the park, enjoying the sunshine of late afternoon. She had walked up from the store; and at the corner of the university she had bought a bag of peanuts, and now she was feeding them to the squirrel that sat on the bench beside her, one of its claws about her finger, its sharp little nose rooting about in the palm of her hand.

The sunshine poured all about her, and she could feel the mild bright breeze advancing and retreating against her cheek. Spring had come in during the past two weeks in an ardent rush of color. Claudette tipped a few more peanuts into her open hand and leaned back, watching the scene about her with satisfied eyes. The forsythia bushes were in full golden bloom and across the grass lay the tulip beds, bold geometrical designs blocked out in scarlet and yellow. A half dozen girl students in gay little hats and confetti-colored scarfs were coming along the path, and an enormous bright blue moving van appeared suddenly and rumbled about the curve of the park. There was an indescribable flourish to the scene, a sort of hurrah. It looked, thought Claudette, like the work of a young Italian painter after a winter of acute nostalgia.

The students passed, and the next time she raised her eyes it was to see Professor Protheroe coming along the path. He was marching along briskly in the pleasant sunshine, his lips pursed to an inaudible whistle; and he was carrying a light cane, which cut cheerful loops in the air beside him as he walked.

Claudette sat and watched him approach—sat so quietly that the squirrel ran boldly up her arm to her shoulder as though she had been a statue or a tree. He was almost up to her before he saw her. He stopped abruptly in the middle of the path. The cane completed a final loop and came to rest beside him.

"Hello!" said Claudette tranquilly.

"Hello!" he answered, smiling, and for a moment hung irresolute.

The squirrel flashed about and darted to the ground. Claudette swept the empty shells from the bench beside her.

"Won't you sit down?" she said politely.

He crossed the narrow strip of grass and sat down. For a moment or two neither said a word. She looked at him with a half-mournful smile. "And you were looking so happy and—and troubadourish," she said.

He smiled. "And how do I look now?"

"A little," answered Claudette, "as though you had just been sent up to the lady principal."

He laughed, but there was something in the sudden glance he threw her—guarded and quick, as though he were trying to catch the new Claudette in transition from the old. "To tell the truth," he said, "I was a little afraid you might be angry still."

She didn't try to misunderstand. The look with which she met his was as candid as the sunshine between them.

"I was a little angry," she said, "but it was mostly at myself for being so—so obtuse."

He made a little half-embarrassed movement. "Not at all," he said politely. "On the contrary, you were unusually entertaining and amusing."

She felt his distrust like a wall between them. She couldn't step across it. She could only pull it down, patiently, brick by brick. "But it wasn't true," she said mournfully; "there wasn't a word of it true." She didn't meet his eyes. She sat carefully flattening out a glove on her knee. "You were the first man I had talked to about anything but fashions and fabrics for three years," she said.

He didn't answer for a moment. When he did, the old good-natured skeptical banter was in his voice. "Oh, come now," he said, "it's far easier to believe in the three husbands in Paris than that."

Claudette sighed. "Perhaps it is," she said. "I don't know." She carefully flattened the right glove over the left. They lay like a pair of resigned hands on her knee, and presently she began very patiently over again. "I've been dealing with women exclusively for years," she said; "I've been practically cloistered by them." She hesitated a moment, looking away from him across the bright distance of the park. "I suppose I know everything there is to know about women," she said. "But I don't know very much about men. That's why I made such an absurd mistake with you."

She met his eyes this time resolutely. "My name isn't Claudette," she said, "and I'm not French at all. It's Ethel Hornby, and I was born in Illinois."

He began in an unexpectedly gentle voice: "I appreciate very much your telling me all this ——" But Claudette went on, scarcely hearing him. It wasn't a wall she had taken down; it was a dam. Everything must go forward now on the tide of impetuous confession.

"I spend my private life in a nice quiet room in a hotel, usually on the women's floor," she said, "and my public life on a platform in the Women's Ready-to-Wear. And sometimes I talk to a women's club, and sometimes a woman reporter interviews me on my success as a woman. My success as a woman! Oh, it's amusing, I suppose. If it's celibacy, it's a gaudy sort of celibacy. Most of the women who come to hear me are impressed and rather envious. But all the time they know that a woman's real enemy is loneliness, and they've got their defenses up against middle age. They wouldn't change places with me for the world."

She shivered a little, as though merely putting the thing into words had brought her loneliness a little nearer. Actually she saw herself at that moment, sitting all by herself, surrounded by a few faded photographs in a tiny room in an endowed home; saw Sade Thorne tremulously mounting the stairs on Visitors' Day, and the two of them facing each other in little rocking-chairs, exchanging the bitter acerbities of age.

She became aware of the grave intentness of his eyes and gave an apologetic little laugh. "That's all," she said. "I wouldn't have said anything, only I felt I owed you something of the truth." She strove for further honesty. "And besides, I wanted you to know that if I was rather stupid that day I wasn't sufficiently stupid not to know it myself."

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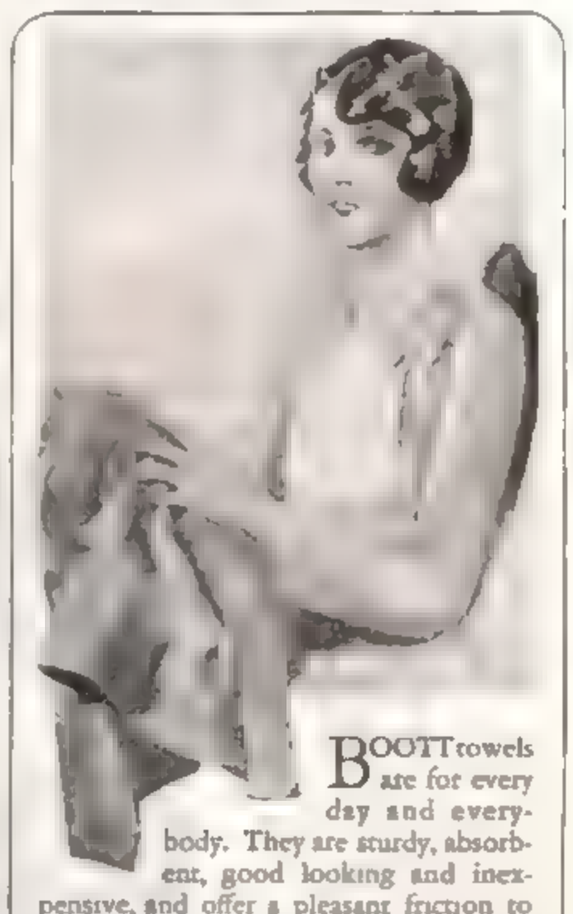

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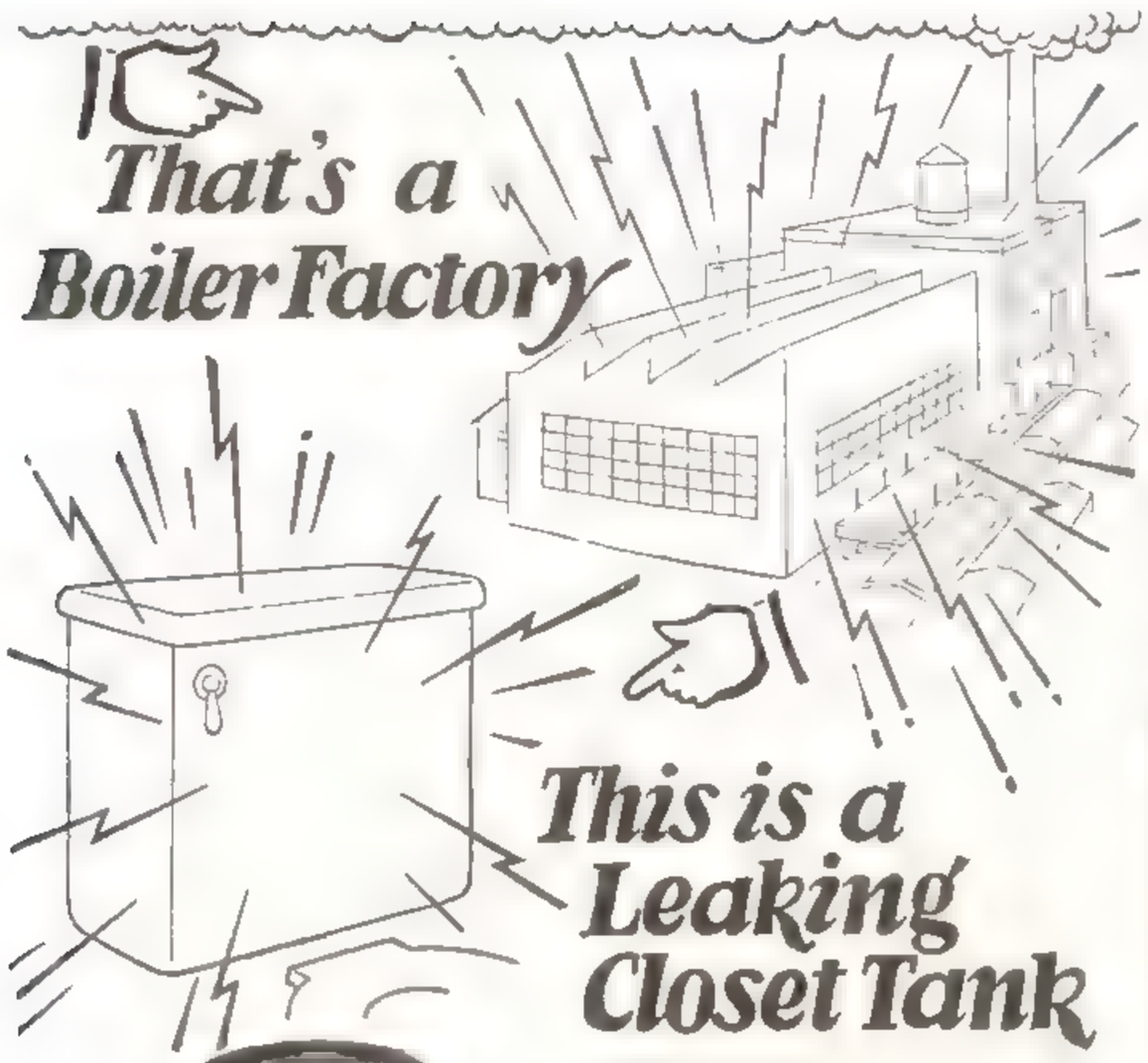


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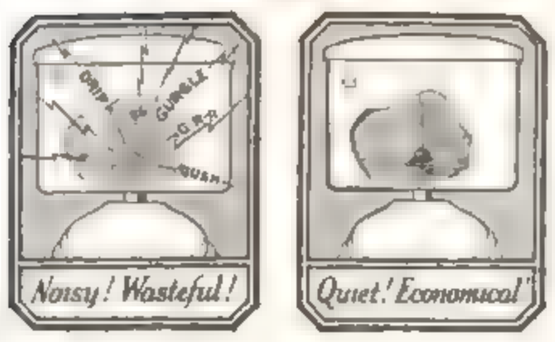


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"You weren't stupid," he said slowly. He leaned back, watching her as she sat there nimbused about by the bright mild air. The sunshine lay softly along the slender falling lines of her figure, her hands, empty and wistful, rested palm upward in her lap, and in the dark eyes that looked out at him from under the rim of the smartly slanted little hat, and about the corners of the scarlet-painted lips, there was a look that moved him sharply and strangely with its tragic unfulfillment.

"You weren't stupid," he said again, struggling a little among these unaccustomed intimacies of speech; "you couldn't be stupid under any conceivable circumstances." He was silent for a moment, then: "What do you want anyway?" he asked. "Heaven knows, you're attractive enough! Those women the other day ——"

"I don't want the things women are willing to give me," cried Claudette. "I want the things they try to keep for themselves."

She sat on the bench beside him, her hands folded tightly in her lap. All her estranging sharpness of edge had vanished; there wasn't a trace of it left. Perhaps it was the effect of the transfiguring sunshine. Women were always a little hard under artificial light. . . . No, it was more than that. It was something passionate and wistful, fleetingly revealed and infinitely moving, that all her smart arrogance of clothes, all that posterlike cleverness of line and color, could not dissemble or deny.

"If you want them why don't you take them?" he said. "You're young, you're good-looking, you're—that first day I saw you I thought you were one of the most fascinating people I had ever seen."

"I?" cried Claudette, and turned to him dark eyes wide with astonished delight.

"Certainly. Why not?" he answered, with a curious sort of resentment. He was silent for a while, watching the home-going cars pouring about the curve of the park. "As a matter of fact," he said suddenly, "I was rather relieved that day at luncheon to find you less—well, less attractive than you seemed at first." He gave a short half-apologetic laugh. "I had a textbook to get out by June," he said, "and I didn't want you upsetting me."

"Really!" She leaned toward him, her eyes dancing under the dark line of her hat. "Then you did like me at first?"

"I've just finished telling you I did," he said, so indignantly that she sat back and only ventured, after a moment's meek silence: "What is your textbook about?"

"It's a textbook on neomechanism," he answered.

"What's neomechanism?" asked Claudette docilely.

He considered. "It's a new approach," he said finally, "to the problem of whether or not the tail of the universe wags the dog."

"And does it?"

He shook his head. "It's very difficult to say," he answered.

"Well, anyway," said Claudette consolingly, "it's nice to think that now, because of my fortunate lack of charm, you can go ahead and find out."

"I'm not so sure of that," he said, and looked at her rather disconsolately. "You're attractive now in another way, and I'm not certain that it isn't an even more attractive way than the old one."

"*Tiens!*" said Claudette on a note of polite amazement.

He gave a sudden half-exasperated laugh. "I almost wish that story of yours about the three husbands in Paris were true," he said, "and that I could pack you back to them tomorrow!"

Miss Thorne came into Claudette's dressing room after the lecture next day just as Claudette was changing into her street clothes.

"What-ho!" she said, in jovial imitation of the English manner. "How about luncheon, old thing?"

"Sorry," said Claudette. She sat in her slip before the dressing table, busy with vanishing cream and a Turkish towel. "I'd love to, but I'm lunching with Professor Protheroe."

Miss Thorne's eyebrows went up, the corners of her lips down in a grimace of surprise.

"The same one?" she asked.

"The same one," answered Claudette. "Sit down, won't you?—if you can find a place to sit."

Miss Thorne cleared a place for herself in the chair beside the dressing table, and sitting down watched her friend's shapely hands working deftly about the corners of eyes and lips.

"My dear, I'm dying of curiosity," she said at last. "What did happen that first day? Did you do your stuff? I had a terrible feeling it was a flop."

"So it was," answered Claudette. She screwed the top firmly back on the jar of cream and opened a crystal bowl of powder. "You couldn't imagine such a flop!"

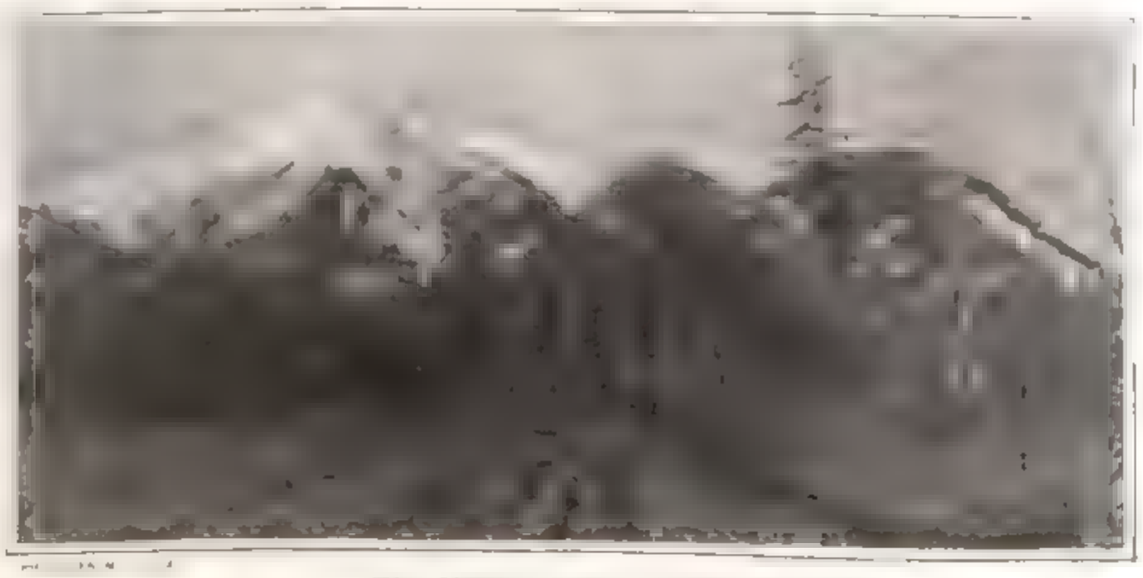
"Really? How ghastly!" said Miss Thorne cheerfully. "Wait a minute—there's a bit of hair at the back." She picked up Claudette's brush and restored the hair at the back to lacquered sleekness. "Probably you made it too much like a benefit performance," suggested Miss Thorne shrewdly. "You may have high-hatted him a bit. Professors don't know much that's any use to them, but, oh, my dear, try to tell them so!"

"I shouldn't be surprised," said Claudette. She dipped a finger into the vanishing cream and ran it carefully along her slender dark brows. "My shoes are right there by your chair—would you mind?"

"Aren't they good-looking!" said Miss Thorne approvingly. She dropped them beside Claudette, sat back and crossed one gleaming silk knee over the other. "The thing to do now," said Miss Thorne the expert, "is to let him see how terribly he's misunderstood you. You know—simple and naive, but tremendously dignified; a woman's heart still beats beneath my Paquin gown."

Claudette picked up a long blue-enameled shoe horn and slid carefully into her new shoes. "I know," she said tranquilly—"that's what I did."

"You did!" Sade Thorne gave a little laugh, half amusement, half exasperation. "Oh, well, what did I tell you? You always were the smartest thing!"



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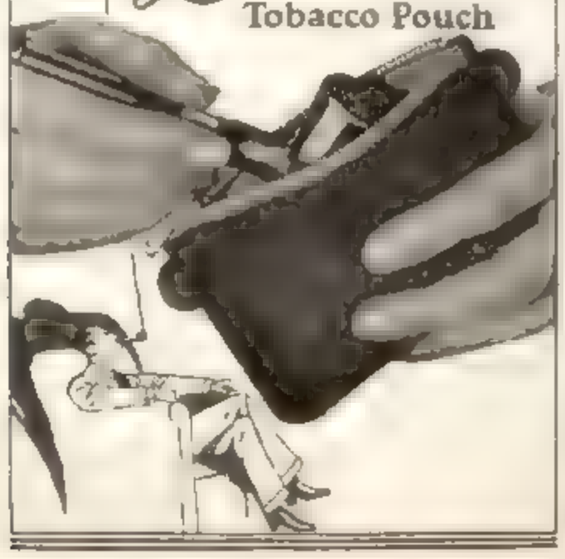



# CLOSE-UPS

(Continued from Page 43)

Mr. Griffith's Dream Street, his next picture after the above conversation with Mr. Grassby, created quite a stir.

My first Triangle picture was Missing Links, with Elmer Clifton and Bobby Harron. Lloyd Ingraham, who wielded the megaphone, gave Constance a bit in this production. I was next assigned to the Franklin brothers, who began their careers as property boys, then became assistant cameramen and rose rapidly to the dignity of codirectors of Triangle's Kiddie Komedies. Perhaps one reason Sidney and Chester Franklin were so successful in directing children was because they were hardly more than youngsters themselves. By degrees these stories for children developed into stories about children for grown-ups and the Franklins began introducing a few adult characters. They gave Mildred Harris a number of leading rôles when she was but thirteen years old. Most of the talented boys and girls who played with me in The Children in the House have long since retired from professional life. Going Straight, with Ralph Lewis and Gene Pallette in our cast, and The Devil's Needle, with Tully Marshall and Marguerite Marsh in my support, are other Franklin Triangle pictures I recall.

Constance worked with Sidney and Chester, too, and this early association cemented a friendship which has lasted through the years. Sidney some time later directed me in Smilin' Through, which is considered one of my best pictures. He is now under contract to direct Constance's next story.

As a rule, no less than four or five persons have a hand in the editorial end of transferring a play or book to the silver sheet. Some companies have half a dozen treatments made by different writers and then select the best scenes or sequences from each to make a composite whole.

Although I had never met her at that period, I used to see a vivacious, pretty, dark girl with a beautiful figure, appearing on the lot in Triangle comedies. She was the daughter of a captain in the U. S. Army and, although her first picture was a Mack Sennett bathing comedy, she was conservative enough to insist upon wearing a three-piece bathing suit. Later Gloria Swanson was to become famous the world over.

### *A Journey to Babylon*

Mr. Griffith, growing restless with the regulation program pictures of his units, began to contemplate some more inspirational and ambitious undertaking on a par with his The Birth of a Nation. He decided to adopt a brand-new technic and tell four different stories of four contrasted periods in the history of civilization, joined together with one underlying idea. He chose for his central theme the world's narrow, intolerant attitude toward religious, social and economic conditions or problems. The four widely separated epochs were interwoven by a repetition of a softly lighted lost-edges portrait of Lillian Gish rocking a baby's crib, which symbolized the cradle of all humanity. The new experiment was entitled Love's Struggle Through the Ages, and afterward changed to Intolerance. The first episode of this colossal melodrama had a modern setting in America and dealt with capital and labor; the second pictured the fall of the Babylon of Belshazzar; the third depicted Jerusalem in the days of the persecution of Christ, and the fourth episode occurred in the France of Catharine de' Medici, portraying the massacre of the Huguenots on St. Bartholomew's Eve.

"How would you like to drive a chariot with four fiery horses to Babylon?" Mr. Griffith asked Constance one day.

"Lead me to the arena," Dutch replied, her eyes swimming with enthusiasm, although she had never so much as held a pair of reins in her hands.

Straightway she was given the part of the Mountain Girl in the Babylon sequence. Walls 300 feet high for the hordes of King Cyrus to clamber over were built on the Fine Arts lot. A magnificent banquet hall for the feast of Belshazzar was constructed and the finest horses in all California were purchased and gayly caparisoned for the chariot scenes. The expenditures were equally lavish for the other historical periods and the total cost of the 300,000 feet of negative was $1,900,000. Only five years previous the average picture ran 1000 feet and cost $1000.

### *Strength for Her Rôle*

In the rôle of the Mountain Girl, poor Connie's work was trying in many ways. She had to be everlastingly eating onions. During rehearsals she feasted so liberally upon them that her suitors in the story abandoned her. We, too, would desert her when she came home, except Natalie, who beguiled the after-dinner hours with rubbing oils and ointments on Dutch's daily bruises. Learning to manage a chariot and handle spirited steeds is not exactly a joke. Dutch had to take a daily lesson at a place near Long Beach, California, inelegantly called Nigger Slue. Her hands were blistered by the taut reins and her body black and blue from losing her balance and tumbling about in the careening chariot. When she was dragged across the cobblestones to be sold at auction she twisted her ankle and was in excruciating pain for several days. But there was no resting in bed, for the picture had to go on just the same.

Those were nerve-racking days for Peg too. She was consumed with fear lest her youngest born be carried home in pieces.

"I live in constant terror that you will break an arm or a leg," Peg said.

"And if I do," laughed Dutch, "that is better than breaking my contract. One may recover from a busted limb, but from a lost opportunity—never."

Intolerance had its New York première at the Liberty Theater in September, 1916, and then played all the principal cities at regular prices. Some of the members of the huge cast, in addition to Lillian Gish and Constance, were Mae Marsh, Miriam Cooper, Robert Harron, Tully Marshall, as the High Priest; Bessie Love, Al Sears, George Sigmund, Ralph Lewis, Elmer Clifton, who played Constance's lover and has since become a director; Joseph Henabery and Sam DeGrasse, also directors now; Alfred Paget as Belshazzar; Elmo Lincoln, Margery Wilson, Gene Pallette, Signe Auen—who has changed her name to Seena Owen—Mildred Harris, André Beranger and Carmel Myers.

In the richly attired mob of the Pharisees there appeared one Count Eric von Stroheim, who was years later to rival Griffith himself as a great director and even surpass him in lavish expenditures on productions. Von Stroheim thereafter became social secretary and assistant to John Emerson and went to New York with John when the latter was directing Douglas Fairbanks' pictures. Today Von Stroheim is considered perhaps the most spectacular figure in the directorial field.

After Intolerance, Constance was immediately recognized as a big comer. Her next Triangle picture was A Pest, with Wilfred Lucas, a former light and grand opera singer, then followed The Matrimaniac, directed by Paul Powell, in which Constance played opposite Douglas Fairbanks. Winifred Westover, who later became Mrs. William S. Hart, appeared in this picture as a maid.

Doug came to Triangle direct from the speaking stage. He had met D. W. Griffith in New York at the Sunday night première of The Birth of a Nation. A number of prominent actors, authors and other professional people had been sent invitations to view the first performance. Fairbanks had become very much interested in pictures, though he had no thought of entering them himself, as he was a very well-known matinée idol, then playing in The Show Shop. He was so favorably impressed by The Birth of a Nation that he went back to see it four times.

When Griffith again met Fairbanks at the Lambs Club and talked pictures with the actor, the director was decidedly interested in an opinion Doug expressed concerning what he thought would improve them. Fairbanks believed that more rapid action would add to the value of screen entertainment.

"Why don't you take a crack at motion pictures yourself?" inquired Griffith. "I will give you a chance to carry out your ideas."

After some further discussion Fairbanks was engaged at the highest salary ever paid a stage star up to that time. Griffith brought him West with DeWolf Hopper and Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree. It was this move that precipitated a drive on the part of many producers for screen stars gleaned from the legitimate stage.

The first film Fairbanks ever made was The Lamb, by Granville Warwick, a nom de plume used by Mr. Griffith whenever several scenarists collaborated on the same story.

But there was nothing meek and mild about Fairbanks. If he "came in like a lamb," he remained in like a jumping kangaroo. He was forever turning handsprings, scaling high walls and vaulting over furniture. The Lamb was his first attempt to put his theory of rapid tempo into films. The picture was shown at Clune's Auditorium in Los Angeles, now the Philharmonic Auditorium. It proved a tremendous hit.

### *Etiquette for a Knockdown*

Griffith and Fairbanks became close friends and are still ardent admirers of each other's work, but although Griffith was quite willing to let Doug experiment with his rapid-action contention, the director soon saw that Fairbanks was a sufficiently distinct and original personality to carry on individually, so after The Matrimaniac, Doug was turned over to John Emerson, who, with Anita Loos, formed a separate producing unit.

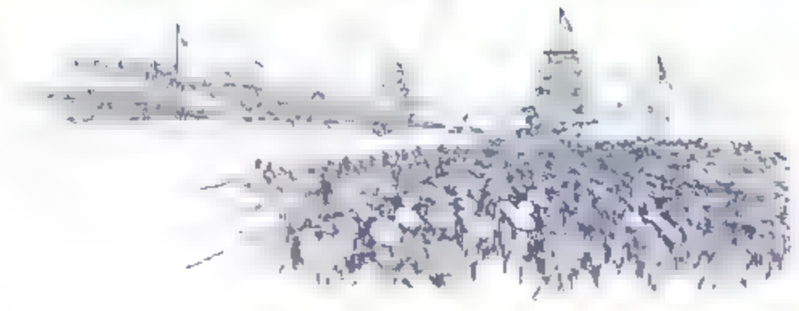
Fairbanks had watched the progress of Intolerance as the rushes were run off in the projection room, and he became extremely interested in the work of my sister Constance. Perhaps she came nearer than any other actress among the women players of that period to satisfying his insatiable cry for rapidity in suiting the action to the thought. Her vitality, vivacity, responsiveness and quick intelligence made him remark once: "That girl is ten years ahead of her time."

He went to Mr. Griffith and asked to have Connie for his next leading woman. That was how she happened to appear opposite him in The Matrimaniac. While Constance was playing with Fairbanks, Emerson and Loos had ample opportunity to study her type, but they little guessed that they would be under contract to write exclusively for her in the years to come.

My own first meeting with Douglas Fairbanks was rather amusing. It was while he was still working in The Lamb. I was watching him from the sidelines back of the camera. As he finished playing the scene he came running out of the set and bumped into me with such force that the collision knocked us both down. Doug was most apologetic as he helped me up, blushing to the roots of his hair. He extended his hand and asked my name.

Then, recovering the poise for which Fairbanks is so well known, he broke into his irresistible smile and said, "At last I

(Continued on Page 175)



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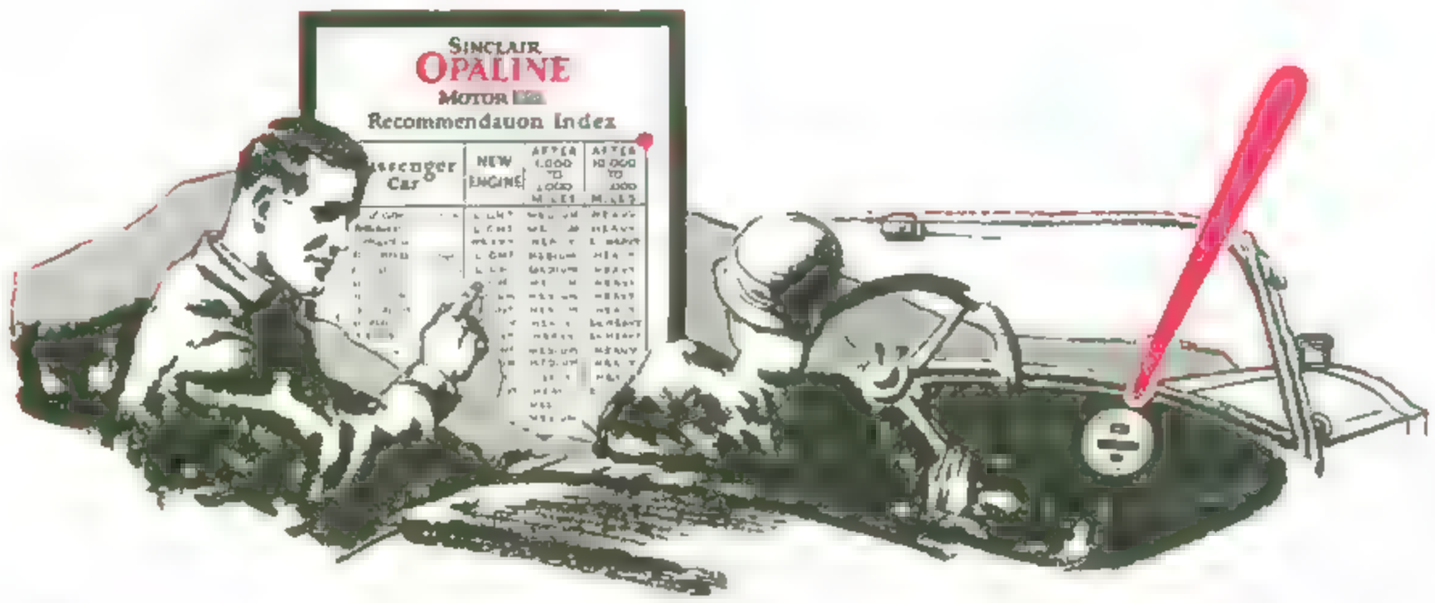


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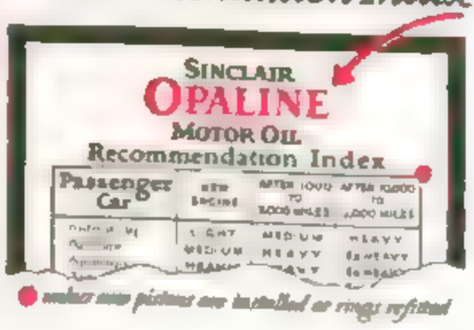


*under new pistons are installed or rings refitted*

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(Continued from Page 172)

have had a knockdown to Norma Talmadge."

During our Griffith contract, we moved from the old Hollywood Hotel to the Kendall Apartments in Sixth Street, Los Angeles. While there we purchased our first automobile. Dorothy Gish, Constance's inseparable chum, had just bought a big red car which she christened the Hesperus. Dorothy telephoned Dutch to come right over to the studio to see it. My sister decided that if she could drive a chariot she could drive a motor, and that it would be fun to surprise Dorothy by rolling up in a machine ourselves. We borrowed a flivver from a friend, though I had never had my hands on a wheel and Constance had taken only one lesson. Intent upon the lark, away we zigzagged toward the studio, confusing traffic. When within a block of the Fine Arts gates, Dutch gave the car the gas, but instead of executing an attempted fancy curve, Constance smashed head-on right into Dot's brand-new motor, almost cutting the body in half. A property boy rushed into the studio and reported the damage.

### A Phantom Fight Fan

Dorothy thought he was kidding; she was sure it was just another of Connie's practical jokes, and came out to greet us with a wide grin. But never shall I forget Dot's expression when she beheld the wreck of the Hesperus! By the time we made good not only for Dorothy's machine but also for the repairs necessary on the borrowed flivver, we had to buy our own automobile on the partial-payment plan. Constance and Natalie love to drive a car, but I am the kind who prefers to sit back luxuriously and let the other fellow do the work.

In between pictures Peg and I went back to New York and spent a happy two weeks' vacation at Long Beach, Long Island. It was at a dinner party there that I first met Joseph M. Schenck, who is now my husband and to whose excellent judgment and business acumen I owe much of my success. We were married in Connecticut one golden day in October within two months from the time we became acquainted. My mother returned to the Coast to be with Natalie and Constance.

At the expiration of my Triangle Pictures contract, Mr. Schenck decided to form my own company and himself produce my pictures for release through Lewis J. Selznick's organization. Myron and David Selznick, clever boys both under twenty years old then, were associated with their father. The first picture made by the Norma Talmadge Productions, of which Mr. Schenck became president, was Panthea, which had been played upon the legitimate stage by the beautiful and talented Polish actress, Olga Petrova.

From January, 1917, to March, 1920, I averaged six full-length pictures a year. Following Panthea came Poppy, directed by Edward José. With this South African story began the Norma Talmadge-Eugene O'Brien combination, which became immensely popular with the public for many years. Other Selznick releases in which Gene played my leading man were: The Moth, The Ghosts of Yesterday, By Right of Purchase, De Luxe Annie, The Safety Curtain, and Her Only Way.

De Luxe Annie, the story of a girl thief, was my first picture directed by Roland West, who is at present vice president of Feature Productions—a company affiliated with United Artists, with young John Considine, Jr., as president. Just now Mr. West is directing my forthcoming production, The Dove, by Willard Mack, which will follow Camille. Wallace Smith and Roland collaborated on the screen version of this Belasco stage play. The settings of The Dove in my picture are not in Mexico, as in the play. To give more leeway to imagination and picturesque background, we have laid the story on the Red Coast, somewhere in Latin America. I am greatly enjoying the rôle of this fascinating and fiery Spanish girl, and to get into the atmosphere of the part I made three brief trips across the California border, where there are Spanish settlements and where Spanish is frequently spoken.

Often I take a group of friends to Mexico over the week-end to attend the races. Once we went to a bullfight, but I have no heart for that type of sport. I cannot find anything entertaining in seeing poor animals maimed and killed. Prize fights do not attract me, either, as the sight of blood makes me ill and my sympathy with the loser more than counteracts any excitement or thrill resulting from the contest. At the time of the Dempsey-Tunney encounter I happened to be in the East, but although Jack Dempsey is a friend of mine, I reneged at the last moment, and instead of going to Philadelphia, listened to the cheering and booing over the radio in New York, while Constance and a group of friends in ringside seats were intent upon every move of the fighters. Imagine my astonishment while listening in to hear the announcer exclaim in sonorous tones: "Now entering the grounds are Miss Norma Talmadge and One-eyed Connelly!" Perhaps Connelly was there, but I certainly was not!

After a time Famous Players-Lasky purchased a half interest in the Selznick pictures and the distributing or releasing name was changed to Select. The majority of my Select pictures were directed by Sidney Franklin, including The Forbidden City, The Probation Wife, The Heart of Wetona—in all three of which Thomas Meighan appeared as my leading man—and The Way of a Woman, with Conway Tearle playing opposite.

Two of my last Select photoplays—The New Moon, by H. H. Van Loan, and She Loves and Lies, from the old Wilkie Collins novel—were directed by Chet Withey.

### Thrills From Russia

As the settings of The New Moon were laid in Russia and we needed many snow scenes, the company departed for Saranac Lake, New York. It was midwinter and never shall I forget those rehearsals in the biting cold. In one sequence I had to sit in a sleigh drawn by four horses. We were to dash down a slippery incline, accompanied by five soldiers with fixed bayonets. Just as the cameraman was ready to grind, the driver lost control of the horses, which started lickety-split down the road and across a perilous bridge with a deep ravine below. If the sleigh had swerved a foot more to the right or left, it would have meant broken bones for the occupants—if not the end. But somehow or other I had no fear—not that I am unusually brave, but more probably because when playing a part I live so utterly in the character I am depicting that even sudden danger fails to startle me out of the rôle.

Afterward I learned that Peg, Pedro De Cordoba, who played my lover, Marc MacDermott, the heavy, and Chet Withey, all bundled to their necks in furs, were watching, terror-stricken. When the driver was again master of the frightened horses and we drove back via another route, I was surprised to see the extras, acting as soldiers, still unnerved and trembling visibly, as they alighted none too steadily. Peg, with a face as white as the snow-covered mountains, took me in her arms. Reassured of my safety, however, everyone began to compliment me for not having turned a hair. What they thought was self-possession was really self-effacement, for I had not been Norma Talmadge in danger of her life, but a Russian noblewoman disguised as a stolid peasant girl, intent only upon escaping her persecutors.

The forming of my own company, under the expert guidance of Mr. Schenck as president, gave me a voice in the selection of my stories and the choosing of my directors and supporting casts, but this does not mean that I could sit back leisurely and enjoy the plaudits of the press and public. On the contrary, I had to work harder than before, as Mr. Schenck and I were now held responsible for the type of productions in which I appeared. It was more than ever necessary to keep up a standard and try to make each successive picture as good if not better than the preceding one. Whereas I had often worked eight or nine hours a day at the old Vitagraph and Fine Arts, sometimes I spent as many as twelve or fourteen hours in my own studio. When one is working for oneself there is no limit to endurance. I became so totally absorbed in the growth and development of my new interests that I was indefatigable. There were long days of experimenting with new make-ups, trying out various cameramen; rehearsing certain scenes over and over until satisfied that I had given my utmost to them; fitting and designing costumes and studying their photographic values; taking tests of new players, and all the numerous other details that go with the making of a first-class production.

### The Lesson in Discipline

After the success of my own company, Mr. Schenck decided to guide my sister's destiny also, and formed the Constance Talmadge Film Company, under his presidency. Natalie played occasional parts in Constance's and my companies.

Though still in her teens, Dutch became a full-fledged star and Mr. Selznick agreed to release her in eight high-class five-reel comedies. Great was our rejoicing the year Constance came East to occupy her studio adjoining mine, and the whole family was again united.

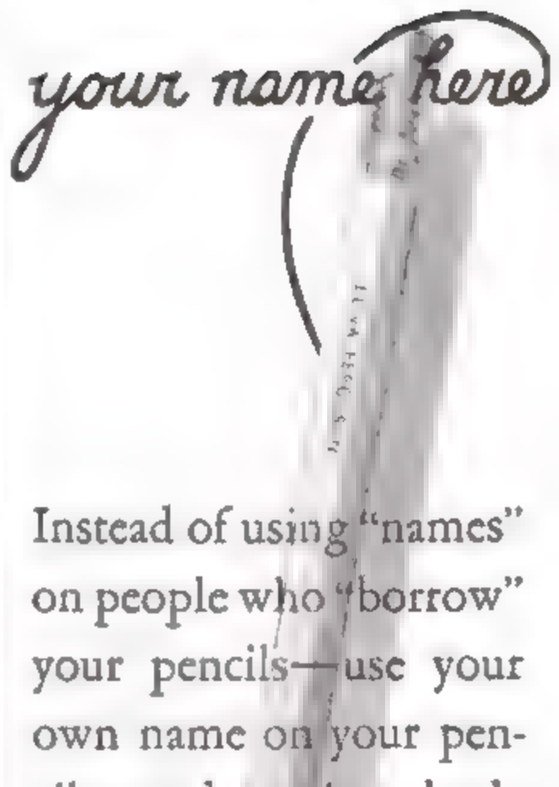
My father at last gave up traveling and assumed charge of all the buying and renting of furniture, table appointments, ornaments and various properties and accessories for all our productions in both studios. Fred's head was never turned by affluence. He remained his same easy-going, good-natured self of the old Brooklyn days. He loved old clothes, old friends and old books. He could never understand why I did not produce some of the classics he had studied in his Wesleyan University days.

Charles Giblyn, who directed Constance in The Lesson, gives an amusing portrait of the new seventeen-year-old star:

"She was just an effervescent child," says Giblyn; "very pretty, brimming with animation, equally full of mischief, and not at all inclined to be serious for ten minutes in succession. Sometimes I thought I would go mad trying to make her settle down to business. The only way to get the most out of her was to keep her entertained. At last I hit upon a successful plan. Whenever she seemed to be letting down a bit I would draw Gee and Whiz—two imaginary dummies—out of a make-believe basket and stage a ventriloquist act. Miss Whiz, on my right knee, would say in a high, squeaky voice: 'Mr. Gee, would you like to see how divine Constance Talmadge can look in a pale green frock, and don't you think she is pretty?' In deeper tones, Mr. Gee, on the left knee would answer: 'Yes, Miss Whiz, I do, and I believe she is not just good-looking, but could act like a streak if she only would.' Then dummy on the right would continue: 'But the next scene is very important. Is Constance capable of handling it?' 'You just watch her,' the dummy on the left would reply. This gay, bantering game delighted Constance, and shrieking with mirth, she would then plunge whole-heartedly into her work."

But although The Lesson was made first, it was not shown to the public until after Scandal, The Honeymoon, The Studio Girl—all under Mr. Giblyn's direction—and Up the Road With Sally, directed by the late William Desmond Taylor, who met with such a tragic and mysterious death a few years ago. Particular interest is attached to The Studio Girl, in which Earle Fox played opposite Dutch, because this picture gave his second screen part to Richard Barthelmess. Dick's first screen

(Continued on Page 177)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(Continued from Page 175)

appearance was as the juvenile lead for Alla Nazimova in War Brides, at a salary of thirty-five dollars a week. This was my favorite picture of Selznick days, and Nazimova, my favorite star. I must have seen War Brides at least fifteen times and probably, at that impressionable age, it greatly influenced my desire for highly emotional rôles. Last year, in the character of the little gamin, Kiki, I was supposed to be only sixteen, but this amusing hoyden of the Paris streets would not have interested me when I was really sixteen. At that age I longed for tragedy.

Two or three months ago, when Nazimova was playing A Woman of the Earth, a dramatic one-act sketch, in vaudeville in Los Angeles, I went to see her at the Garden of Alla, her former beautiful home site, on which have been built twenty-four charming villas named for the Russian actress. As one Camille to another, we discussed our versions of the Dumas novel which she screened in 1921.

"Well," said Nazimova, recalling my old longing for tragic rôles, "now that, as Marguerite Gautier, you are about to die at the age of twenty-four, I hope you're satisfied."

Constance and the others lived at the Savoy Hotel, and later rented an apartment in West End Avenue. Mr. Schenck and I had also alternated between hotel life and furnished apartments, but to celebrate the family reunion we took a five-year lease on a charming house on the water's edge at Bayside, Long Island. About a city block from us on the beach were two adorable bungalows which the rest of the family occupied. We had lovely gardens, tennis courts and bathhouses. At last I had a place of my very own where I could entertain large groups of friends over the week-ends. Here John Emerson and Anita Loos were married in 1919. It was at Bayside, too, that on May 31, 1921, Natalie became the bride of Buster Keaton.

### *The Baby Battering Ram*

Buster's real name is Joseph Francis. His parents, Joseph and Myra Keaton, toured the country with Harry Houdini, the late-lamented world-famous magician, in a medicine show, Houdini having the title of Doc. After the "doctor's" speech about the curative power of the wonderful prescription made from secret herbs obtained from the Indians and guaranteed to be good for any kind of rheumatism, boys walked through the tent selling bottles of the medicine. For those whose appetites were sharper than pain they carried peanuts, pop corn and candy in their baskets.

In a little Kansas town called Pickway, on the night before Buster was born, a violent storm blew down the tent. The only clergyman in the village, hearing of the troupers' plight and of Mrs. Keaton's expected visit of the stork, suggested that Mr. Keaton bring his wife to the modest parish house next door to the tiny church. In the darkness and blinding rain the Keatons mistook the church for the house and when the clergyman returned with the doctor they found Mrs. Keaton had been taken into the sacristy. There Joseph Francis was brought into the world.

An incident which resulted in little Joseph's being called Buster occurred when he was only six months old. His parents were playing in Kansas City. At a small theatrical hotel where they were stopping, the child tumbled headlong down an entire flight of stairs. Mrs. Keaton fainted and Mr. Keaton stood rooted to the spot with terror, while Harry Houdini ran out of his room on the landing below, expecting to find the baby at least insensible, if not mangled. The handcuff king leaned tenderly over the little heap, only to find the youngster gurgling and kicking his heels in the air.

"Great Scott, that is some indestructible buster you have there!" exclaimed the celebrated magician as he delivered the tot to his frightened parents.

"You've said it," agreed Joseph, Senior, smiling through his tears. "I guess we will have to keep that name for him." And from that day on, Joseph, Junior, began his colorful career as Buster Keaton. By the time he was five he had learned to put his own make-up on and to dress as a comedy Irishman—a miniature replica of his father in white vest, Prince Albert coat and long trousers with a red chin beard. Buster inherited from his theatrical parents a natural bent toward pantomime and imitations. His father taught him how to take falls without suffering the slightest injury. A little leather trunk handle was sewed inside the seat of his pants and Papa Keaton would casually carry tiny Joseph around in their rough-and-tumble act, toss him to Mother Myra or nonchalantly hurl him out of the way against the back drop. Buster was a sort of baby battering-ram and the more he was buffeted about the more he enjoyed it. Other amused vaudevillians, looking on from the wings, would exclaim: "What a glutton for punishment that game kid is!" Only it wasn't punishment to Buster. He regarded it as jolly good fun.

### *A Sudden Musical Inclination*

It was sometimes difficult for the public to believe that the child comedian was not being abused, and every now and then some well-meaning members of the Gerry Society would cause the Keaton parents to be arrested, protesting that no youngster could be tossed in the air, dropped fifteen or twenty feet, and then pick himself up without acquiring a single black-and-blue spot. On one occasion the only way the parents avoided punishment was by actually stripping little Buster before the mayor of the city in which they were playing in order to prove that he had neither bruises nor broken bones. More than once they gave demonstrations of their act in the court room. The law in many states prohibited children under sixteen from appearing as jugglers, wire walkers or acrobats. This afforded a loophole for Buster, as he was not really an acrobat, but merely submitted to being dropped and knocked about.

At one performance in Pittsburgh, however, the little tumbler did meet with a serious mishap. In getting up suddenly he lost his balance. Tumbling over the footlights, he crashed into the pit, completely demolishing the leader's violin. When telling this incident, Buster says:

"I don't know which was the more astonished and injured, the musician or myself. As the leader stooped to pick up the remains of his splintered instrument he discovered that he was still holding the bow in his right hand. That gave him an inspiration. In full view of the audience he lifted my little coat and spanked me, interspersing the blows with curses so emphatic that even one of my tender years could not fail to understand. Yet, tragic as the occurrence was for me, the audience thought the whole thing a part of the act, and howling with mirth, broke into deafening applause. I think it was on that day that I acquired my frozen-face expression. At any rate, it was a long time before I smiled again, and it was soon evident to my father, who was a great student of audience psychology, that my serious mien was beneficial to the turn. It was always his point of view that the comedian who chuckled at his own antics committed professional suicide. When at last the injury to my feelings healed and I regained my customary *joie de vivre*, dad would say behind his hand, 'Take that grin off.' By degrees he had only to whisper the one word 'face' and I would sober up immediately.

"This training and control of the facial muscles during my fourteen years in vaudeville was extremely helpful when I finally deserted the stage for the screen."

Two world-famous actresses played amusing parts in Buster's youth—Sarah Bernhardt and Lily Langtry. While touring England The Three Keatons were billed in London on the same program with Harry Lauder and the divine Sarah. The latter, watching the Keaton act from the wings, was filled with indignation as she saw the child being tossed about like a rubber ball from his mother to his father. Feeling sure that Buster must have come from an orphanage, Bernhardt sent for the manager and told him that she intended to inform the police.

The manager, who happened to know the Keatons well, merely smiled and asked permission to bring the family to madame's dressing room. As Mr. Keaton leaned over to kiss her hand Bernhardt drew it back haughtily, exclaiming: "Are you not ashame to make ze money from ze great cruelty to ze leetle *garçon?*" But after talking with the Keaton parents for some time she was convinced that Buster was their own child, as well as the object of the greatest affection and care. Afterward she became exceedingly gracious, doing everything in her power to atone for her unwarranted indignation. Each evening large baskets of beautiful flowers and costly bonbons from Sarah Bernhardt's host of admirers found their way to the Keaton dressing room.

The renowned Lily Langtry was tempted to have Buster himself arrested, rather than his parents. As she stepped out to take her seventh curtain call with her customary stateliness one evening, Mrs. Langtry was amazed to be greeted with peals of laughter instead of continued applause. For a second the actress stood paralyzed with fear, wondering if anything had gone wrong with her costume. Finding her gown quite in order, she looked about the stage, and there, a little behind her, off to the left, was five-year-old Buster stealing her thunder by giving a very excellent imitation of the Jersey Lily.

When he was twenty-one Buster was approached by the Shuberts with an offer to enter a musical-comedy production at two hundred and fifty dollars a week. While awaiting rehearsals he received a visit from Joseph M. Schenck, who suggested a series of two-reel comedy pictures at forty dollars a week. Despite the great difference in salary, Keaton chose the cinemas. He had traveled from the day he was born and the thought of settling down in one place for a while made him cast his lot with Mr. Schenck. He little dreamed then that his producer would later become his brother-in-law.

### *Sticking to His Money*

Buster came to the Coast a year or so after Constance and I left Vitagraph and Natalie became financial secretary to the Comique Film Company. It was at Comique's Studios that Buster made his initial production. I used to go there occasionally to see Natalie and we would visit the sets and watch the players at work. The first time I ever met Buster he was knocked out; not that he was bowled over by my charms—it remained for Natalie to sweep him off his feet in that sense. He was playing a scene in a country store where the two principal comedians were pitching bags of flour at each other. Buster was to stroll up to the counter and buy some molasses, but he made a wrong entrance and caught one of the bags with full force on the back of his head. When his country clothes were brushed off and the pan-shaped hat—which he wore from the very first picture and still wears today, ordering them in lots of two dozen at a time—was readjusted, Buster resumed his scene. When he went to pay the storekeeper, Keaton, still a little confused from his fall, discovered the quarter for the molasses in the pail. Reaching for the coin, he became covered with the sticky liquid. Needless to say, we did not shake hands when we were introduced.

It was natural that Mr. Schenck's new protégé and Natalie, both working at the same studio, should see each other almost daily. The two became fast friends and Nate brought Buster home for dinner every

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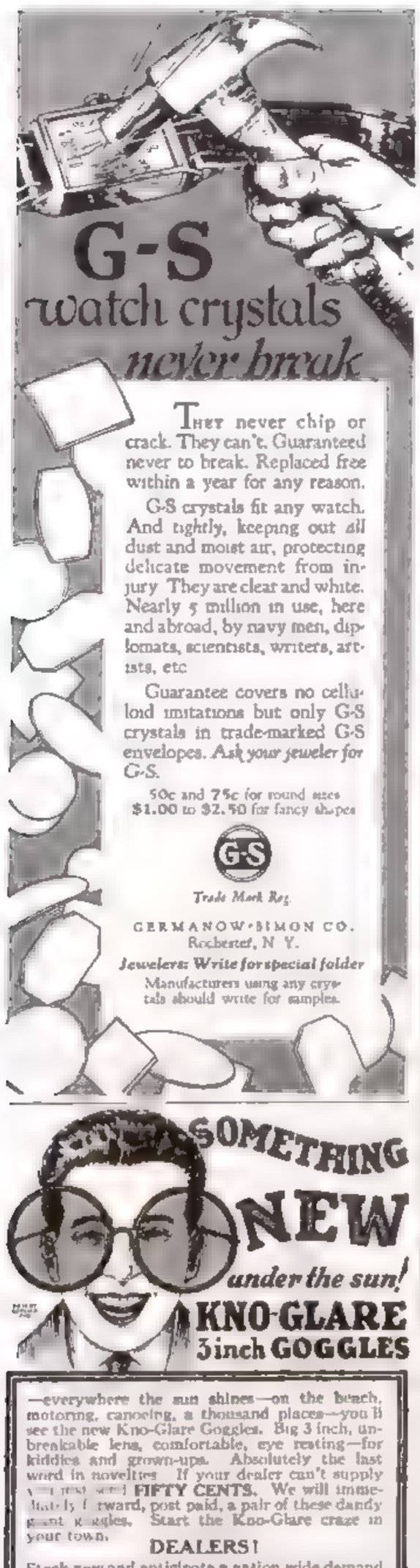
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now and then. We all grew tremendously fond of him. But before he had finished more than four or five pictures, our new friend was called to Camp Kearny. After a period of training there he sailed to France and served as a private in the infantry.

Buster remained abroad about a year. After the Armistice he was detailed to help entertain the troops. Natalie heard from him regularly. "There are dozens of little French urchins who are always at the heels of the Americans as we march through the countryside," Buster wrote. "These children have dubbed me '*le drôle de petit Yankee*,' and they probably think me one of the most awkward soldiers they have ever seen. Because of my poor little five feet six inches, I am generally the last man in the last squad. Often I wink at my buddies, pretend to stub my toe, and do one of my stage falls flat on my nose in the road. Then I pick myself up without changing my frozen-face expression, catch up with the company and fall down again. The youngsters howl, and the laughter of these French children is dearer than any applause I ever received."

### *The Family Man*

When Buster returned to America he resumed his screen work under the Joseph M. Schenck banner. He also resumed his wooing of Natalie. After The Saphead, with William H. Crane, Keaton became a star in a series of two-reelers and rose to prominence so rapidly that he was given his own company. His two-reelers proved such a tremendous box-office attraction that Mr. Schenck then put him in full-length comedies.

When the Talmadge family returned East, Buster wired Natalie that he was coming to New York for a few weeks' vacation, and that she had better be prepared to give him an answer to an important question. The suitor presented a rather unromantic appearance as he hobbled off the train on crutches. He had broken his leg while doing an escalator stunt in The Electric House. The toe of his large slap shoe got caught between the steps and the mechanism could not be stopped quickly enough to avoid Buster taking a bad fall. While he was convalescing, Constance and I designed Nate's wedding dress and the three of us had an orgy of shopping expeditions.

They were married out-of-doors with the sunshine streaming down on the flower-laden altar. Mr. Schenck's wedding gift was a perfectly appointed motor car, and the bride and groom spent their honeymoon motoring to California, with several stop-overs of two or three days in different places along the 3000-mile route. A year later Joseph Talmadge Keaton was born at precisely seven minutes past seven P.M., weighing seven pounds. When Buster was permitted to take a first peep at his red-faced heir, the latter let out such a yowl that his father remarked: "This kid certainly runs to sevens—if you ask me; he was born with seven lungs!"

Joseph III is now four and a half years old and he has a little brother, Robert, three years old. The Keatons have just built a beautiful new home high up on a slope in Beverly Hills, where the children have a wonderful playground and swimming pool. Natalie loves to potter around in the vegetable and flower gardens and Buster takes great pride in the quail and pheasant pens. A plot of raspberry and blackberry bushes; numerous guava, orange, lemon and avocado trees have been planted on the Keaton estate. The house is in the Italian Renaissance style, and Buster and Natalie were as happy as two children in a toy shop while selecting their furniture, rugs, tapestries and what not. The entire family often gathers there for chop suey, the concoction of this Chinese dish being one of Buster's specialties. Though no less than fourteen platters of different requisites go into the making of this pièce de résistance, on chop-suey nights the servants are given a vacation. Natalie and Buster don kitchen aprons and take great delight in preparing the chicken, celery, bamboo sprouts, mushrooms, water chestnuts and other ingredients with their own hands.

I wish those who wonder whether the serious-faced comedian ever smiles in real life could see him in the Beverly Hills nursery, down on the floor on all fours with his boys, or watch him juggling phonograph records and bottles, or executing an eccentric dance to the tune of his beloved ukulele. When he is not entertaining my adorable nephews Buster's leisure hours are largely devoted to baseball around the lot. He has a studio team composed of the workmen in his own organization. Property men and members of the technical staffs receive the same hand of good fellowship from Buster that is extended to bank presidents, famous producers or literary luminaries in his home.

It is no wonder that Natalie has retired from screen life. Never having cared much for public acclaim, her husband, her home and her children now absorb all her time. Both Natalie and Buster are great home lovers. They do not crave gay social life, everlasting parties and dances as Constance does, and they are happiest when surrounded by the Keaton and Talmadge families. Buster's mother and father, brother Harry and sister Louise, all live in Los Angeles. The elder Keaton appears as a Union officer in Buster's first United Artists picture, The General, a story of Civil War days. The General is the name of an 1861 train, and while engaged on this production the comedian became as interested in engines as ever Conrad was in ships. That is typical of Buster; he knows no halfway measures, but must delve into everything very thoroughly, even though he may never have occasion to use that particular knowledge or information again.

Buster writes or adapts nearly all his own stories and devises the great majority of his own gags—a gag corresponds in pictures to a piece of comedy business in the theater. He also assists in the direction and titling of his own pictures. The comedy of college life on which Keaton is now at work is adapted from a story by Robert Sherwood and will show Buster as a sort of zero hero.

Until March, 1920, I continued releasing through the Select Pictures Corporation; then Mr. Schenck and I decided in favor of the Associated First National Exhibitors Circuit, now known as First National Pictures, Inc. This new company was originally promoted by J. D. Williams, who came to America from Australia.

### *Breaking Trail*

The First National plan was to tie up with leading theaters in the important towns which are known in motion-picture parlance as key cities. As the industry progressed, there naturally arose a growth of theater chains and booking combines. It is estimated that there are between 50,000 and 55,000 motion-picture theaters in the world and almost half of these are in America. The companies which have been able to secure the greatest number of stars and established names, and book their pictures in the greatest number of theaters, are, in consequence, the companies which have survived. That is why combines occur every now and then and the old, smaller companies have either dropped out altogether or have had to join forces with each other in order to continue their existence as newer and more powerful organizations, such as Famous Players-Lasky, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and First National, have come into power. For example, shortly before I left Vitagraph they incorporated with Lubin, Selig and Essanay and became known thereafter as V. L. S. E., distributing features made by the four members.

A year or so after I joined First National, agreeing to supply them with four pictures a year, Mr. Schenck also signed Constance with this company and she is still releasing through them. John Emerson and Anita Loos were engaged to adapt a series of six comedies for Constance, as well as to write her continuities and titles, and act in a general supervisory capacity. This was, in a way, an important revolutionary measure, because few authors theretofore had been receiving the recognition due them in the making of photoplays. Although producers were beginning to pay substantial prices for the screen rights to popular plays and books, when these were put into the works often the real punch and important characterizations of the story were lost by having the adaptation handed over to some inexperienced writer who diffused his own rather negative personality into the manuscript. It was the old story of too many cooks spoil the broth.

In the beginning authors were not sufficiently well paid to make it really worth their while to put their stories into proper shape for screening. Thus, in engaging the Emerson-Loos combination, Mr. Schenck broke trail by recognizing the value of having his writers live day by day with their stories to make sure that their works were screened as they were written.

### *Stories That Will Screen Well*

Samuel Goldwyn went a step further. Believing that the public had grown tired of the star system, he decided to place more emphasis on the stories than on the players. In 1919 he formed the Eminent Authors organization. This movement brought Rex Beach, Gertrude Atherton, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Gouverneur Morris, Leroy Scott, Basil King and Rupert Hughes into the cinema fold. Other Hollywood producers followed suit by signing up Sir Gilbert Parker, Arnold Bennett, Elinor Glyn, Edward Knoblock, Gene Stratton Porter, Zane Grey, Rita Weiman, Kathleen Norris, Somerset Maugham and other prominent literary names.

But the producers soon discovered that the star system would prevail. The public is more interested in the personalities of the leading players than in the director, author or producer. Mr. Goldwyn and his associates in the Eminent Authors Company also found out the difficulties of transferring fixed literary ideas to the screen, a medium which demands swift action or tangible drama told in elementary motion rather than detailed analysis. The technic of the novel and that of the cinema will always remain, to some extent, entirely separate. The most beautiful passages of James Joyce or Marcel Proust, dealing with the most delicate shades of human psychology, would be absolutely lost on the screen.

My personal opinion is that in another five years the majority of picture stories will be neither books nor plays, but original stories written expressly for the screen. And the authors who recognize the wide divergence between these two mediums of expression and are willing to master the detailed technicalities and essential rudiments of telling a story in approximately 400 scenes rather than 60,000 or 70,000 words are the ones who will reap the golden harvest in this line of endeavor. Ellis Parker Butler seems to me to have hit the nail on the head when he said one night at an Authors' League dinner:

"The motion picture is the printed word translated into action and made more effective and vital. That action is more effective than cold print is amply shown by the haste of legislatures to effect film-censorship laws. On the screen that which in cold print was cold and lifeless becomes vivid and expressive. The motion picture is print that has come alive and that uses gestures and acts out its meaning."

To me, the real test of whether or not a novel will make a good picture is if the story readily transcribes itself into pictures in my own mind as I read it, and if the plot, characters, incidents and business are of a nature that could gain in drama and graphic portrayal only by use of the camera.

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Editor's Note—This is the fifth of a series of articles by Miss Talmadge. The next will appear in an early issue.

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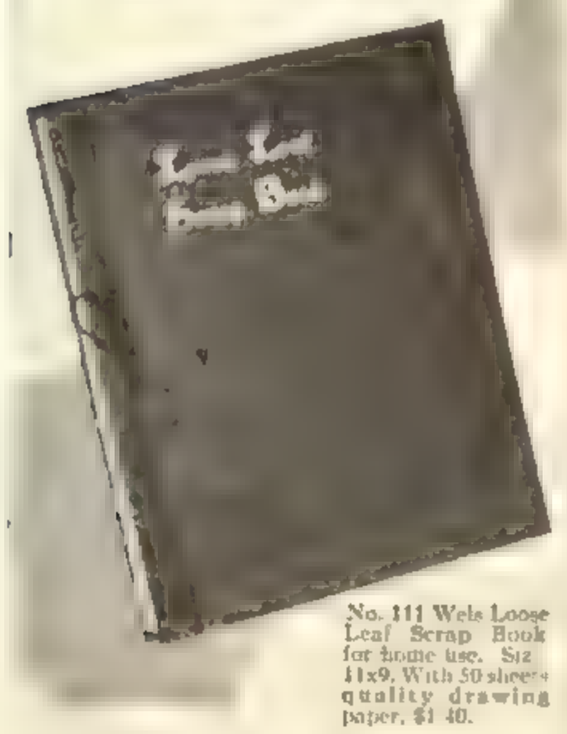

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# SELL SHOCK

(Continued from Page 25)

"But you started to say ——"

"Oh, I was just thinkin'." He appeared to do some deep pondering. Then he turned confidentially to his new-found friend. "Jasper," he asked, "how would you like to start off yo' business c'reer in Bummin'ham by makin' a clear profit of th'ee hund'ed dollars on a li'l' deal where you wasn't takin' no risk?"

Mr. De Void blinked fishily. "Golla, Brother Slappey ——"

"I reckon you is thinkin' if they is that much money to be puck up, why don't I do it myse'f. Ain't that so?"

"No, I wasn't."

"Well, you should of be'n, an' I'll splain why. It's 'cause it'll take five hund'ed dollars cash to swing this deal—an' I ain't got the five hund'ed—tha's why. An' sence I cain't do it, I don't see why you shouldn't have a chance. Am I right?"

"You is bein' awful good to me, Florian."

"Tha's 'cause I like you. I feel that us has got a sort of physic bond." He paused. "Of course, if you ain't keen 'bout this ——"

"I is, Florian; honest I is. But I don't yearn to lose no money."

"Boy, you coul'n't lose nothin' on this, 'cause you sells somethin' befo' you buys it. You gits yo' profit all staked out. Anyhow, t'morrow I shows you somethin' an' you can make up yo' own mind. I ain't aimin' to 'fluence you."

The drill ended. The team clumped off the floor amid frantic applause. Semore Mashby joined Florian and Jasper. He spread his skinny fingers wide.

"Golla!" he murmured enviously. "I sholy do wish I could git to drill with that team."

"Well then, Semore," advised Florian, "whyn't you buy yo'se'f a uniform an' sword an' jine up?"

"Foolishment what you talks, Florian. I woul'n't jine no drill team less'n I had the best uniform what was, an' I ain't gwine pay no thousan' dollars fo' no such of a thing. Maybe some day prices might go down."

Florian caught Jasper's eye and winked broadly. "Reckon what you is lookin' fo', Semore, is a thousan'-dollar uniform fo' 'bout eight hund'ed, ain't it?"

"Yes," retorted Semore testily, "it is."

"Huh! An' you the richest cullud man in Bummin'ham!"

"I di'n't git rich spendin' thousan' dollars fo' no uniforms, neither. I buys bargains, an' tha's all."

Later, when Florian and Jasper were alone, Mr. Slappey turned triumphantly to his friend. "Oh, boy!" he exulted. "We got him tied up in knots."

"Who got which tied up in what?"

"Semore Mashby. Di'n't you heah him? Why, that man would do mos' anything fo' one of them swell uniforms was he sure he was gittin' a bargain. Bargains is the most thing he loves. He'd pay —— But nemmin'. T'morrow mawnin' I comes to see you 'bout ten o'clock an' does some splainin'. Also I shows you somethin'."

"I 'preciates all this, Florian. An' as fo' Mistuh Mashby cravin' one of them swell suits, I reckon I'd pay most any price fo' one if I could 'ford it. I ain't never saw nothin' I yearned for so much."

They parted at the Cozy Home Hotel, Florian to go whistling down the street, Jasper to the solitude of his room, where he stared out into the night and reflected upon the grandeur and hospitality of Birmingham. He thought also of the debonair Mr. Slappey and his expansive friendship. Then he slept, only to dream of lavish suits and himself drilling with the uniform team of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. All in all, Mr. De Void's initial day in a big city had been highly interesting and fruitful.

The following morning Jasper dressed early and moved out to Eighteenth Street to partake of coffee, biscuits, ham and eggs and an orange. Then he returned to his hotel room and waited for Florian.

Mr. Slappey was busy elsewhere. At nine o'clock he mounted the flight of narrow, dusty stairs leading to Semore Mashby's loan office. The attenuated money lender was crouched over his books, peering with nearsighted intensity at columns of figures. He looked up with a semblance of cheeriness as Florian entered.

Mr. Slappey came straight to the point. "Semore," he asked, "is we partners in this deal, or ain't we?"

"Which deal?"

"This thing I has fixed up fo' Jasper De Void."

Semore hesitated. "We-e-ell, Ise furnishin' ev'ything ——"

"Ev'ything but the sucker!" withered Florian. "Ise supplyin' him, an' I reckon he's the most impawtentest thing in this whole affair. Honest, Semore, I ain't never in all my life seen nothin' softer. Up comes that long, tall drink of water fum Dothan with two thousan' cash dollars in his pockets an' a cravin' to spend same. He don't know nothin' an' he's forgot most of that. All he's got sense enough to do is hoe cotton—an' he ain't workin' at that job. I brings him to you with a good scheme all schum out ——"

"A'right, Florian. I cuts you in fo' half the profits."

"Good!" Mr. Slappey rubbed the palms of his hands together. "Fust off, has you got that uniform of L. Jupiter Jones' heah?"

"Yeh; in that ol' suitcase yonder."

"Sword an' all?"

"Yeh. But Jupiter's got thirty days to redeem it in."

"An' if we wait thirty days, we ain't got a chance. That feller De Void won't have a dime when he's been in Bummin'ham a month. Of all the easy marks I ever seen, he's the champeen an' the king. As fo' Jupiter Jones, that feller is plumb sick of uniforms. He said so with his own mouf last night. An' even if he wasn't, he coul'n't raise no two hund'ed dollars in thirty days if it was to save him fum bein' gues' of honor at a fun'ral. Ain't that the truth?"

"Reckon so, Florian, reckon so. . . . Well, yonder is the uniform an' sword. Trot along with 'em."

Florian departed happily with the suitcase. Outside, the sun was shining and birdies would have been twittering in the trees had there been any trees in that section of Eighteenth Street. Ten minutes later he faced Jasper De Void in his hotel room. They exchanged greetings and inquired solicitously after the state of each other's health. Then, impressively, Florian opened the suitcase and spread his treasure out on the bed.

It was, indeed, a feast for hungry eyes. Displayed to Jasper's eager gaze was the most magnificent drill uniform in all Birmingham. It was an affair of tailored broadcloth lavishly decorated with gold braid, gleaming epaulets, shiny buttons and numerous medals. There were a sash of purest, heaviest satin, a gold-embroidered sword belt—and then the sword itself. Florian held the weapon out for Jasper's inspection.

"Jus' look at it, Jasper. That hilt is solid gold plate an' the end of the scabbard is also ditto. The braid on that tassel is real gold. An' also the braid on the uniform is gold-plated metal. That ain't no yellow thread. Feel fo' yo'se'f." He placed Jasper's trembling fingers on the twisted strands of metal thread. "I ask you, Brother De Void, has you ever dreamed of a uniform so grand?"

"N-n-nos-suh, Mistuh Slappey, I sholy ain't "

"An' neither you never will. That uniform, Jasper, is worth one thousan' dollars, an' cheap at the price. Woul'n't you like to own it?"

"I'd mos' die of happiness was that mine, Florian. But Ise a poor man."

"Suttinly you is. Tha's why I woul'n't try to sell it to you, 'cause I don't b'lieve in no feller buyin' nothin' which he cain't afford."

"Wh-wh-whose is that?" inquired Jasper.

"Friend of mine's. But not so good a friend as you. He's broke as a coot. Tha's where my plan comes in fo' you to make a lot of money. This friend what owns the outfit needs money an' needs it bad. He's willin' to sell that uniform fo' five hund'ed dollars cash, an'"—Florian glanced cautiously about the room and reduced his voice to a whisper—"an' I know a man which will pay eight hund'ed dollars cash fo' that ve'y selfsame outfit!"

"No!"

"Yes."

"Who?"

"Semore Mashby."

Memory of the previous night came to Jasper. He recalled Semore's covetous comment about the wonderful uniforms of the drill team. "Y-y-y-you reckon he'd really buy that thing?"

"Sure! Now heah's my plan: You take this uniform down to Semore's office. Tell him it's yourn an' you got to sell it. Tell him you'll sell it to him fo' eight hund'ed dollars cash money. You better say a thousan', an' then come down to eight hund'ed, but no lower. If he says he don't want to buy no 'spensive uniform, then you bring it back to me an' tha's the end. But if he 'grees to buy that thing at eight hund'ed, then you bring it back with you an' buy it fo' five hund'ed, sell it to him fo' the eight an' keep the other th'ee hund'ed fo' yo'se'f. You ain't got a chance to lose."

Jasper's head wabbled around on his skinny neck. "I sholy ain't, Florian. You is right about that, 'cause less'n Semore 'grees to buy, I don' buy myse'f. Just like sellin' somethin' you ain't got befo' you gits it."

"Brains what you has got in yo' head!"

"I shuah is grateful to you. An' when I makes my th'ee hund'ed, I gives you fifty."

"Nos-suh! I don't take money offen no friends."

"Noble man!" Mr. De Void packed the uniform in the suitcase and proceeded alone to Semore Mashby's office. The little money lender greeted him warmly—until Jasper displayed the uniform and stated the object of his business. Semore acted well. He impressed Jasper with his sincere enthusiasm. But he refused point-blank to pay a thousand dollars for any uniform, even with a gold sword.

Jasper proved himself no dickerer. He immediately stated that he would accept eight hundred dollars for the ensemble. Semore suggested seven. Jasper refused. Semore fingered the gleaming array and sighed. "All right, Mistuh De Void, I gives you eight hund'ed dollars fo' that suit "

Jasper's eyes sparkled. "When?"

"Now—right this minute."

Mr. De Void hesitated. He saw Semore reach for a check book, and his mouth and eyes watered. But the uniform was not yet his. "I brings it back this afternoon, Semore. Will that be all right?"

"All right with me, Jasper. But be sure you don't sell it nowhere else."

"I – I promise."

Jasper hotfooted back to the Cozy Home Hotel. He burst in on Florian Slappey like a loose-jointed cyclone. "Hot diggity dawg!" he exulted. "You is puffickly right. I done sol' the suit to Semore fo' eight hund'ed dollars. Now where does I find the feller which sells it to me fo' five hund'ed?"

"Ise his agent," announced Florian grandly. "You can pay me."

Without a second's hesitation, Mr. De Void produced his roll and stripped therefrom two one-hundred-dollar bills and six fifties. "There you is, Brother Slappey."

(Continued on Page 182

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The control wheel on Kerogas Burners gives you absolute command of your fire. The steady, even flame is easily controlled to give you the exact degree of heat you want, and cooks all foods thoroughly and perfectly.

The burner is really the "heart of the oil stove," so be sure your new stove is equipped with efficient, economical Kerogas Burners. They have all the advantages of gas, combined with the economy of oil.

There are many quality stoves and two types of Kerogas Burners from which to choose. One kind, the Patented Kerogas Burner, uses kerosene, mixing 400 parts of air with one part of fuel. The other type, the Pressure Kerogas Burner, is for gasoline.

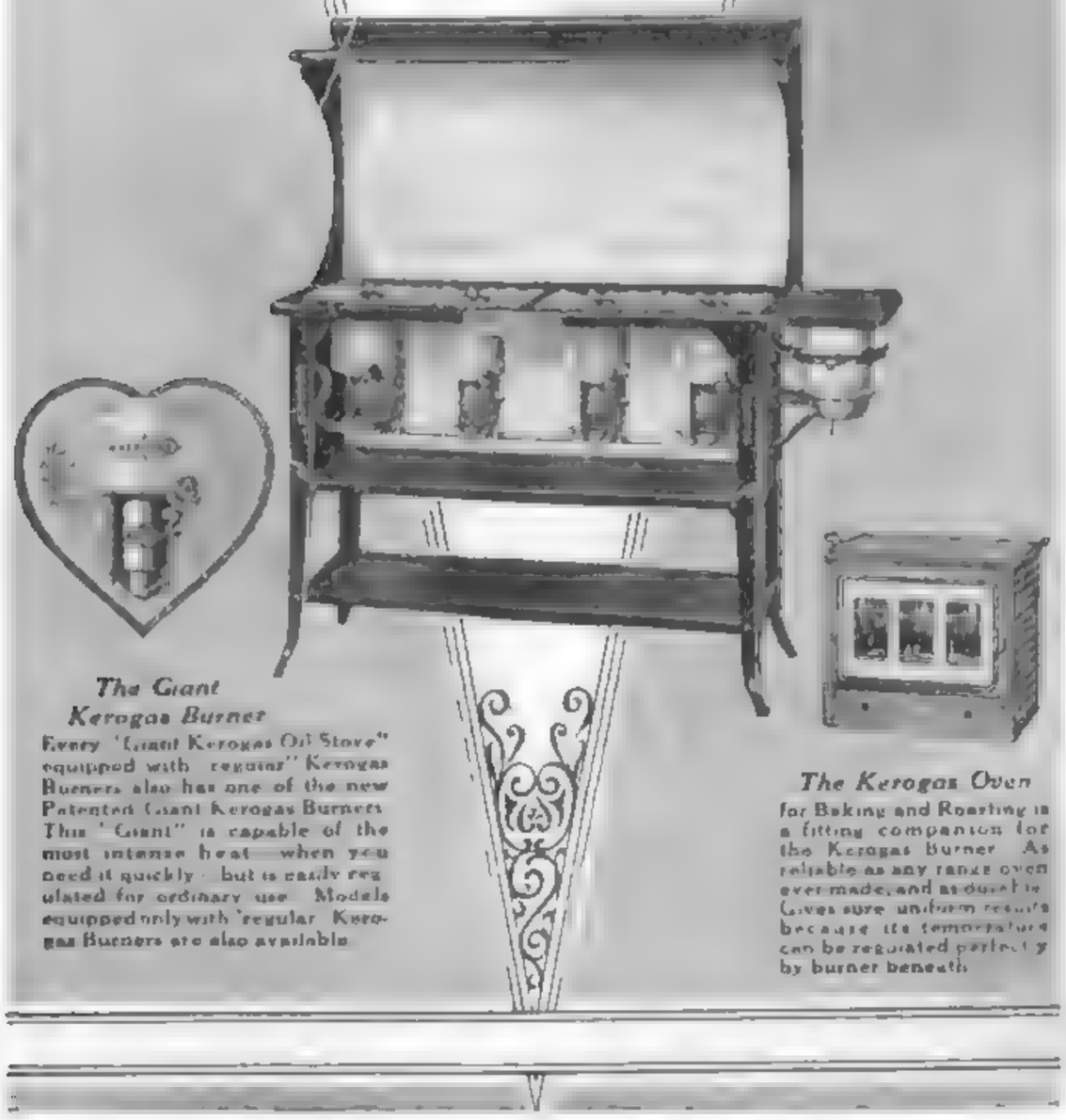
Whatever make or model stove you select, you may rest assured that you are getting a reliable, economical cooking device if the name "Kerogas" is on the burners.

Your dealer will show you stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners—or write us.

*Manufactured by*
A. J. LINDEMANN & HOVERSON CO.
1238 First Avenue
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

*Manufacturers of Burners, Ovens, Cooking and Heating Stoves and Ranges—Also the Celebrated L&H Electrics Ranges and Appliances*

DEALERS NOTE—The best jobbers are prepared to supply on stoves equipped with Kerogas Burners



*The Giant Kerogas Burner*
Every "Giant Kerogas Oil Stove" equipped with "regular" Kerogas Burners also has one of the new Patented Giant Kerogas Burners. This "Giant" is capable of the most intense heat when you need it quickly but is easily regulated for ordinary use. Models equipped only with "regular" Kerogas Burners are also available.

*The Kerogas Oven*
for Baking and Roasting is a fitting companion for the Kerogas Burner. As reliable as any range oven ever made, and as durable. Gives sure uniform results because its temperature can be regulated perfectly by burner beneath.

*Continued from Page 180*

"An' there you is, Jasper."

"The suit is mine now, ain't it?"

"Posolutely!"

Mr. De Void eyed it affectionately. "Golla, if on'y I could 'ford to keep it!"

"Try it on," suggested Florian.

Jasper considered, then shook his head in negation. "Nope. Was I to dress myse'f up in them regalias, it'd be too much tenktation. I wouldn't have the heart to sell the suit to Semore."

With the five hundred dollars in his pocket, Florian made his adieu and streaked down to Semore's place. He planked the money on the table and Semore and he chuckled with unholy glee. Then, after considerable argument, Semore paid over to Florian half the profit. Mr. Slappey departed abruptly, fearing the entrance of Jasper.

Less than fifteen minutes after Florian's exodus from the musty office, Mr. De Void entered. He carried with him the suitcase, which he opened ostentatiously. "Yonder's yo' suit, Mistuh Mashby. I'll thank you fo' the eight hund'ed dollars."

Semore stared at the radiant uniform. Then a sad light came into his eyes. "Ise afraid I made a mistake, Brother De Void."

"Says which?"

"I guess I spoke too quick. I cain't pay no eight hund'ed dollars fo' no uniform."

Jasper blinked. His Adam's apple leaped about excitedly. "B-b-b-b-but you promised."

"No-o. I said I'd buy it right then. But a man has got a right to change his mind, an' I has done changed mine."

"Aw, Mistuh Mashby —"

"Tha's final an' absolute. I cain't afford no such of a suit."

"Seven hund'ed dollars?"

"Nope."

"Six hund'ed?"

"Nary penny."

"Five?"

Semore rose, and his thin, high-pitched voice cracked angrily through the room. "I tell you I don't crave no uniform at no price. Tha's final. Now I thanks you to git out—an' stay got."

Jasper's mouth opened and closed again. He gulped and choked. But it was evident that disaster had rendered him inarticulate. With profound melancholia, he repacked the suit in its case and wandered down the steps. Semore grinned evilly after the lopsided figure.

"Fish what he is!" reflected Mr. Mashby. "I never did see such a sucker."

That night Florian and Semore celebrated. They carefully avoided Jasper. Time enough to meet him when the first bitter sting should have been slightly healed by time.

Florian continued to avoid Jasper all the next day. And on the day after that, he still had no desire to see the man from Dothan. Nor had Semore. But at ten o'clock that morning something of a very disturbing nature happened to Mr. Mashby. Into his office strutted a tall and commanding figure.

Semore and Florian were discussing affairs in general when the newcomer pushed through the door. The conspirators looked up into the beaming face of Mr. L. Jupiter Jones.

"Mawnin', Semore," greeted Jupiter expansively. "Mawnin', Brother Slappey."

They looked at each other, sensing that all might not be as it should. Jupiter did not leave them long in the dark. He produced a wallet and from it extracted ten twenty-dollar bills.

"I has come to redeem back my uniform," announced Mr. L. Jupiter Jones.

Mr. Mashby choked. "You—you has whiched?"

"I has come fo' my suit. Yonder is the two hund'ed dollars. Gimme a receipt—an' the uniform."

Mr. Mashby looked at Mr. Slappey and Mr. Slappey met Mr. Mashby's horrified gaze. The little money lender sparred for time. "Thought you said you di'n't want that suit, Jupiter?"

"I did," returned Mr. Jones placidly. "But I changed my mind."

"Y-you said you was broke."

"I was. But I ain't now. Gimme the uniform."

Semore knew that disaster was preparing to kiss him. "I—I ain't got yo' suit heah now. I got it in storage, Jupiter. S'pose you come back in a few days."

Mr. Jones' face grew stern. "What sort of fumadiddles is this, Semore? Strikes me ev'ything ain't all right. I craves that suit an' I craves it today."

Florian leaned over and whispered something to Semore. Mr. Mashby whispered back: "We is bofe in it, Florian. Gimme back them hund'ed an' fifty dollars I give you or I splains ——"

Florian demurred, but Semore was insistent. "If there's any profit left when us finishes, you gits half. Otherwise not."

Mr. Slappey was game. He handed Semore the hundred and fifty dollars. There seemed nothing else to do. Mr. Mashby faced his visitor. "You a'ready got two hund'ed dollars, minus int'rest, on that suit, Brother Jones. I gives you fifty mo' not to redeem it."

"Sillument what you talks. I wants my uniform."

"I gives you two hund'ed an' fifty."

Jupiter drew a deep breath. But his voice was cold as an icicle. "Somethin's wrong heah, Semore. I dunno what, but I know it's somethin'. An' I guess you might's well understan' two things. One is I want my own suit an' I don't want no money. The second is that I don't like you, an' if you is tryin' any funny stuff, Ise gwine turn this thing over to Lawyer Evans Chew an' see how you like residin' in the Big Rock fo' a year or so."

"But ——"

"Don't but me! Ise comin' back at th'ee o'clock this afternoon. If you ain't got my uniform heah fo' me then, Ise gwine have the law on you. Good-by."

As the door closed behind the slender and terrible figure of L. Jupiter Jones, Messrs. Mashby and Slappey collapsed.

"Great sufferin' tripe!" ejaculated Semore. "Misfortunate feller what I am!"

"You?" cried Florian. "Golla! How about me? Ain't I done give you back my hund'ed an' fifty dollars?"

"Yeh. An' that saves you fum goin' to jail with me. Gosh! What is I gwine do? You got me into this thing, Florian Slappey, now git me out."

Florian thought. And the more he thought, the more apparent it became that there was only one course open to the harassed Semore.

"That suit belongs to Jupiter Jones," summarized Florian somewhat brutally. "He pawned it with you an' he's got twenty-six mo' days to redeem it back. You know he's got the money, 'cause he showed it to you, provin' it ain't no bluff. An' it seems to me that if you ain't got that suit fo' him, all what he says 'bout jail is gwine come to pass. So if you wants me to git suggestive, Semore, I says that they ain't nothin' fo' you to do but buy that suit back fum Jasper De Void."

Semore was intensely unhappy. "Reckon you is right, Florian. But I got a hunch that with Jasper havin' paid five hund'ed dollars fo' that suit, he ain't gwine sell it for a nickel less."

"Hmph! That lets you out fine. You breaks even."

"But I loses my profit."

"An' I has done lost mine. Dawg-bite that Jupiter Jones! I'd like to straggle him!"

Jasper was located in his room at the Cozy Home Hotel. The gorgeous uniform was laid out on the bed and Mr. De Void was staring at it with a queer mixture of worship and worry. He rose to greet the little money lender, who sighed unctuously.

"Mistuh De Void," murmured Semore, "I reckon you kind of gotten the wrong idea 'bout me a li'l' while ago."

"N-n-n-nos-suh, Mistuh Mashby, I di'n't git no special ideas."

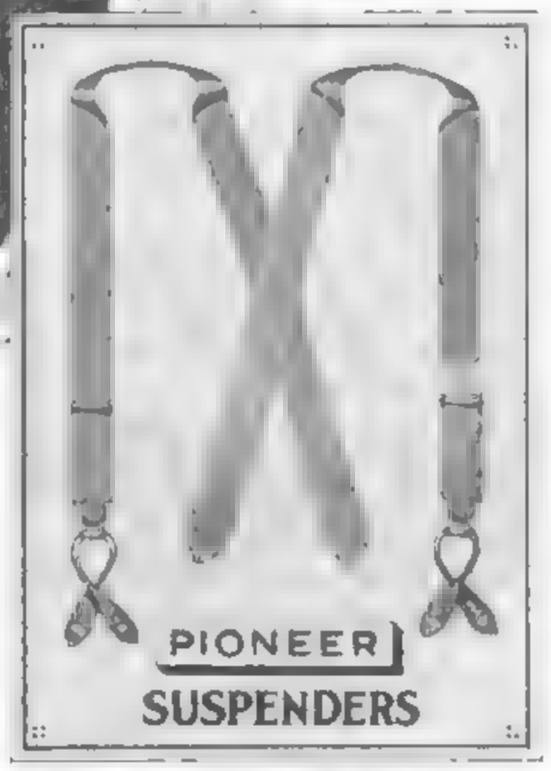
*(Continued on Page 185)*

# For Men Who Appreciate Comfort

*Your legs will thank you*

*Your waist will thank you*

*Three things in a Pioneer Belt give comfort, as well as style—quality of leathers, the right width and the right buckle. What have these to do with your comfort? The proof is in the wearing!*

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## Yes-Your Comfort, Mr. Man

EVER stop to think what makes comfort for you in your dress? It's more than just good clothes—it's the little accessories that support the clothes; the garters; the belt; the suspenders.

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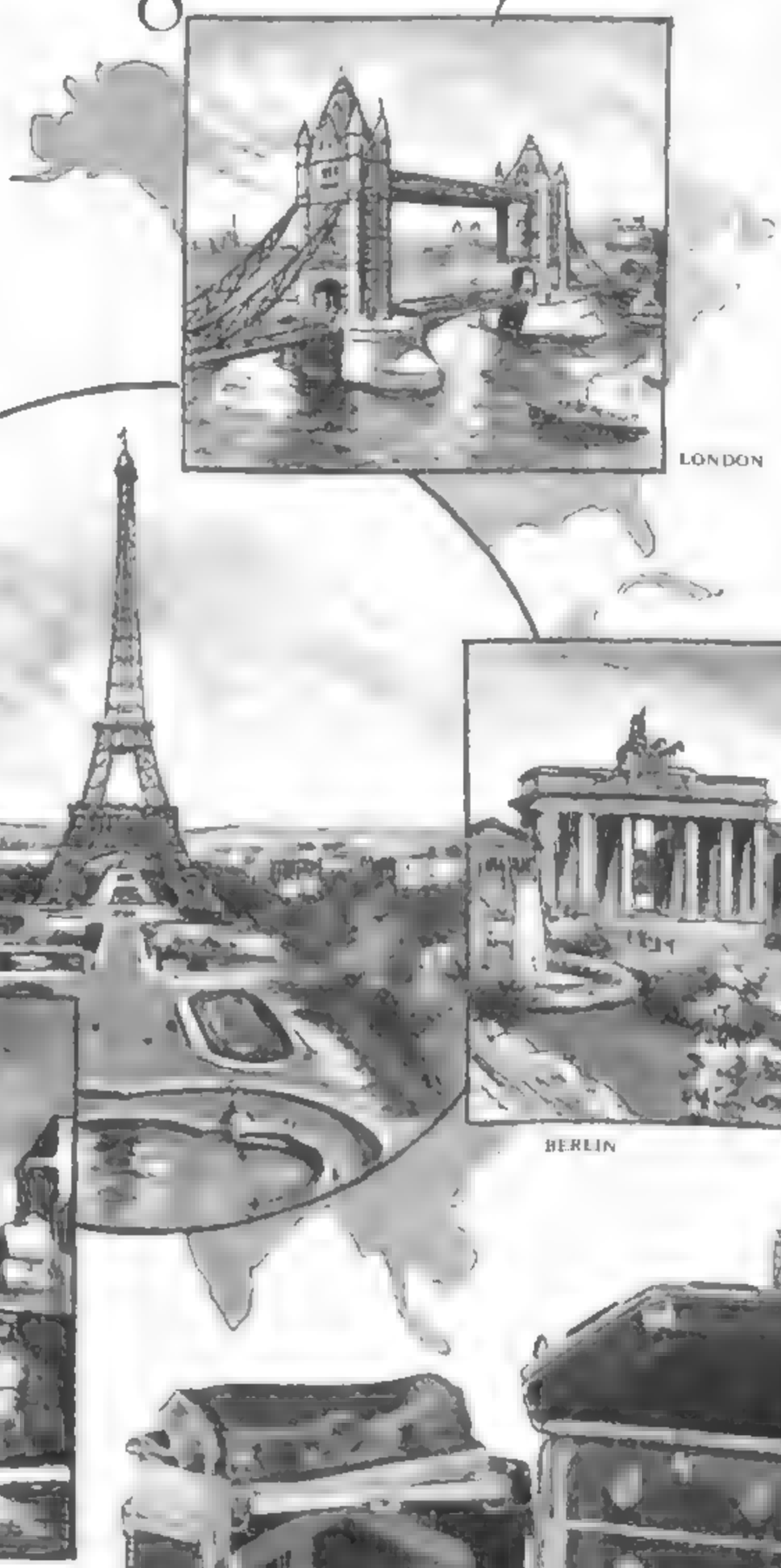


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BE SURE THE RED X HARTMANN IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

(Continued from Page 182)

"Truth of the matter is this, Jasper; I was kind of hasty when I said I'd buy that suit offen you fo' eight hund'ed dollars. I rilly cain't afford no eight hund'ed fo' no suit. Tha's a heap of money."

"Sho is, Brother Mashby."

"But I like you, Jasper, an' I don't crave fo' you to lose no money on account I said I'd buy it. So I has brung with me the five hund'ed dollars you paid fo' that uniform."

Jasper gulped. "You said eight hund'ed, Semore."

"Cain't pay no eight hund'ed. Five is as high as I can go."

Jasper seemed worried. At length he shook his head. "That don't leave me no profit."

"No. It gits you out even, which is a heap better'n you thought you'd be. I gives you five hund'ed, an' ——"

"No." Jasper was weakly determined. "I be'n lookin' at this suit, an' thinkin'. Reckon if I cain't git my th'ee hund'ed dollars' profit, I just keeps the outfit."

And now terror struck fiercely at Semore's avaricious heart. Suppose —— Frantically, Mr. Mashby started to bargain. Jasper was mild and apologetic, but he made it quite clear that he did not intend to part with his cherished uniform for one cent less than eight hundred dollars. Mr. Mashby raved and ranted and tried to tear his minimum of hair. Jasper was not precisely firm, but he was unshakable. Eight hundred or nothing.

A short while later Semore Mashby departed from the Cozy Home Hotel with the complete uniform, including the sword. And in the pockets of Mr. Jasper De Void reposed eight hundred dollars, five hundred of which he had originally paid for the uniform and the other three hundred representing the profit which Florian Slappey had promised.

It was a miserable Mr. Mashby who reported the ghastly details to Florian. They held a mournful conference. They bitterly awaited the arrival of Jupiter Jones. The afternoon wore on. The nerves of Mr. Mashby wore out. There was no sign of L. Jupiter Jones. At six o'clock Semore went in search of him. Mr. Mashby was sad. "All afternoon I been waitin' for you, Jupiter. I got that uniform."

Mr. Jones waved a languid hand. "Tha's all right, Semore. I think maybe I has changed my mind."

Mr. Mashby collapsed. He opened his lips, but no words came forth. Mr. Jones continued with a suave explanation: "I been thinkin' over all what you said 'bout it bein' stravagance fo' me to own such a good suit, Semore, an' I has decided to assept yo' offer of two hund'ed an' fifty dollars not to redeem that uniform back fum you."

For perhaps three minutes Mr. Mashby said nothing. Then he rose to his full five feet of height and proceeded to inform Mr. Jones just exactly what he thought of him. He fairly frothed at the mouth. He recalled his wild session with Jasper De Void. The memory of the eight hundred dollars paid for that suit seared his brain. And now the uniform had once again become a white elephant. It seemed that he was not even to recover the two hundred dollars which had originally been loaned on it.

He quite naturally withdrew his bonus offer. He told L. Jupiter Jones a few things which were not complimentary to Mr. Jones' immediate forbears. Mr. Jones smiled benignly. He made it clear that until twenty-six more days had passed he held an equity of redemption in that uniform, and was privileged to change his mind as often as he pleased.

Semore plumbed the most abysmal depths of misery. He staggered back to his office, where he settled into a state of melancholy coma. Finally he sent for Florian Slappey. That immaculate young man temporarily had lost his insouciance. The horrid miscarriage of his pet scheme had flattened his ego. He and Semore discussed the matter from every angle, and the more they talked the more bewilderingly certain it was that the fates were in league against them.

Florian volunteered such help as he could in the matter of salvaging something from the wreckage. To that end he was dispatched to treat with L. Jupiter Jones. Florian and Jupiter held a lengthy conversation. Mr. Slappey begged and pleaded with Jupiter to redeem his uniform and, finally, Mr. Jones permitted himself to be convinced. He accompanied Florian to Semore's office. He haggled and hesitated and dickered and ducked. When, eventually, he did pay over two hundred dollars cash to Semore Mashby, that thin person was quite convinced that a tremendous favor had been done him.

Bearing the misery-freighted uniform, Mr. Jones turned to go. With his hand on the knob of the door, he faced them. "You-all gemmun gwine be heah long this evenin'?"

"Uh-huh." Semore was crushed. "Florian an' me has got some figgerin' to do."

"Good night," waved L. Jupiter Jones.

"Humph!" grunted the others. Mr. Jones departed.

Bleak misery stalked into that unkempt office and caused the unfortunate conspirators to shiver. Florian smoked cigarette after cigarette. Semore puffed on a malodorous cheroot. Things had happened so swiftly and disastrously that even yet they could not determine where they stood. All they knew was that nothing had gone right which could have gone wrong. Semore was too crushed to rail against Florian. Mr. Slappey was too honestly miserable to attempt an alibi. They merely sat and thought, and the more they thought, the more intensely unhappy they became.

Suddenly the door opened. It opened abruptly and, in the pale yellow frame of the ill-lighted doorway a vision beamed at them. It was Mr. Jasper De Void, of Dothan, Alabama.

But what a Jasper! Mr. De Void gleamed and glittered and shook and scintillated. His lopsided, elongated figure was regally incased in the disputed uniform. Gold lace bedecked Jasper, epaulets shimmered on his narrow shoulders, medals danced on his chest, and at his side the gold sword clanked in martial fashion.

Mr. De Void doffed his plumed hat and bowed low. "Evenin', Semore. Howdy, Florian?"

They stared.

Florian spoke. "I I got a hunch," he murmured weakly, "that somethin' has happened to us."

Semore lurched to his feet. He circled the gorgeously arrayed figure of Jasper De Void. "Where at did you git that uniform, Jasper?"

"I bought it," announced Mr. De Void proudly. "Ever since Florian showed it to me, I be'n cravin' it somethin' terrible."

"You boughten that uniform?"

"I'h-huh!"

Semore blinked. "How much did it cost you?"

Jasper smiled sweetly. "Nothin'," he answered.

They looked at one another. Florian waved limply. "You ask him, Semore. I ain't got the heart."

Semore questioned. "What you mean—it di'n't cost you nothin'?"

"Well, it was thisaway," explained the friendly Mr. De Void: "That fust night I was in Bummin'ham, when us was at the lodge, I got to talkin' with Mistuh L. Jupiter Jones, who you 'traduced me to. I an' he is about the same size an' he was tellin' me 'bout a swell uniform he had pawned with you. He was tellin' me 'bout how he'd be glad to sell his pawn ticket previded he could git any profit out of it. Then right after that Brother Slappey showed me the suit an' I knowed right away that I craved it somethin' fierce. So I went down to Brother Jones an' I give him one hund'ed dollars cash money to sell me his right to redeem the suit back."

"Oh, lawsy! Then tha's why he di'n't assept our cash offer not to redeem it?"

"Y-y-yas-suh. I splained to him that you-all would mos' prob'ly offer him money. But he coul'n't redeem it nohow, 'cause he had sold his rights to me. Then I loaned him two hund'ed dollars to show you fellers, an' afterwards I give him the money to git the suit an' turn it over to me."

Semore pillowed his head on his arms. Florian rose and walked to the window. He murmured a grudging compliment.

"An' me," mourned Florian to Jasper—"I thought you was dumb!"

Mr. Mashby, however, was figuring in dollars and cents. He was trying to understand just how thoroughly he had been trimmed. Presently he raised bloodshot eyes to the resplendent figure of the gentleman from Dothan.

"You—you boughten that suit fo' th'ee hund'ed dollars, Jasper?"

Mr. De Void bowed low. "Uh-huh," he agreed. "This uniform cost me ev'y cent of profit I got out of you!"

"Papa, Someday Will I Grow Up to be a Big Man Like Mamma?"

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*A watch may never lose a second yet be many years slow*

It is not strange that a man should have a deep and abiding attachment for a watch that he has wound and consulted daily for any great length of time . . . For around that watch is a mist of intimate and glorious memories . . . its hands have marked, and perpetuated, the "crowded hours" of his life. If you own such a watch, you cherish it, and rightly, for its loyalty and fond associations, but you probably overlook the fact that in the eyes of others, less kindly and more critical, it is an anachronism . . . a splendid timekeeper perhaps but very much out of key with the times. You regard that watch as an old and faithful servitor; they accept it, hastily and subconsciously, as a gauge of your business and social status . . . Surely, a new and modern Elgin Watch would be a far more honest reflection of yourself. You will know your Elgin is wondrously fine the very moment you first cradle it in your hand, for it has the "feel" of excellence and refinement. And it will stand guard over your minutes and your hours as only a good and true sentinel can. You will ever have faith in its accuracy, and pride in its flawless dignity and charm. Elgin is conceded to be the world's standard for watch integrity, and to such efficiency is wedded exquisite beauty of design.

THE WATCH WORD FOR ELEGANCE AND EFFICIENCY

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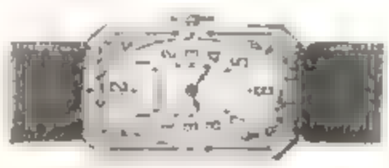

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*Your [illegible] will show these and other Elgins in [illegible]. No other watch is offered in so generous [illegible] assortment of styles nor at a price range so liberal*

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# HE RIDES ALONE

(Continued from Page 7)

relationships since the war. Furthermore it is the one great power which has the rather slow-moving process of formulating important foreign policies by reviewing the President's ideas through debate in Congress. Public opinion in the United States still is slow with the majority but fast with the organized minorities. Hasty pop-gun opinion, sentimental hurry, theorists, professional Paul Reveres and theological Phil Sheridans come riding in all covered with foam, and may do more to aid a case against the United States than the exchange of a year's painstaking diplomatic correspondence.

"The way the subversive red elements are able, through some of their key leaders, to round up a lot of prayerful, earnest Americans under the banners of love, freedom and brotherhood is already positively amusing. But, after all, the way to success is not only to be feeding propaganda to these organized minorities whose mouths are wide open for feeding. The shortest way to success in making discord among the Americans is to get Borah charging through the jungle. He is so listened to that we ought to get him talking on our side.

"It will be a delicate job, because Borah must know nothing of it. Nothing can buy him; he is still a poor man. Nothing can nose-ring his conscience; he is a brave man. For these reasons he is a thousand times more useful to us if we can get him with some soft music—Hearts and Flowers—and a deskful of letters written by disloyal or Red or deceived Americans who will tell him that outrages are about to be done at the crossroads or by the old mill."

### *Improving Our Technic*

It must not be forgotten that Borah was for recognition of Russia or that he campaigned for our Government to summon an economic conference at a time when everyone knew that such a conference would be a meeting of debtors at the home of the creditor to decide what the future of the creditor should be. It must not be forgotten that as chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee he has taken the attitude—even publicly and with a sincere air of innocence—that the President and the State Department and their acts and deeds are subjects to be checked up and slowed down by methods which those who are not friendly to Borah call detective junketing to Central America or love notes to Calles, General Delivery, Mexico City.

The President still greets Borah with a smile, and Borah is—astounding as it may seem—quite unconscious of giving aid and comfort to corrupt and anti-American elements in countries whose friendship we seek to preserve. I believe that though he prefers to ride alone, he is riding with conscience as his guide, and that this is all comparatively harmless enough while Borah's conscience is not whistled into a real pitfall by some foreign plot or by some subversive red group.

But, after all, there is increasing power in the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, and increasing danger that between the State Department and that committee there will some day be such a misunderstanding of signals that the United States will drop the ball and the other side will fall on it. It is all very well for President Coolidge to feel certain of the finality of many of his decisions. But his decisions must be made upon information that cannot be dumped about and blabbed around, because if it were it would invite rather than allay controversy with our neighbors in the family of nations, and means must be devised for the right team play in such cases by the Foreign Relations Committee.

For instance, although Secretary Kellogg has been blamed for it, it was not he but Mexico which withheld for a long time the publication of correspondence between the governments. And again, though defenders of the reds and pinks of Moscow, of sovietism, of Bolshevism and of whatever name one wants to attach to subversive and revolutionary adherents, say that Kellogg's evidence of subversive elements in Mexico was slight, this is not because of Kellogg's secrecy, but because the Foreign Relations Committee would authorize publication of a minor part only of the testimony Kellogg gave.

No one stands more strongly than I for all the information needed for the American people to decide finally their own foreign policy. We could greatly improve our present skill in getting out to the American people a clear picture of what we are doing. It is a skill which comes with practice and we are gradually improving our methods. Let us realize, however, that no foreign office in the world can engage in absolute pitiless publicity and live—without war.

The declaration of pitiless publicity is a declaration either of greenness or of hypocrisy. How easily demonstrated! Take three cases:

1. Our Government is obtaining information from certain sources indicating unfriendly plans by another nation. To disclose this information would immediately expose its source and cut off further flow of such information.

2. Two European powers consult us as to our attitude in case they jointly undertake a venture they have in their minds to suppress an evil influence being exercised by a third power against a backward and helpless nation. To give out to the press that we have been consulted, or even that we have said that we have no objection to such a plan, would be to disclose the plans and confidences of friendly nations. They would soon learn that we were wholly untrustworthy and indeed dangerous correspondents. Those who cannot see that business between two or more nations requires that all—not one—must agree to publicity are marked for little above failure in any intelligence test.

3. We learn that another nation—or two or three acting together—is fomenting revolution in an imaginary country in Central America in order to embarrass us, to gain control for selfish ends, to menace the defense of the Panama Canal. The proof is overwhelming, but there is no criminal court of international law where we can go to ask for indictments and conviction. To give out such proof as we have may precipitate war, whereas withholding publicity and quietly insisting that the plot shall stop may lead to a silent victory and contribute to the world's peace. It may be argued that a vicious President and a crooked and dishonest Secretary of State might hide behind such situations, but who really believes that?

### *On the Witness Stand*

The truth is that there is no foreign office in Europe one-half so answerable currently or ultimately to the people as ours. Someone says that in Europe the foreign ministers are brought before parliaments for interrogation. This is true. I have had many reports of such interrogations; they are sessions presided over by evasion or by the repeated declaration that to answer would be detrimental to His Majesty's or some other government. It is ridiculous for any citizenship anywhere, at any time, to pick someone to deal with foreign affairs and then ask to have the whole watch taken apart for them every ten minutes; it is as ridiculous as taking your watch to a watch repairer only to snatch it out of his hand every time he touches it with a tool.

I agree—we all agree—with Borah that the Senate Foreign Relations Committee—and above all its chairman—has a high duty to perform in making it impossible for any Administration to carry on foreign affairs so as to misrepresent the aims and well-considered desires of the people of the United States. Treaties and appointments must be made with the advice and consent of the Senate. How much current dealing with current questions should be hampered by the Senate Foreign Relations Committee or its chairman is a question which we must face.

A man who rides alone—who has as much conscience as Borah and yet has never been abroad to taste the flavor of various civilizations, or to learn the sagacity and conspiracy of nations longer versed than we are in the subtleties of plot and propaganda—might do us great good, but sometime an irreparable injury.

### *Latest Fashions in War*

It is no secret that his advocacy of the outlawry of war caused amusement in sophisticated circles abroad. Outlawing war not only is an attempt to make mere words more forceful than they are; but even if war were outlawed and not a single outlaw could be found, it is well known that world violence in the near future, bloodshed and trouble and waste, will not be caused by nations declaring war openly, but from competitive nations playing world politics, entering into Mexico or China, Albania or Nicaragua, Morocco or Egypt, and playing the rôle of trouble makers.

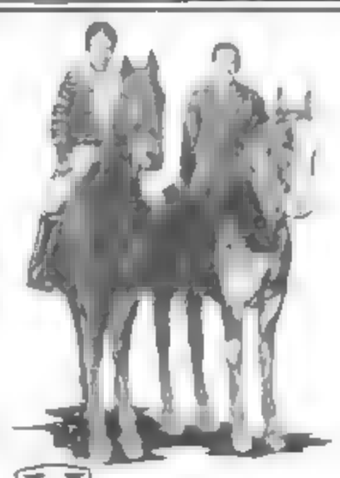
Moscow has done more damage in China already than anything her entire army could do. She has not declared war, but she has set fire to another country. This is the new style—the 1927 and immediate-future fashion of war making—and Borah's outlawry of war is impotent and even inapplicable. The stirring up of mobs of backward peoples, many of them incapable of self-government, and certain to create disorder if abandoned by foreign influence, is going to be the world's next big crime wave.

Borah's code does not even consider it. On the contrary, one finds Borah rather deceived by what is commonly spoken of in a tremolo voice as the "aspiration of oppressed peoples for a glorious new nationalism." In this Hearts-and-Flowers atmosphere, bandits hired for a few sen or a few pesos a day become patriots; a contract by a foreigner to do a job on a cost-plus basis becomes an exploiting concession; a group of crooked nations that want power and the loot become haloed peers of Washington and Lincoln, and fourteen million poor illiterates in one country and four hundred million in another who really need all the help that expanding civilization can bring to them, become through the necromancy of oratory, philosophers and art critics, self-governing and capable and on the whole superior to Christians and quite within their rights if their motto is—Hydrophobia!

He rides alone. It is an admirable trait. He sees few people and reads much. He rides Jester—alone—for about two hours in the morning, goes to the Capitol and meets his stack of mail at 10:30 or eleven, and then is off to the Senate. Borah is a floor man, as they say; he is a floor strategist and a watchdog. He is ready in debate, seldom writes his speeches, because, as he has said to me, "The existence of a manuscript gives me a sense of restriction and rigidity." He likes to speak. He makes up his own mind. It is an admirable trait, that.

But is it the best trait for a chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee of the Senate? We shall soon see. The chairman has become a large figure, not only because foreign affairs have become so much larger and so mobile but because Borah is a large resounding personality. He serves us well by ringing fire alarms. But a few false alarms would make us cynical about our rather awkward, though virtuous and really precious, system of democratic control of vital foreign policies. It might do worse. It might add some day to the power of those

(Continued on Page 189)

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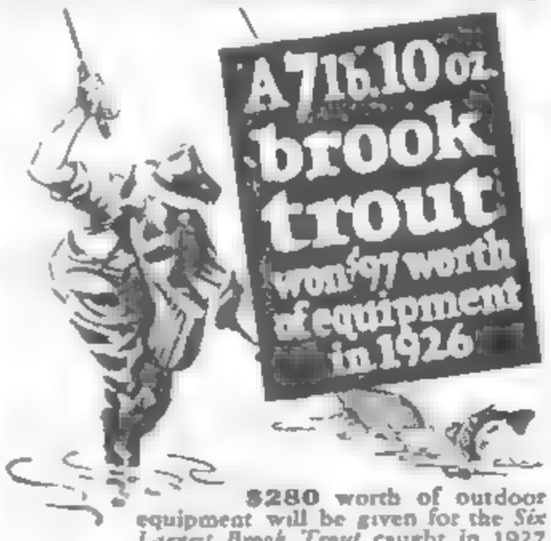


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Radiant colors! Delightful finishes! Novel effects! These papers, of wide price range, provide a Decorative background for your advertising.

Simplicity and *Strathmore* Expressive Papers

Bonds, Writings Books, Covers

(Continued from Page 187)

who intrigue against the United States, upholding them in their propaganda and helping them to their indecent ends.

The observer in Washington over a period of many years of our developing foreign relations must see that Borah, with his great qualities, has a tremendous chance.

He can pull the two ends of Pennsylvania Avenue apart on foreign affairs if he insists too much on riding alone. His opportunity is really a great opportunity. Without sacrificing his power to battle with evil tendencies, he can pull the two ends of the avenue together.

As I have seen it, that is Borah's constructive job. It is not a job in which to ride alone

More frequent consultation between the Foreign Relations Committee and the State Department would help matters a great deal. A liberal, like Borah, could be helpful at times in preventing the ripening of difficulties which later he criticizes from the floor of the Senate or in public addresses. He criticizes quite regardless of party considerations or his own future. He criticizes with thundering eloquence and makes clamorous charges through a jungle of facts to seek the light of truth so that he may turn it upon whatever he considers evil.

He is a great blue pencil!

He is sometimes an admirable brake.

He occasionally is a devastating critic.

No one wants us to lack intelligent criticism in our democratic system any more than we want criticism which is green with innocence and inexperience, laden with professional theory or sentimentality and innocence, whipped up by foreign propaganda working on our so-called better natures or organized by subversive foreign-born, red-tinted conspirators of confusion. In an emergency such as that which prevented our joining the League of Nations before the people of the United States had a chance to wipe that proposal off the slate, Borah's devastating criticism was invaluable. It was a great vital issue and he held the fort until the masses could join him.

He is courageous enough to stand against the assaults of these organized minorities who would devitalize American traditions, or who have been sheep-herded into a benevolent gallop toward purposes which lack sagacity. And in the main, with his rough-and-ready good sense, he is wise enough. He is a good critic.

### *A Gag of Confidence*

His coöperation is faulty—that is the trouble. Perhaps there is some blame, too, at the other end of the Avenue. We need more team play. It is a serious and humiliating state of affairs if a voice with as much carrying power as Borah's stirs up in foreign lands resistance to our just requirements, resentment against our positions and unfounded suspicion against our plans. There is nothing at present seriously upset between Borah and the Executive end of the Avenue; the reports of breaks and irreconcilable differences make good news stories for passing attention, and, accumulating, they produce the effect of a snarling atmosphere which has no reality. The serious danger is not that we believe that Borah is undermining the work of our State Department; the serious danger is that foreigners and foreign groups believe it; for to the extent that they believe it, the position of the United States is, indeed, undermined.

The way to avoid that is for Borah to come closer to the source of developments. If he helped to build more windmills, he would have to charge less of them. It is evident from the bare facts that some of his utterances as to Nicaragua and Mexico would not have been made after a careful balancing of his own information with that of the State Department.

It is a fact also that a proposal made by a member of the Foreign Relations Committee for informal collaborative sittings with the State Department met with Borah's disapproval. Borah no doubt believes that his reasons for that disapproval were valid. Briefly, his apparent objection to such suggestions is based upon the thought that if too much confidential information were thus transmitted from the State Department there would gradually be woven a kind of gag of confidence which would prevent a dissenter or critic in the Senate committee from appealing to public opinion. He has no great natural liking for discretion. The same man with a long foreign experience might have acquired it—a good deal against his own inclination, but for good practical reasons. Even in his frankness with newspaper men he sometimes makes a big story at what appears to be the expense of the public interest.

There is something dreadful about a position which rejects information and avoids closest coöperation during the ripening of a situation merely to be sure that in the end criticism and rebuke may have no trammels. This is equal to standing aloof while the pie is being cooked in order to be able to condemn the bakery.

### *Into the Whirlpool*

If we could get the service of Borah in construction and prevention instead of in criticism and destruction, we would have from him a better service.

One who wishes to guard carefully against any vital changes in our foreign relations and policy without the consent of our public opinion must necessarily sympathize with Borah in a desire to maintain a good fire-alarm system not only to call attention if an Administration is departing from sound and humanitarian policies but also to expose attempts of organized sentimental or subversive minorities to run our foreign affairs by crank power. But there is as good even if less showy a result where the coöperation stops wrong tendencies at the source. It is a better result than when denunciation is aimed at action already taken.

There is no clear way to alter our machinery to obtain greater coöperation in keeping a solid front in foreign relations, with the Executive and Senate working together. The suggestion of having a Secretary of State who appears periodically in the Senate to answer interrogations raises as much prospect of gaining dissent as it does of gaining any sympathetic understanding. If a Secretary of State is unable from time to time to make clear his position to the people without disclosing the confidences of other nations or being dangerously garrulous, it is a misfortune, but probably no rule or regulation will repair it.

We have been plunged in a short space of time into a whirlpool of foreign relations presenting constantly new problems. We have a republic sometimes controlled yesterday by one party and its elected candidates and tomorrow by another whose policies in foreign affairs may be different. We cannot afford to become enmeshed in alliances and subtleties possible to nations, whatever the structure of their governments, whose foreign relations are always based upon a constancy and a tradition carried out by a permanent bureaucracy. We cannot, without sacrificing our practice of consulting the people, join in ventures with others where quick and final answers must be given. Sometimes we will appear rather clumsy and awkward, but our democratic system is the best guaranty against hasty war measures in the whole world. Probably it is proof against the theorists and the cranks and the forces of confusion that plot to bring down our structure so that they may loot the remains and raise a communist or socialist internationalism on our ruins.

The problem of closer coöperation and less bad team play between the two ends of the Avenue is largely a personal problem. It is solved less by devising new machinery than by the coöperation of good men.

If Borah is to help in solving that problem in that way—well, most of us feel that he must sacrifice for the good of the nation some part of that instinct to ride alone.


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# NOW ASK ME ONE

(Continued from Page 17)

I catches what I thinks is a touch of sarcasm in Dan's tone.

"It's possible," says I, "that I'm not going in for the right kind of training to take a fall out of this quiz racket, but there's one thing I'm darn sure of."

"One myth?" inquires Graff.

"It's no myth," I snaps, "that anything that Spencer can do along the brain way, I can. I went to school as many weeks as he did, I can get as many miles to the gallon of gray matter as he can, and my memory is as good as that ash can's."

"I believe you," admits Dan, "but you're not as slick as he is."

"How do you mean 'slick'?" I asks.

"You don't imagine," demands Graff, "that Harold could tell you quick a week ago who the twelve disciples were or who painted the murals in the Pitti Palace, do you?"

"How, then," I wants to know, "did he pick up the info?"

"Out of the back of the book, sap," returns Dan. "Didn't you notice at Minnie's that the answers to all the questions were in the rear pages?"

"No, I didn't," says I, "and I never saw her turning to the back of the book for 'em either."

"Minnie didn't have to," explains Graff. "She's a smart hen, and besides she probably went all over the answers before she sprung her gag."

"Very interesting," I remarks, "but what's all this got to do with Harold's knowing pronto that Sir Isaac Newton painted Paradise Lost?"

"You mean," says Dan, "sculptured it. Paradise Lost ain't a painting."

"Let's not quarrel," I suggests; "but tell me ——"

"I'll tell you," interrupts Graff. "Of course I can't swear to it, but I'll bet a hundred to one that Spencer knew about the Q and A book that Minnie had, went out and got himself one, learned the answers like a parrot and then strutted his stuff. You know what a four-flusher and grand-stand player he is."

"By gosh!" I exclaims. "I think you're right. I remember now, he answered some of the questions before Minnie got halfway through with 'em. Well, that makes it easy."

"Easy?" queries Dan.

"Sure," says I. "All I got to do is get the same book and parrot up on the answers."

"If you got the kind of luck that I have," growls Graff, "you'll spend a week neglecting your poker and form sheets for the quiz book, and when you're all set, Minnie or whoever is staging the ask-me crime will have a brand-new batch of questions—a batch you'll be about as familiar with as a blind Swede is with the color scheme of Peruvian hatbands. If you—just a minute; I got an idea."

"After all these years!" I exclaims.

"Listen," goes on Dan, all excited. "What'd you give to grade a hundred on a set of Minnie's questions and ——"

"My right arm," I cuts in.

"—— at the same time," continues Graff, "show up Harold for the faker he is?"

"The other arm," I returns, prompt.

"Stack your arms," orders Dan; "I can't use 'em. Got fifty bucks?"

"Not to finance another sable coat with," says I, cautious.

"Forget sable coats," growls Graff. "Pass over the fifty and I'll pass over the idea. If it doesn't click with you, try to get the dough back."

"Fire!" says I, reducing the roll.

"Down at the print shop," begins Dan, "I got a young college feller named Simpson who's all a-clutter with useless facts. With your jack I'll have him get up about a hundred questions and answers, print 'em in booklets and have a few distributed where they'll do the most good."

"To me and Minnie, you mean," I guesses, catching a glint of the scheme.

"To you and Minnie, and Harold," smiles the side kick.

"Harold?" I frowns. "I don't get you. Isn't it your idea to let me have the questions and answers private and exclusive until I match 'em up in my mind and then fix it for the Salter dame to spring 'em at a party?"

"In a way," nods Dan, "but you and Harold are to get the list at the same time."

"Gimme back my fifty," I snaps.

"I haven't finished yet," says Graff. "Get this into your head and keep it there: With the exception of the first one, every answer will be wrong."

"Wrong!" I gasps.

"In the wrong spots," explains Dan. "The answer to question Number 3 will be Number 2 in back of the booklet. In other words, the real answers will all be moved up one. You'll know that, but your boy friend won't."

I do some silent thinking. "What about the answer to Number 2," I asks, "and the last one?"

"If you got to be a hog," comes back Graff, "I'll have Simpson tell you on the quiet. How does the idea hit you?"

"Not so good," says I. "Harold may be a terrible flathead, but out of a hundred questions he's sure to know the right answers to a couple, and that'll tip him to all the rest of 'em being out of line."

"If they were ordinary ticklers, he would," returns Dan; "but I'm going to have the college lad fix up the toughest kind with answers that sound like they might be O. K. I'm not going to pull anything like 'Pike's Peak' being the answer to 'How many commandments are there and what's happened to 'em?' Even you, with a little help, could dope out that was wrong."

"Leave 'even me' out," I yelps, "and gimme my fifty dollars' worth of details."

"What more do you want to know?" demands Graff.

"How," I inquires, "are we going to get the books where we want 'em?"

"That's easy," says Dan. "We'll send one each to Minnie and Harold, with a note your gum chewer can write, saying that the Hooey Publishing Company heard they were bear cats at the Q and A, and felt they'd be interested in a sample copy, and so forth. In the note to Spencer we can tip off that a copy's been also sent to the Salter sciatica. That'll make him hot to cram up on the answers. As for the rest, you got enough brains, haven't you, to make Minnie trot out the book when, as and if needed?"

"Did you ever stop and figure," I asks, "that Mrs. Salter'll get wise to the ball-up the minute she takes a peek at the answers?"

"What if she does get wise?" returns Graff. "So much the better. Don't you see what a perfect show-up that'd make of Harold?"

"I don't know," says I, dubious. "There are too many ands, ifs and buts about it to suit me. What ——"

"Where's there anything to worry about?" cuts in Dan. "Even if it flops cold as far as Spencer is concerned, ain't it worth fifty berries to you to stand up and answer deep questions as fast as they're thrown at you? Won't it make your home life sweeter?"

"That it will," I admits, seeing the light, "but where do you figure in this? Don't you want to play along?"

"I'd love it," says Graff, "but I got to leave town for a couple of weeks. I'll have Simpson get the stuff out and in your hands in a few days. Then, just as soon as you get the answers down pat, frame your party. Don't forget the correct ones will be moved a line up."

"I'll remember it," says I, "from the wheeze: How high is up?"

(Continued on Page 193)

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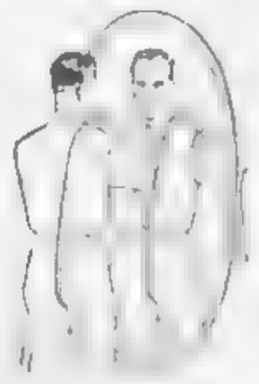

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# *Fenestra* CASEMENTS

DETROIT STEEL PRODUCTS COMPANY, C-2340 EAST GRAND BOULEVARD, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

(Continued from Page 190)

"Yeh," grins Dan, "and if everything works out all right you'll have Harold mumbling, 'How low is down?'"

III

IN THE next few days I lets the idea percolate through the parish that I've gone rabid on reading. I come home with a book, lug one to the dinner table, and no sooner have I got my nose out of the feed bag than I rush up to my den with another. Bess takes it all with puzzled suspicion.

"I'm happy only when I'm with my books," I tells her, solemn, when she makes some crack about me taking her to a movie, "and every moment I steal from them is——"

"Kind of a sudden shift from bookies to books, isn't it?" she cuts in.

"Yes," I admits, "and I owe it to you for opening my eyes. Think of the years I've let go by without tasting the delights of Shakspere's Dante Inferno. What a wonderful character that Inferno is!"

"You spending all your time with Shakspere?" inquires the missis.

"No," says I. "Tonight I shall while away a few hours with Gilbert and Sullivan."

"Only happy when you're with your books, eh?" sneers the wife. "No time for me, but hours for that low-down Baldy Sullivan. Who's Gilbert? Another pool-room athlete?"

"May I suggest," says I, gentle, "that you look into some of the modern poets? See that I'm not disturbed," I adds, starting out of the room. "I shall probably read till dawn peeps into my windowpane."

Until I'm sure Bess had gone to bed I fusses around with solitaire, with a book at hand for a quick pick-up in case she should crash the den. I also looks over the titles of some uncut volumes shelved against the wall to hide a crack, just so I'll have a few high-hat names to spring at our table talks. As for reading, the entries at Tijuana and the results at Hialeah satisfy my craving.

At the end of the week Simpson sends me over the booklets—a dozen of 'em, got up in snappy style, with a colored-paper cover and all the trimmings to make it look like an up-and-up proposition. On the front is printed NOW ASK ME ONE and the name of the publisher, THE REKAF COMPANY—the backward spelling being a little touch of Graff's for a final break-off into Harold.

After having my steno write the notes that Dan had suggested, I incloses 'em with the books and sends 'em off to Minnie and Spencer. Then I turns to the questions.

Simpson's sure done a job of work on them. There isn't one I could have answered on a bet. They're all about who wrote this, who painted that, the date of such and the why of something else. The answers mean even less to me than the questions. There isn't a Shakspere, Mike Angelo or Wagner in the whole smear. Dan's college lad must have dug deep into the dust for his stuff.

That night and the next I do some real studying up in my den. Remembering a hundred answers you don't care anything about to a hundred questions you're not interested in is not the biggest snap in the world, but I finally shows 'em who's the master

"You look kind of pale," remarks Bess, the day after I takes my degree of Q. P.—question proof. "Aren't you making that one-cylinder brain of yours climb too many hills?"

"Perhaps," I returns wanly, "but as Plato said to George Eliot, 'Where art is concerned, no grade's too steep'—and those two Roman gents knew their legumes. However, now that you mention it, I believe I would enjoy a bit of recreation."

"Fine!" exclaims Bess. "How about taking in the picture show? They're playing Hell-Bent for Hell down at the Royal Bijou."

"No, no," I shudders delicately. "Nothing so low or crude."

"Well," suggests the frau, "they're giving a play in the original Hungarian in a barn down at Greenwich Village. How'd you like to put on a dirty shirt and see that?"

"You know," I announces suddenly, "I think I'd enjoy a question-and-answer evening."

"I see," retorts the missis, "your idea of recreation is to embarrass me."

"Embarrass you?" I puzzles.

"I suppose," snaps Bess, "you think I have a great time watching you expose your ignorance. I haven't got over the last session yet."

"In me, my dove," says I, "you see a different man, broader——"

"Thicker, perhaps," cuts in the wife. "I guess you figure that reading three or four books makes you the big answer man of America."

"You'd be surprised," says I, "how good your pet provider's got to be. Do me a favor," I goes on. "Call up Minnie and ask her to have us and the Spencers over this evening."

"Very well," shrugs Bess. "Anything to get out of this house," and she goes to the phone.

My plan of campaign's all set. If Minnie pulls out the old question book, I'll protest nobly that it isn't fair, on account of me having read the answers in back, and urge her to trot out another set.

That, I figures, is bound to bring forth the doped list.

"Get your hat and coat," says the frau, returning. "We're going over to Minnie's."

"How about the Spencers?" I asks anxiously.

"They're having dinner there," replies Bess. "I could hear Harold laughing when Minnie told me she had a new bunch of questions to try out on you men. What a boob he'll make out of you again!"

"Not to change the subject," says I, "you want a sable coat, don't you?"

"What would I do with a sable?" comes back the wife, sarcastic. "I wouldn't have a pair of shoes to match it."

"I'll make you a bet," I goes on. "If I don't answer more questions correct than Harold does tonight, I'll give you five grand for a pelt. If I do, you're not to mention furs for a year. How about it?"

"All right," says Bess. "The worst that can happen to me is a tie if Harold should get lockjaw and writer's cramp."

Only the Spencers are with Mrs. Salter when we gets to her house.

"I hear," says Harold, greeting me with one of his grating grins, "you've gone in for reading."

"Oh," I returns, careless, "just enough to get a half nelson on this questionnaire bunk."

"It'd take you ten years," comes back Spencer, "even to make a dent. How many questions do you think you can answer on the strength of a week's reading?"

"At least as many as you," I snaps.

"Last week," observes Harold, "you muffed 'em all. Now you——"

"This is this week," I tells him coldly, "and I'll bet you fifty, or an installment on your wife's sable, that I'll answer more than you do."

"Any questions?" he asks eagerly.

"Any," says I, "that Minnie produces."

"I just got a new set," gushes the old gal, bustling up about this time, and she holds out the product of the Rekaf Company. "Have you seen it before?"

"No," shrugs Harold, handling the book, "but they're all simple to a trained mind."

"It's a stranger to me," says I, "but with a few days' reading you can answer all them questions without any trouble."

Minnie looks at me kind of pityingly and the wife slips me a sniff

"I'm curious," remarks the Salter wench, seating herself, "to see how many of the questions Harold can answer. I've glanced at only a few, but they seem rather difficult."

"To you and Harold, maybe," I growls, "but not to me. Suppose," I suggests, "you try him on the first ten, then me on the

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same number, and so on. He and I have a little wager on the result."

"A hundred, wasn't it?" inquires Spencer.

"No," says I. "Two hundred. Correct?"

Harold grins a quick confirmation. I got no more chance of collecting a couple of centuries from that installment hound than I have of singing a soprano sextet, but I want a moral mortgage on the flat tire. Besides, what difference does the amount make, when I can't lose?

"Who," begins Minnie, "wrote Jonathan Wild?"

"Henry Fielding," comes back Spencer, glib and with a sort of bored nonchalance. "Born in 1707; died in 1754."

Mrs. Salter smiles approval and I hears Bess and Harold's wife suck in their breaths in admiration. I'm happy too. It's a cinch from the exact way the question's answered that Spencer had conned it right out of the back of the book. I leans forward, all taut, for the next query—and the blow-off.

"When," goes on Minnie, "did Benvenuto Cellini live, and name one of his masterpieces?"

"Born in 1809," returns Harold easily; "died in 1894. The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

"Oh, heavens, no," gasps the Salter wench. "Cellini lived back in the sixteenth century and ——"

"You must be mistaken," cuts in Spencer, a little pale. "Look in back of the book."

"Have they got the answers printed?" I asks, all ge-thrilled with joy.

"But I'm not mistaken," insists Minnie; "and certainly Cellini didn't write The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table. It was written by ——"

"Look in back of the book," demands Harold again, peevish.

"Very well," says Minnie coldly, "if you wish to insult my intelligence ——"

"And mine," I adds.

"—— I will do so," she finishes, and thumbs back to the rear pages. She glances up and down the first row of answers and back and forth between them and the questions with a puzzled frown.

"Funny," she announces at length. "The answers aren't in the right order. All of them seem to be out of line. Apparently a printer's error."

"You sure?" mumbles Spencer.

With a frigid stare, Minnie rises, walks over to a bookcase, opens a volume of the encyclopedia and lays it flat on Harold's lap.

He reads to himself with trembly lips.

"Shall I proceed with the quiz?" asks Mrs. Salter icily, when Spencer looks up, and he nods a dazed assent.

No guy going through the third degree at headquarters ever suffered like Harold does in the next ten or fifteen minutes. Cold sweat sticks out on his forehead and his lips are bitten red. Before the end of the torture's reached he loses control and abuses Minnie for not treating him fair or framing him or something. That draws a snappy comeback from the old dame.

"It's peculiar, isn't it," says she, "that all your wrong answers are perfectly right—too perfectly—if fitted to an adjoining question? The only one of the ten that you did get correct happens to be lined up properly."

"I never saw this book before in my life," snarls Spencer.

"Or any other, apparently," I remarks pleasantly. "Now ask me one," says I to Mrs. Salter, at the same time tossing a confident grin towards the frau, who's regarding the crushed Harold with a mixture of suspicion and pity.

"Who," inquires Minnie, "was Galahad?"

"Easy," I returns. "A Spanish explorer who discovered the Mississippi River."

Instead of a smile of approval from Mrs. Salter, a stiff, haughty look creeps into her map.

"Are you men," she demands, "trying to play a practical joke on me?"

"Joke?" I repeats dully. "Why?"

"Galahad," snaps Minnie, "wasn't a Spaniard nor an explorer nor did he have anything whatever to do with the Mississippi River."

"You sure?" I mutters, and I feels something cold on my forehead.

"Quite," bites off the lady.

"Give me another question," says I, getting my nerve back. Probably I'd only twisted one and the others would be O. K.

"Who," asks Minnie, kind of weary, "was the ferryman of the Styx?"

"William Makepeace Thackeray," I comes back, "born in ——"

"That'll be all," blazes Mrs. Salter and angrily tosses the booklet from her.

Five minutes later me and Bess are on our way home, me grouching to myself.

"You'd better get back to your books," suggests the madam. "You're only happy when among them"

"Well, anyhow," I growls, "I did as well as the perfect Harold did."

"You did not," reminds the frau. "He got one answer right. However," she goes on, "you don't have to get me a sable. A skunk will do."

The first thing the next morning I dashes into Dan's print shop and gets hold of Simpson.

"What'd you do with this book?" I yelps, holding out a copy. "Didn't you follow Graff's instructions?"

"I did," replies the college lad. "I moved every answer a line out of place."

"Up?" I asks.

"No," comes back Simpson. "I understood him to say he wanted each answer down one, so I ——"

Now I know how low is down.

*Grandma: "I've Forgotten the Name of the Record But It Goes Something Like This"*

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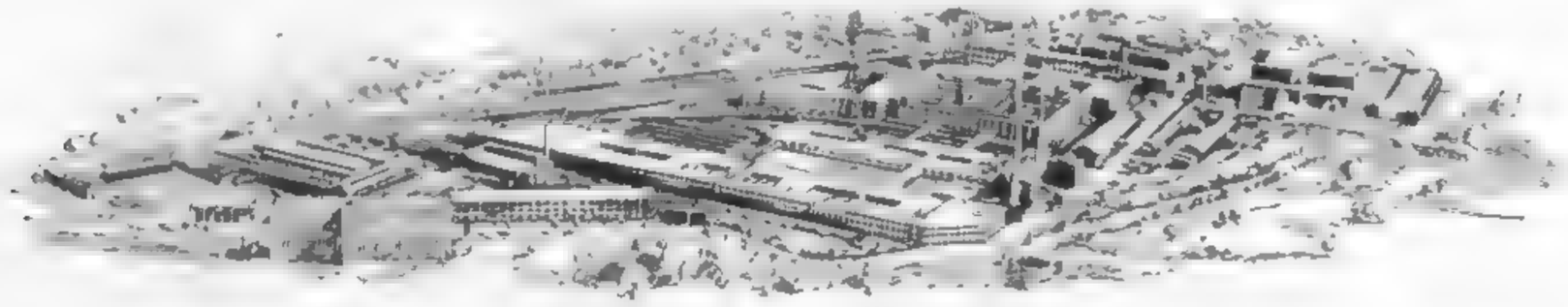


# *The Toledo Chamber of Commerce*

# A. E. F.

(Continued from Page 29)

were withdrawn from Gouraud's army on June eighteenth and added to the First American Army Corps in front of Château-Thierry. It had lost 450 killed and 1300 wounded. The One Hundred and Sixty-sixth Infantry, an Ohio regiment, had repulsed seven successive attacks on the morning of July fifteenth.

Von Boehm's Seventh Army, however, had crossed the Marne, seized the ridges on the south side in places and penetrated as far as six miles against Berthelot and the right flank of Degoutte's army. Our Third Division, which had arrived in France only in April and had been rushed to the Marne June first before its training was finished, was in the thick of this fight, defending the Summerlin brook, the valley of which contained two good roads and a branch railroad leading off southward toward the Paris-Nancy line. With the Champagne attack a failure the enemy threw additional forces into the Marne battle. On our side Foch rushed up DeMitry's reserve army, the Ninth, and took over all Degoutte's battle line south of the Marne on the night of the fifteenth.

Runners and the signal-corps battalion of the Third suffered in the preliminary bombardment in their efforts to maintain communications. Then, behind smoke screens and a barrage, the enemy crossed the river on rafts, collapsible canvas boats and pontoons on the front of three of the four infantry regiments of the Third Division, the Seventh, Thirtieth and Thirty-eighth. In a counter attack the Seventh Regiment exposed its flank and Companies I and F were all but annihilated. One platoon of Company C of the Thirty-eighth Regiment was destroyed in its gallant defense of the Marne crossing. The Thirty-eighth held the mouth of the Summerlin Valley. On its left the enemy pushed through the Thirtieth Infantry and gained the heights west of Mezy in spots, exposing that flank of the Thirty-eighth. On their right the enemy drove through the French and captured the St.-Agnan Ridge, turning the other flank of the Thirty-eighth.

### *Rock of the Marne*

With both flanks assailed this young regiment, making its first battle stand, accomplished the difficult tactical maneuver of turning its right to face the enemy on a new front. There was nothing missing in this sanguinary fight which earned the Thirty-eighth the proud title of the Rock of the Marne—gas, high explosives, machine guns, hand grenades, rifles at white-of-eye range, smoke screens, hand-to-hand bayonet and pistol fighting, and boche airplanes swooping and spraying lead.

The right-flank maneuver was the beginning of the enemy's undoing here. Of the work of this regiment, commanded by Col. U. G. McAlexander, of the Regular Army, General Pershing said in his final report: "A single regiment of the Third Division wrote one of the most brilliant pages in our military annals. It prevented the crossing at certain points on its front, while on either flank the Germans, who had gained a footing, pressed forward. Our men, firing in three directions, met the German attacks with counter attacks at critical points and succeeded in throwing two German divisions into complete confusion, capturing 600 prisoners."

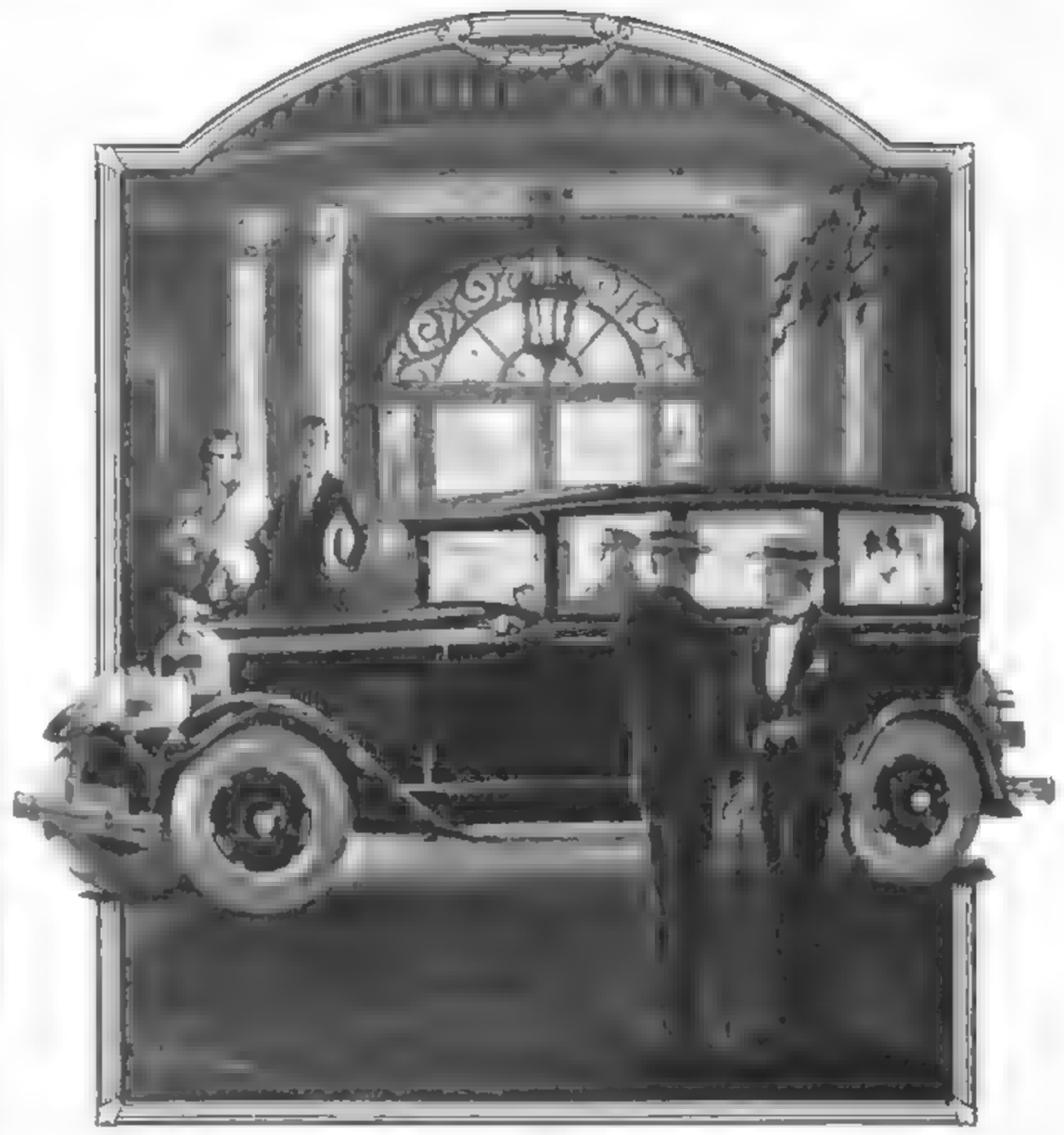
### *Turning the Germans Back*

When the battle ended, General Dickman was able to report that "although the rush of the German troops overwhelmed some of the front-line positions, causing the infantry and machine-gun companies to suffer, in some instances, a 50 per cent loss, no German soldier crossed the road from Fossoy to Crezancy except as a prisoner of war, and by noon of the following day, July sixteenth, there were no Germans in the foreground of the Third Division sector except the dead."

The Keystone Division, Pennsylvania National Guard, was in reserve behind the Third when the battle began and got its baptism of fire in the German bombardment of the rear areas. When the enemy carried the St.-Agnan Ridge, the Keystone—Twenty-eighth—Division was drawn into the battle and assisted in the counter attack on July sixteenth that drove the Germans back into the valley of the Marne. At the end of the day the only territory Von Boehm still held on the south bank in this vicinity was the Jaulgonne Bend, and the Allied artillery, back again on St.-Agnan Ridge, was smashing his pontoons behind him. Farther to the east, however, Berthelot's army of French and Italians had been forced back as much as two miles in places on the sixteenth, and lost more ground on the seventeenth. But when Italian and French counter attacks threw the enemy back later in the day, and the right wing of Von Boehm's army failed to retake the Marne ridges, the battle came to a standstill the evening of the seventeenth—the greatest German defeat since Verdun.

Although the fighting just missed the First Corps, our artillery was able to take a hand, and the German artillery did not

*Thirty-third Division P. C. in Cellar of a Ruined House, Montzeville, Meuse, September 14, 1918*

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neglect us. Throughout my command of the First Corps, the very efficient chief of artillery, General Lassiter, displayed an uncanny intuition for sensing out corps headquarters in advance, with the result that when we arrived we always found ourselves ringed about with heavy guns already in action, permitting us not only easy observation of the corps artillery's expertness but of the accuracy of the enemy's return fire.

In his preparations for the Second Marne offensive, the boche had run an eleven-inch naval gun in on the railroad leading south from Soissons, built a spur to a selected spot, and there emplaced the gun on a concrete base. First Corps headquarters was at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, thirty miles or so south. Near by us was an abandoned French aviation field with a dozen wooden hangars. On the morning of July fifteenth, when the battle began, the big naval gun opened fire on La Ferté and kept it up until July eighteenth. At the first explosion I took it to be a battery of our six-inch G. P. F.'s firing from close at hand, and when it continued I called in General Lassiter and told him that I did not care for field guns around my headquarters; that they drew the enemy's fire unnecessarily.

Lassiter smiled. "That is not a departure," he said in artillery argot; "it's an arrival."

We then concluded that the enemy had spotted our headquarters and were honoring us with the heaviest artillery they had, but when we looked we found that every shell was dropping with a disturbing, but in this case impotent, accuracy in that eight or ten acre aviation field. The German usually was pretty well served by his intelligence corps, but this time he had been misled. He left no clod unturned in that field and obliterated the hangars, to exactly no result. It is probable that the enemy reasoned that our aviation would not fail to make use of so advantageously placed an airdrome.

### *Fireworks for Picnics*

How the German got that unwieldy gun out of the Soissons neighborhood and safely away in the face of our counter attack of July eighteenth is still a mystery, but when we got there the gun was gone. During the later stages of the Second Marne the empty emplacement became a favored sight-seeing spot for the correspondents and the army tourists. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Assistant Secretary of the Navy, was one who took it in. With true German devilishness, they anticipated that the place would attract the curious and that visitors were most apt to be there around lunch-time; so, daily, about one P.M., the boche dropped high explosives on it. If a shell had happened to catch a picnic party there the responsibility would have been mine; nor did my worries end there. All our visitors, Americans and French alike, hankered to get into the front-line trenches and go up in a combat plane and see an air duel, preferably taking part in it. None of them went.

Every evening at dusk at La Ferté squads of German bombers flew over us bound down the Marne to lay their eggs on Paris. They ignored us on the down trip, but on the return, if they happened to have a bomb or two left over, they let us have them, and finally destroyed the railroad station.

### *Americans in the Air*

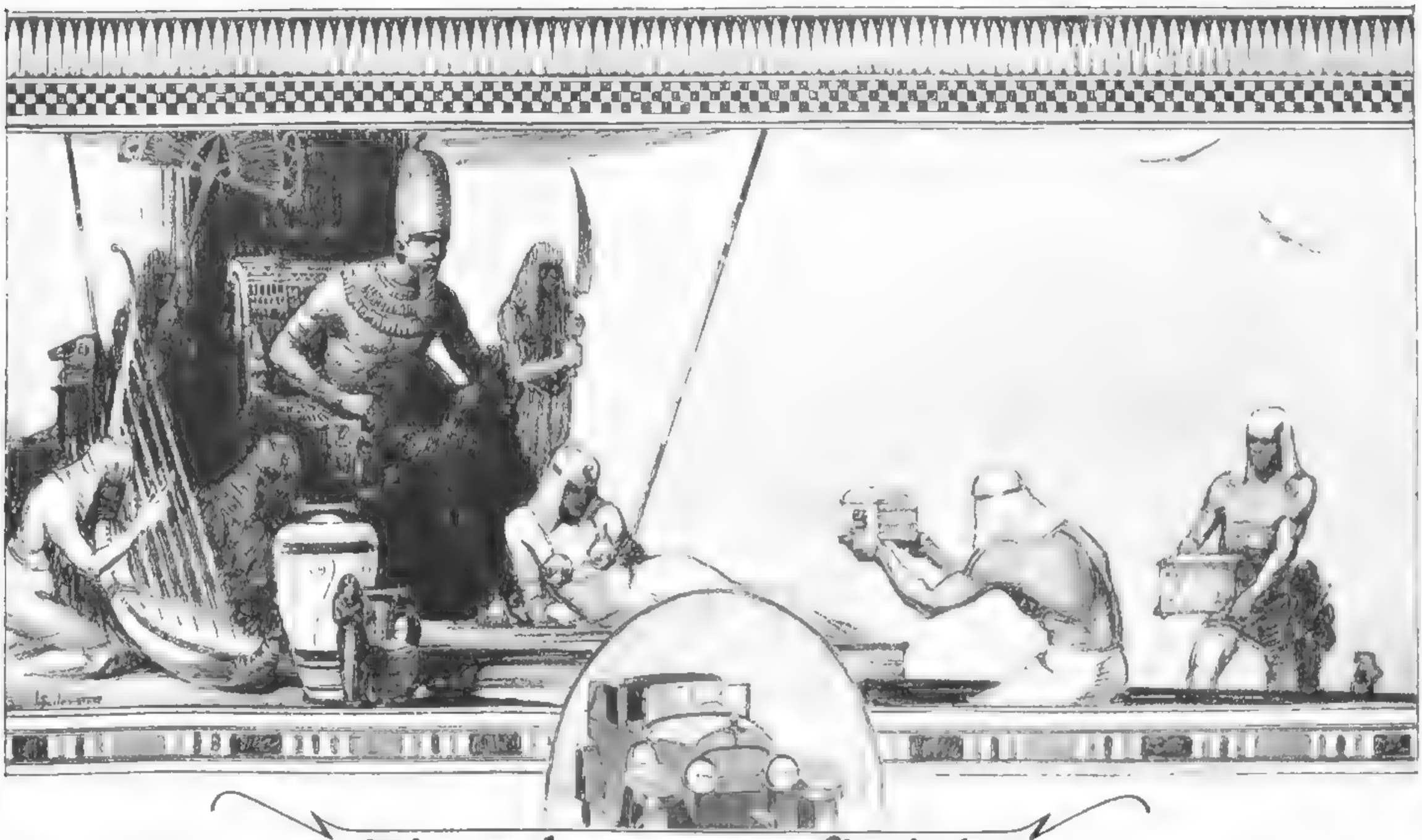
For the Second Marne, General Pershing had concentrated all four American air-fighting squadrons then ready at Touwuin, twenty-five miles south of Château-Thierry. The enemy had put the élite of his air forces in the Marne salient for the drive, including the famous Richthofen Flying Circus and three other flights of the red-nosed Jagstaffel Number 1, and the yellow-bellied Jagstaffel Number 2 of Captain Loerser's. Captain Bettinge's Jagstaffel Number 3, usually against the British, also dipped into the Second Marne. We lost thirty-six pilots captured or killed in the four weeks, won thirty-eight air victories and did the lion's share of the air fighting. The French have a native genius for aeronautics, but four years' fighting had taken most of their best, and their places had been filled often by none too willing draftees from other arms of the service.

On July fourteenth, the day before the battle opened, Quentin Roosevelt, son of the former President, was killed in what pilots expressively called a dog fight over Fère-en-Tardenois. He was flying in rear position of one of the wings of a flight of five planes from Squadron Number 95, when, soon after crossing the front east of Château-Thierry, they jumped seven German Fokkers. Roosevelt detected another flight of Fokkers approaching, and, unknown to his comrades, climbed to the attack. He was shot down out of control by Sergeant Thom, of the Richthofen Circus, who already had twenty-four victories on his score, and was buried by the enemy with military honors.

In the German retreat, our fighting planes devoted their time to strafing the tangled traffic on the roads leading out of the salient and earned the curses of the enemy infantry and transport. The boche abandoned his wounded in instances. Lieutenant Norton, a pilot from Columbus, Ohio, who had been given good care in a German hospital near Fère-en-Tardenois until July eighteenth, when the retreat began, had died of

(Continued on Page 201)

*Fismes, Looking Across the Vesle River, After the German Retreat From the Marne*



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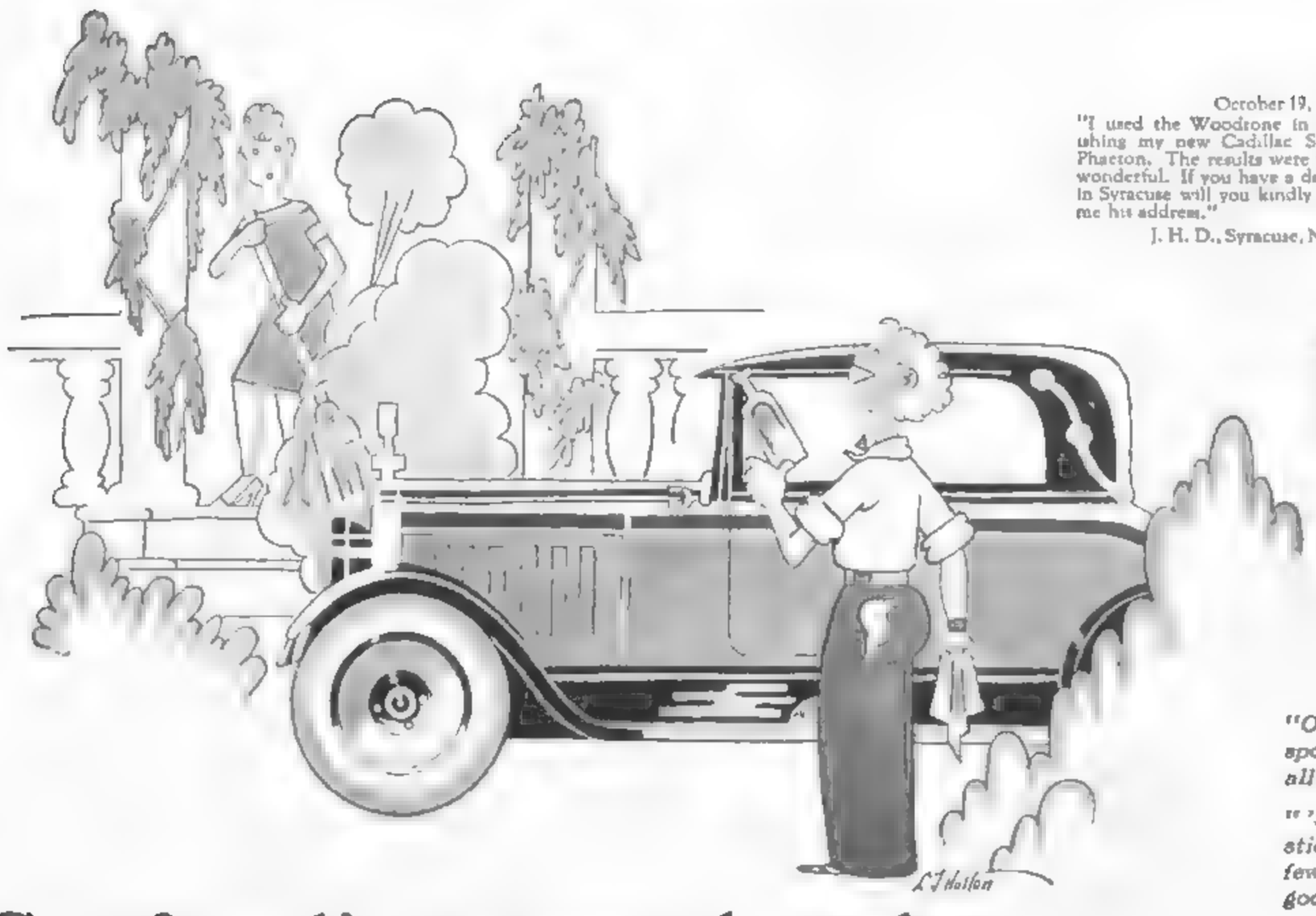

October 19, 1926
"I used the Woodtone in polishing my new Cadillac Sport Phaeton. The results were very wonderful. If you have a dealer in Syracuse will you kindly give me his address."
J. H. D., Syracuse, N. Y.

November 11, 1926
"I tried the sample of Woodtone on my car and it did all you claimed for it which is saying a good deal. One of our friends thought we had re-varnished the car."
Miss E. S. T., Los Angeles, Cal.

November 19, 1926
"Would like to have you send me dealer's name that I may obtain some of your Woodtone polish as I think it is wonderful for furniture, and as automobile polish it can't be beat. It brings the color back."
P. F. L., Detroit, Mich

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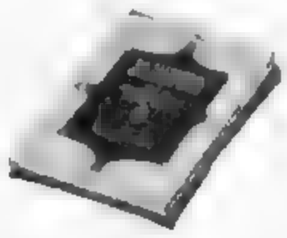
*" 'S all right dearie. Dust won't stick to a Woodtone shine. A few flicks of a duster and it's as good as new!"*

# Mrs. Goofus discovers that dust won't spoil the new greaseless polish!



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October 30, 1926
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(Continued from Page 198)

neglect before our advance reached the hospital three days later.

We have to go back to the night of July seventeenth. On that night, German authorities say, Ludendorff wrote the three days off his books as an expensive but not an irreparable loss, and set about to regroup his forces for the delayed Flanders drive against the British. But Germany had delivered her last attack. The next morning Foch snatched the initiative from Ludendorff's hands. Thereafter the German danced while the Allies called the tune. Napoleon once said that the morale is to the physical as three to one, which it is ordinarily, but it was as fifty to one on July eighteenth.

The weakness of the enemy's position in the Château-Thierry bulge had been apparent all along. The German himself recognized his potential danger, but counted, as I have said, on Foch's being too weak to take advantage of it. I had not been long at La Ferté-sous-Jouarre, when, after studying the situation at first hand, I took the liberty of sending to Chaumont a memorandum in which I pointed out the insecurity of the enemy's narrow pocket, with its exposed lines of supply, and the invitation it offered, particularly on the Soissons-Château-Thierry flank, for a counter attack. A week or ten days later I learned that as early as June twenty-third, at Bombon, and again on July tenth, General Pershing had urged the same view on Foch and Clemenceau, and had pleaded that he be allowed to concentrate the most experienced divisions he had against the west flank and strike under American tactical command. He was met with the argument that our troops were not yet adequate to offensive on any large scale, and, by implication, that our officers certainly were not yet sufficiently experienced; but the suggestion was accepted in principle.

Foch unquestionably had seen the same opportunity, but he was not yet confident enough of his ability to hold on the defense to think of taking the offensive. Although his strength was rising steadily now, and the enemy's was falling, his estimates still gave Ludendorff a superiority of several hundred thousand. Foch was biding his time; but that time, the French felt, might not come for several months. I do not believe that the tide of the war would have turned on July eighteenth if Sir Douglas Haig and General Pershing both had not urged Foch on. Haig was confronted with a powerful German army under the Bavarian Crown Prince Rupprecht, with strong reserves, and a few more miles would bring the German artillery within range of the Channel; but in the face of this he offered to return to Foch the six French divisions lent him earlier in the year, and to add four British divisions. General Pershing offered Foch every division he had of any training.

### When the Cupboard Was Bare

The enemy not only was in a naturally vulnerable position but he had weakened his west flank to reënforce his drive on the eastern flank. In the thirty-mile stretch from Soissons to Château-Thierry he had only eight divisions in line and six in immediate reserve, and he had been too busy with the main job, apparently, to throw up the usual formidable rear lines of defense. German corps commanders on the west flank are said to have protested at the danger.

Foch gathered such reserves as he dared—and they were few—on that flank, while he waited for the issue of the German attack. When Gouraud stopped the enemy short the first day Foch got ready. When the attack to the west of Rheims wavered the second day Foch got set. When it stopped the third day Foch fired the starting pistol for a counter attack from Belleau to Fontenoy on the Aisne, thirty-five miles.

How bare Foch's cupboard was of reserves is best indicated by his choice of three tired divisions—one French Colonial, the two others American, for the post of honor. These three were to drive directly east against the base of the salient toward the heights immediately south of Soissons, the German's tenderest spot, while the rest of the counter attack followed their progress. The First Moroccans, who were to have the center of this spearhead, had been in the line here for weeks. They closed up to make room for the First American Division on their left, the Second American Division on their right. The First had just been relieved from a long spell at Cantigny, while the Second had been relieved only on the ninth of July from weeks of bitter fighting at Belleau, Bouresches and Vaux, to a position in close support. Now in the midst of the German drive the First slipped away under General Summerall and joined the Twentieth French Corps of Mangin's Tenth Army. General Harbord's Second Division followed.

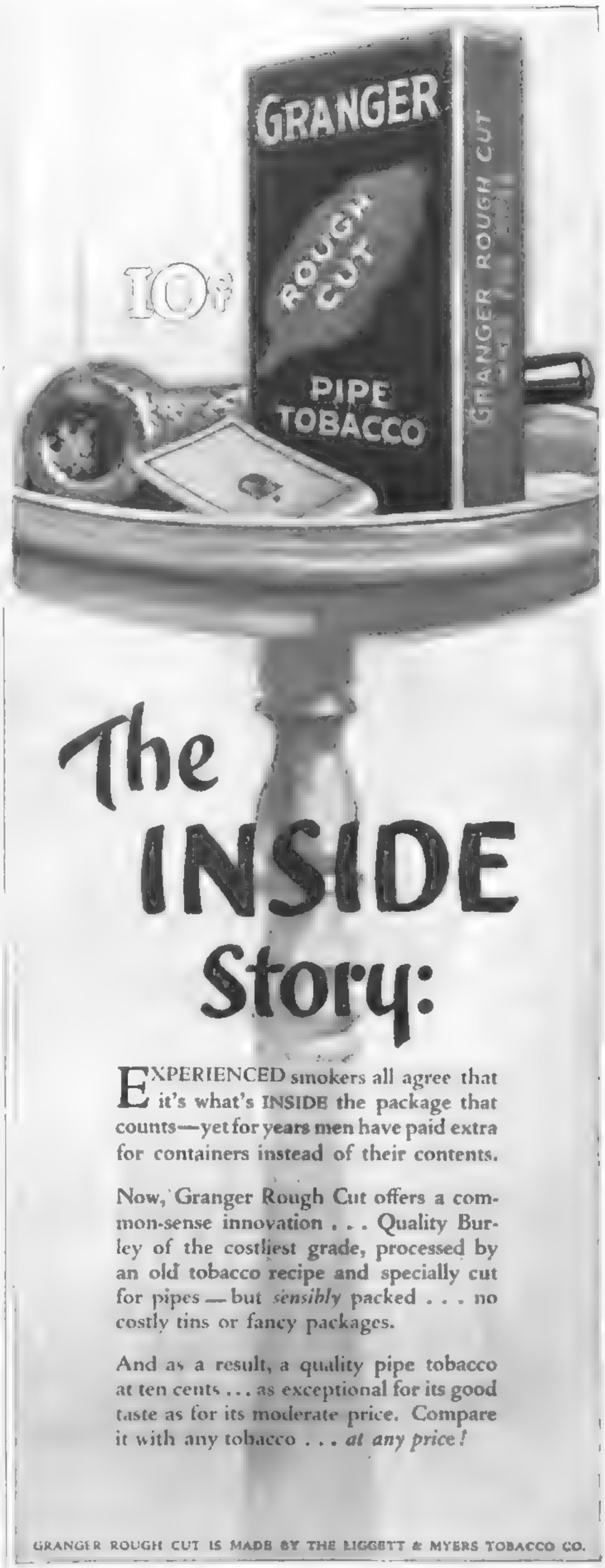
### On to Battle

Mangin concentrated his force under the cover of the Villers-Cotterêts forest and achieved complete secrecy. The First Division did not take over its lines from the First Moroccans until the night of the seventeenth. The orders reached the Second Division so late that not all the division reached the scene before the zero hour, and those units that did arrived only at the last moment. Mangin was the Butcher to the enemy, and German mothers frightened their children with his name. His First Moroccans originally had been what their name implied. There were few Moroccans left. The division now included what remained of the Foreign Legion, and there were tragically few of these left too. The rest were a motley, for the most part great Mohammedan blacks from West Africa, the Senegalese. This was not the first or the last time that the division was given the hardest nut to crack. These blacks wore a mustard-colored uniform and their helmets bore a crescent instead of the sputtering-bomb emblem of the French infantry. They were more at home with sharp steel than with lead, and were inclined to leave the shooting to fusileers who carried Chauchat automatic rifles, while they worked in close with bayonet and broad-bladed knife.

The Second was stretching in the lazy July sunshine about Montreuil, near my headquarters at La Ferté, when the orders came. Bugles blew assembly, the division fell in by companies, sergeants barked their roll calls, and the vanguard was off in French camions, little wheels and no springs. It was little farther from Montreuil to the Villers-Cotterêts forest than from Baltimore to Washington, but the motor transport was slow in coming up, the roads were brimful with traffic, and they must keep out of the enemy's sight. The highways had been dusty, but that afternoon brief summer showers passed over, with steamy intervals—such July weather as we knew at home from Boston Harbor to the Rockies.

The nearer the front the worse the congestion grows. The night of the seventeenth turns stormy, with heavy rain, thunder and lightning. It adds to the confusion, but keeps the boche airplanes at home. Transport moves hub to hub in the black wet night, driving the infantry off the roads to feel its way in columns of files along bypaths and over fallen timber. Little tanks and big tanks, crazily camouflaged, lumber by. Tractors labor past, towing 155 howitzers and 155 longs, and horses pull the wicked 75's. Here are mules packing machine guns and there rides a column of lance-bearing French cavalry. Halt, go ahead, halt again. Loud voices, but never a light. Off the roads the infantry holds hands to maintain contact.

The morning breaks, clean washed and clear, such a morning as birds sing hymns to. The stars are dimming; it is almost 4:35 and only a fraction of the Second Division is in place. For two days and nights they have been on the march without sleep or rations, the last of it at forced

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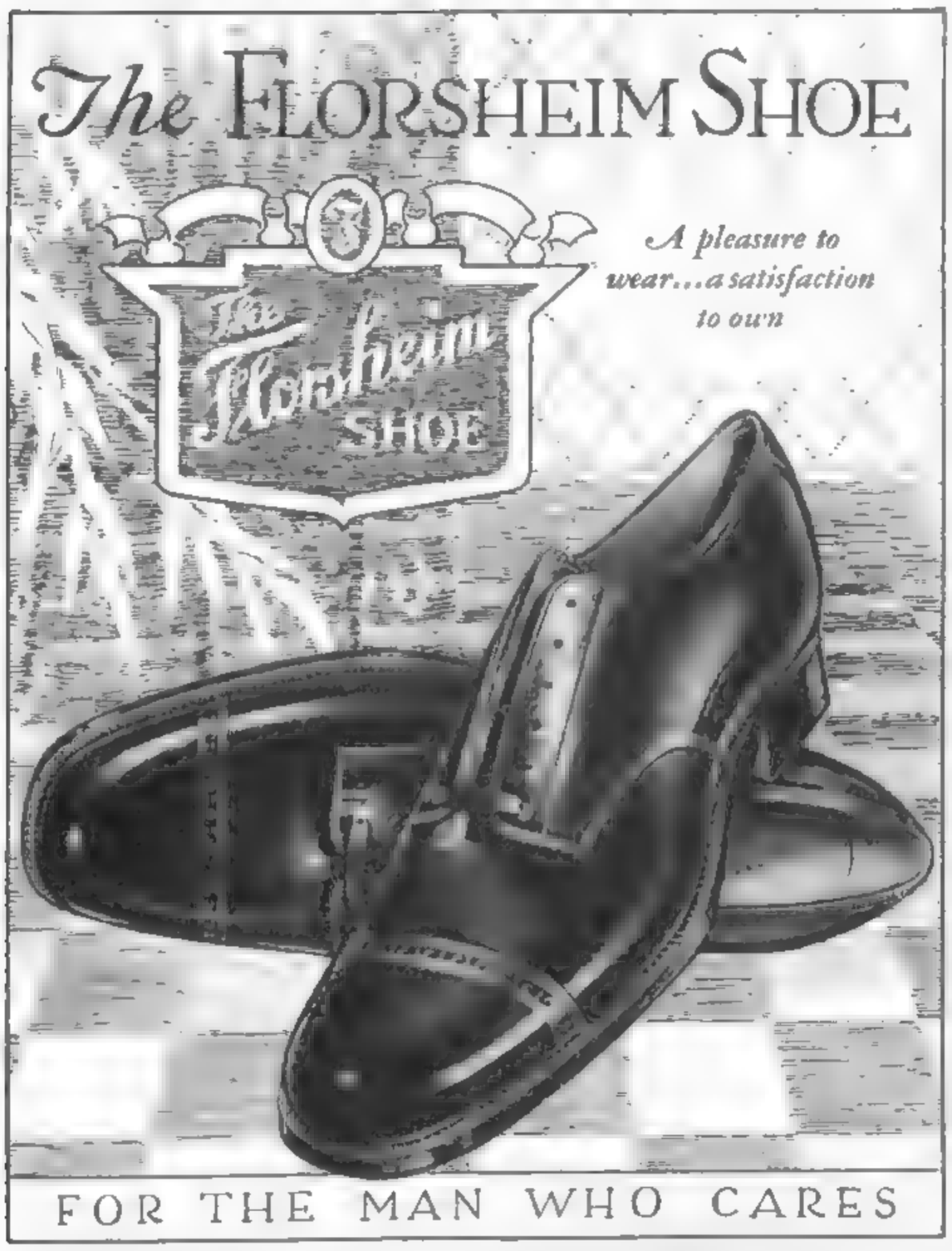


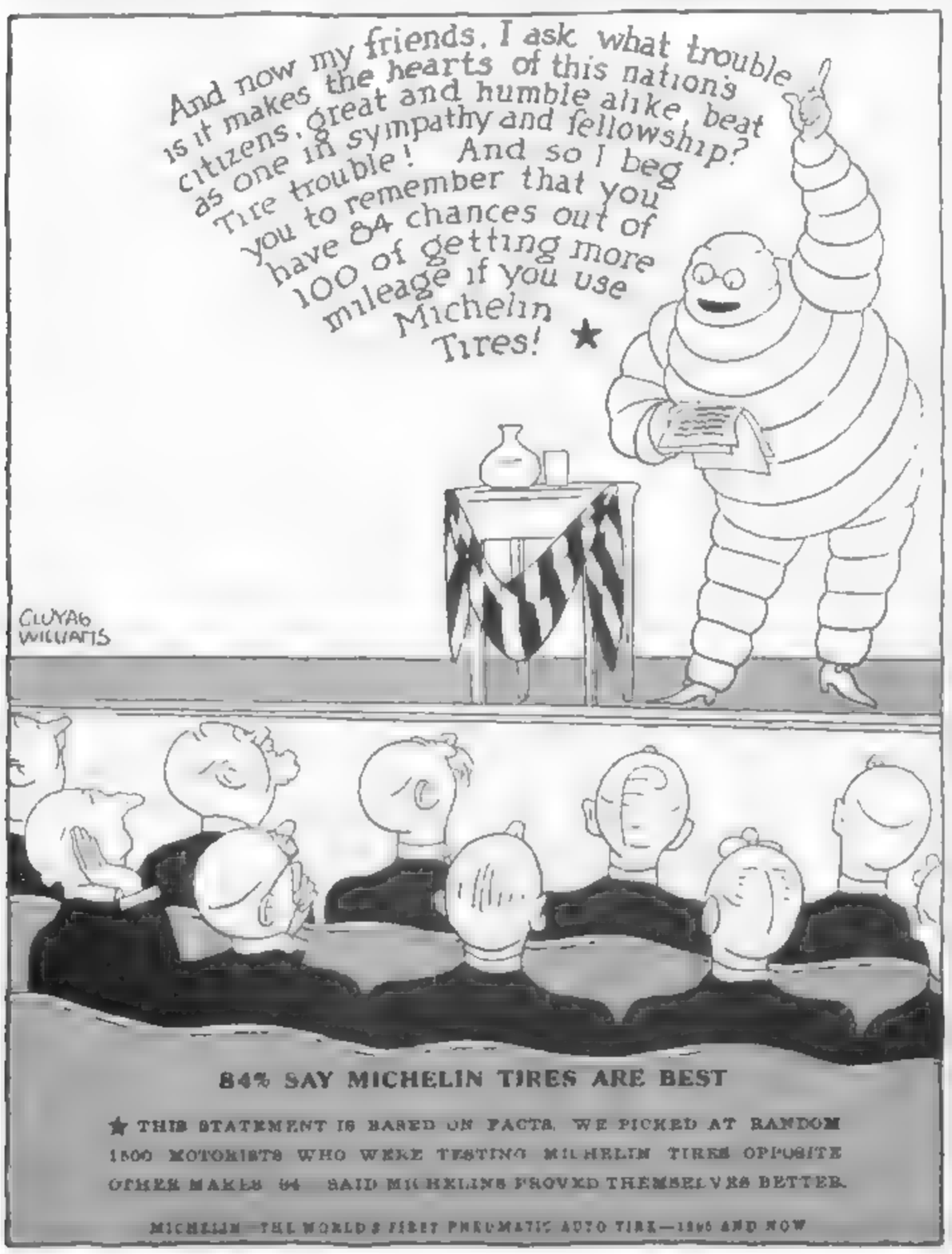
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pace. They come up too tired to curse, just as the barrage opens, and still breathless they go in.

No preliminary gun was fired on the northern section, more than 300 French tanks bursting out of the forest just after dawn, the infantry immediately behind, artillery and cavalry close up. The First Division leaped off from the slopes of a ravine between Laversine and St.-Pierre Aigle, eight miles southwest of Soissons, with their objective the main highway to Château-Thierry, five miles east. The enemy was so poorly prepared that the Second Brigade covered three miles in two hours before the German resistance began to stiffen. The First Brigade quickly crossed the Soissons-Paris road, captured Chaudon and outdistanced the Moroccans on their right. That day the division took 30 guns and 2000 prisoners.

Meanwhile the Second Division, its bayonets aslant and glistening in the first light of the sun, follows the rolling barrage and the waddling tanks out of the woods into waist-high wheat fields, such fields as are being harvested this day in Nebraska, except that red poppies grow amid the ripe grain. They have neither machine guns nor hand grenades, both left behind, but they move so fast they overrun an aviation field and German batteries in the first twenty minutes. The German artillery reply to our barrage is so slow that the division has passed well beyond when it opens.

The enemy makes his first stand behind the embankment of the Soissons-Villers-Cotterêts railroad. Here the Second meets the tac-tac-tac-tac of the Maxim gun. A shrill clamor of whistles from officers and noncoms and the American infantry carries the embankment. By 9:30 o'clock they have the plateau commanding Vierzy. Moppers-up take care of any dugouts and machine-gun nests left behind. Here the boche howls and dances in terror, there he runs and here again he stands fast. The German machine gunner is the die-hard of his army. Sometimes we carry his gun by frontal assault and leave a wake of fallen, but more often we sift around and behind, popping at him with service and automatic rifle and finishing him up with handwork by bayonet and pistol and clubbed rifles. This is Indian fighting. Men stalk and crawl and snipe. They pant, grunt and curse. Germans work their spitting, coughing machine guns with one hand and hurl grenades with the other.

### *Topping the Divide*

The German artillery repulsee our first assault of Vierzy, with heavy losses to the Second. The Fifteenth United States Artillery gallops into action with its 75's as in a news-reel film, the Sixth Marine Regiment, delayed in the woods during the night, comes to the support of its brigade, and with the aid of French tanks and a battalion of Senegalese, Vierzy is taken and the Second digs in for the night. That day it has taken 3000 prisoners from five German divisions, 75 guns and great quantities of material; but it has paid with almost 4000 casualties. The Twenty-third Infantry has lost 62 of its 99 officers and 1920 of its 3400 men. Before morning the Fifty-eighth French Division relieves them and they retire.

It is not often possible to say of wars, or any struggle, just when and where the scales wavered, hung, then turned for good and all. Our Civil War reached its climax in Pickett's charge at Gettysburg—the high tide of the Confederacy—but Lee withdrew unmolested from that field and nearly two years of bitter fighting intervened before Appomattox. The dénouement of the World War was much swifter, sharper, and it is almost possible to fix the instant, if not the acre. We did not realize it at the time, of course; still less did anyone on either side suspect that in fewer than four months Germany would have surrendered.

When, at half-past ten o'clock of the morning of July eighteenth, Mangin's artillery was able to open fire from the crown of the Montagne de Paris on the Soissons railway junction, only two miles away, and the Americans and Moroccans had carried the plateau that gave artillery command of the main highway from Soissons to Château-Thierry, the war's great divide was topped.

At the moment, however, the only fact apparent was that Von Boehm was in a chancy position, with disaster just around the corner for his army. With his main communications cut he was faced with the ticklish task of extracting an army from a sack on which the Allies were pulling the strings. He had been caught off his balance with his head turned the wrong way. Not only was the bulk of his army on the wrong side of the salient but he had eight divisions still on the south side of the Marne, in the farthest corner of the pocket, with Allied artillery commanding the crossings.

Although Ludendorff already had abandoned the attack and ordered Von Boehm to withdraw that part of his army still across the Marne, according to German historians, he did not do it until July twentieth. The evidence indicates that the German high command was confused for the moment, but perhaps the delay was intended to permit the enemy to clear the salient of its great stocks of stores. If so, it was a foolish hazard. It finally cost Von Boehm some 40,000 prisoners and great losses of *matériel* to get out, but it was a bargain price. It is very much to his credit that he got out at all, nor does it detract from it to add that half of it was his own skill, half the Allied lack of reserves.

### *Germans on the Run*

In such a pocket under such pressure the very size of his army, and the supporting army behind it, might have been a liability by increasing the confusion, but not with veteran soldiers skillfully led. He certainly did not lack for men, and all day the eighteenth and that night he rushed them across the salient to plug up the cracked western flank. When the First Division resumed its drive at four o'clock the morning of the nineteenth, it found the enemy in great force. The First Brigade took Chazelle at once; but cross fire from machine guns in Missy-aux-Bois and Ploisy again held up the Second Brigade, and when French tanks attempted to carry Ploisy ravine and heights they were knocked out by direct hits from enemy field guns firing from open sights. Nevertheless, the brigade had taken the ravine by nightfall.

Flowing north into the Aisne at Soissons is a little stream, the Crise, which the French call a river. Both the railroad from Soissons to Villers-Cotterêts and the main highway to Château-Thierry follow the valley of the Crise as far as Berzy-le-Sec. There both leave the little valley, the railroad turning west, the highway a trifle east. This village at the junction of railroad and highway, and the near-by village of Buzancy, had been assigned originally to the French; but the First Division was ahead of the French both to right and left on the morning of the twentieth and the Americans were ordered to carry these positions.

All element of surprise was gone now, and every additional hour the battle lasted the enemy was able to throw in more men and guns. Our First Artillery Brigade pounded Berzy-le-Sec for two hours on the twentieth before the Second Brigade attempted to carry the town in the afternoon. They penetrated into the smoking ruins of the town in a storm of shell and gas and venomous machine-gun fire, fought hand to hand, were thrown back, attacked again; but the day ended with the boche still holding village and heights. The brigade was badly rocked; but the enemy was worse off, as was proved the following morning when the brigade returned to the attack, led by Gen. Beaumont B. Buck, and the German wavered, broke and ran.

Meanwhile the First Brigade had crossed the Château-Thierry road. The First Division not only had cut the enemy's communications but had nailed them down,

(Continued on Page 205)

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(Continued from Page 202)

and that night the Fifteenth Scottish, one of the divisions sent from Flanders by Haig, relieved the Americans. We had not taken Buzancy, and it was not until a week later that it fell to the Scotch and French. The former so distinguished themselves at Buzancy that Mangin ordered a pyramid of rough stones bearing a carved thistle ringed in roses erected on the field.

The First Division had defeated parts of seven boche divisions, advanced seven miles in four days where it counted most and taken 3500 prisoners and 68 guns. The price was high, but not for such a job. It had lost 60 per cent of its infantry officers in killed and wounded, and suffered 7000 casualties in all. The Sixteenth and Eighteenth Infantry Regiments lost every field officer except their colonels. The Twenty-sixth Infantry came out of the fight under the command of a captain of only sixteen months' service. This was one of the regiments that had been hurried to France from the Mexican border, where for two years it had been scattered in dribbles over a lonely stretch of 100 miles. The lessons it had learned there in self-reliance stood it in stead in this first essay in open warfare.

### *The Pivot Position*

While Mangin's army was attacking from Faverolles north, Degoutte's army took up the battle from Faverolles to the Marne. My First Army Corps, now commanding the Twenty-sixth American and One Hundred and Sixty-seventh French divisions, was given the rôle of right-flank pivot for the counter offensive.. North of us the Fourth American division was fighting by brigades with the French. As elsewhere, the German was caught napping on our front and we carried Torcy, Givry and Belleau immediately and with little loss, then stopped by previous instructions not to get ahead of the general line. Progress in the north justifying it, the First Corps and the Sixth Army generally returned to the attack on the afternoon of July twentieth. Fighting through the night and into the next day we carried the Etrepilly plateau, turned the German flank on the Marne and compelled the evacuation of Château-Thierry. The Third American and Thirty-ninth French divisions on our right were in the town that evening. In front of us the enemy now retreated rapidly to prepared rear-guard positions east of the Soissons-Château-Thierry road. Berthelot's and De Mitry's armies, with Italian and British aid, now applied their pincers on the eastern and southern flanks of the salient and four French armies were pressing the German in a contracting arc.

To carry out the pivot assigned to us the left brigade of the Yankee Division had to attack first northward, then northeastward, guiding on the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh French, while the right brigade had to drive first east and north, then northeastward, keeping contact with the Thirty-ninth French. This change of axis and the intricate terrain called for troop leadership of a high order. General Degoutte, seeing that the convergence of the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh and the Yankee divisions would crowd one or the other out of the front line, on the night of July twenty-second ordered the left brigade of the Yankee Division to relieve the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh. But the greater part of that brigade had lost direction, gone astray and failed to hold together as an organization after the night of July 21–22. Fortunately General Schmidt, who, for all his German name, commanded the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh French, realized the situation and had the good judgment to go ahead without orders until July twenty-fifth, or we should have had a dangerous gap in the line of the First Army Corps. As soon as the situation was appreciated General Weigel's Fifty-sixth Brigade of the Keystone Division was called in to fill the place.

The Yankee—Twenty-sixth—Division had had more experience in trench warfare than any other American unit except the First Division, but a succession of Allied emergencies had denied it an opportunity to train in liaison work under conditions of open warfare. That and the frequent changes that had been made in its staff had not prepared the men for such a task. The quality of the men was equal to that of any in the Army, but the staff had not developed the machinelike smoothness needed to handle 28,000 men in a complex maneuver under battle conditions, much of it by night. As a whole, however, the division acquitted itself well in its first essay in open warfare, and did it under unusually difficult circumstances. Its casualties in its ten-mile advance between the eighteenth and twenty-fifth were 4000. It captured 250 prisoners, 4 guns, one pontoon train and much *matériel*.

The German made his first determined stand against us at the River Ourcq in strong positions. On the night of July 25–26, the Rainbow Division took over the whole corps front, now much shortened by convergence of the arc, relieving both the One Hundred and Sixty-seventh French and the Yankee Division, except the latter's artillery. The Rainbow began the assault immediately, Iowa and Alabama infantry storming the key position of the Croix Rouge farm. Supported by its own, the Twenty-sixth's and the corps artillery, the entire division attacked on July twenty-eighth on a front of three kilometers and crossed the Ourcq in as desperate fighting as we had encountered in the war.

The German position on the Ourcq already was strategically outflanked, but this was not felt locally for several days. In the interval the enemy tossed in fresh divisions against us, in particular the Fourth Guards, and counter-attacked furiously and repeatedly. The village of Sergy, just north of the Ourcq, changed hands many times that day, but we held it at the end. The Rainbow covered itself with glory here.

### *The General at the Front*

Neither the Thirty-eighth French Corps—Twenty-eighth and Thirty-second American divisions—on our right nor the Second French Corps on our left had kept abreast of us, and the Rainbow was sticking out like a sore thumb across the river, with the Fourth American in close support. Our right was particularly exposed and had to be protected by two battalions of the Fourth in echelon. Because of this, and possibly because the enemy yearned especially to give the *Amerikaner* a licking, there was desperate fighting here for four days.

Degoutte tried to persuade me to push my corps still farther ahead, but I declined until the French got up on our right and left—my only disagreement with Degoutte, and that soon forgotten. He then called on Generals Mondesir and Philipot and insisted that they come even with us, which they did on the night of July thirty-first, and on August first we went ahead, gaining three kilometers. That day Mangin drove the German out of Soissons.

I had kept my corps headquarters virtually up with division headquarters all the while in order to keep in personal touch with Generals Menoher and Cameron. I moved four times—just personal baggage and portable field desks. We had a remarkable signal battalion in the corps, the Four Hundred and Sixth, composed of selected employes of the Bell Telephone Company of Pennsylvania, all volunteers and all in France and hard at work within four months after we declared war. They never failed to have us tied up by wire with division headquarters by the time we arrived. A general officer's place, as I have said, is not at the immediate front in modern war, but just after the Rainbow crossed the Ourcq I spent the greater part of a day on the eastern edge of the Forêt de Fère in the hope of determining the location of the German batteries raking our infantry, but it could not be done. Their guns were


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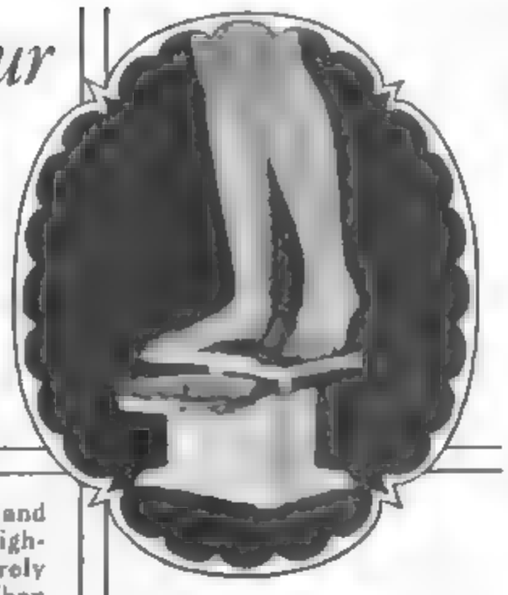

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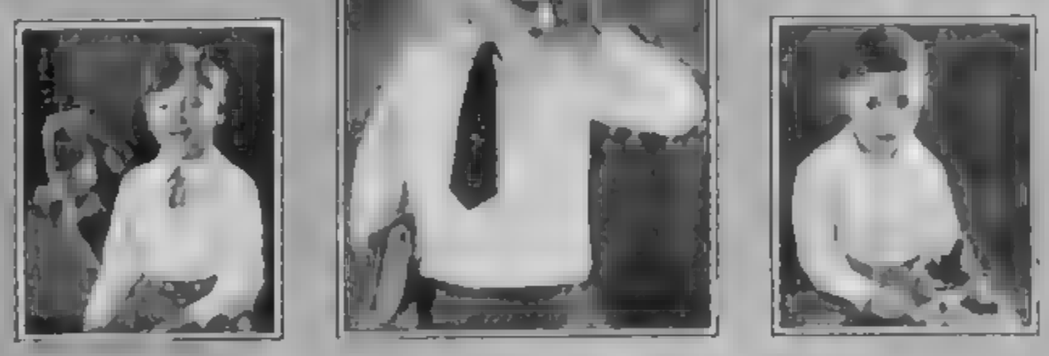

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hidden under the hills. We did not lack for action at headquarters. The enemy artillery searched us out and was at us with bombs and machine guns from his planes.

General Degoutte maintained the same close touch with his corps commanders. He was at my headquarters at least once a day, both of us using interpreters. He belonged to that distinguished group of French officers that comprised Fayolle, Mangin and Gouraud, men who had seen long service in colonial warfare and fought their way to high command by sheer merit. He was a forceful character, a great driver and an optimist both by nature and policy. If he could have attained his expressed will he would have destroyed Von Boehm's army entirely, but he lacked the reserves by some 200,000. Later he was King Albert's chief of staff and really the commander of the Belgian-British-French-American Army that formed the extreme left wing of the final Allied advance. In June, 1919, he visited me on the Rhine, having traversed occupied Germany from Liège to Coblenz. It was the only time I ever saw him depressed. After comparing ruined Northeast France and Belgium with the serene and unscratched German landscape, he felt more strongly than ever, he said, that the war had ended too soon. He had argued that the German Army would have surrendered unconditionally in the field in another month—a view I share.

His corps commanders had great respect for his judgment and fighting ability. They were, like him, survivors of the fittest after the merciless elimination test of four years of war. On numerous occasions their forces failed to keep abreast of our younger and fresher troops, usually due to the fact that the French preferred to take a position in half a day at small cost, where the impatient young men from afar carried it in fifteen minutes and paid the price. The First Corps went into battle cautioned against foolhardy risks, and warned particularly against overmanning the front lines, where the shells and gas were thickest, and against taking machine-gun positions by frontal attack; but in the face of these orders they and the rest of the American Army endlessly took chances that no French soldier in his right mind would have chanced; nor would our men had they been fighting since 1914.

### *A Substitute for Experience*

The practical-minded Socrates observed that courage is not a virtue unless it also is wisdom. That depends. The courage of our young Army was not always wise, yet it served to end the war in 1918. Courage sometimes is the only substitute for the skill that comes of experience. It is a fearful price to pay, and we always have paid it in our wars. Someone saw tears in the eyes of General Daugan, commanding the First Moroccans, as he watched his own and the First and Second American divisions strike the blow of July eighteenth that turned the tide of the war.

"Does not the day go well, my general?" he was asked.

"*Mais, oui!*" he said. "I weep for the families and sweethearts of these Americans. See how they go into battle as we did in 1914! My division, the flower of the French Army, no longer can keep up with them."

On August third the Fourth Division relieved the Rainbow. This latter fine division, swift, sure and tenacious both on the attack and the defense, had penetrated nine miles and suffered casualties of 5500. Its bag of prisoners was relatively small; the big catches were over in the first few days. The following day General Bullard, having got his Third Corps staff together, that corps took command on our right of the Twenty-eighth and Thirty-second divisions. This day we pushed forward rapidly to the Vesle, with little opposition. Here the Sixty-second French, the leading division of the Second French Army Corps, was turned over to my command, and two American army corps now made up the Sixth French Army.

### *A Forward Pass to Haig*

On August sixth General Degoutte ordered us to attack and gain a bridgehead north of the Vesle. The Eighth Brigade of the Fourth Division forced a crossing and moved forward on the line of the National Road at the foot of the north-bank heights, where the enemy had established himself in great strength. Other elements of the corps, both French and American, were caught by flank machine-gun fire from Bazoches village and were unable to get beyond the railroad. This left the Eighth Brigade in an untenable position and it had to fall back on the railroad. We had won a bridgehead and held it, but it was not worth the cost. The Second Marne was over now and the battle line stabilized again. The enemy hoped that we would batter our heads against it and return to trench warfare, but Ferdinand Foch, who had been made Marshal of France this day, had other plans.

On August twelfth the Fourth Division was relieved by the Seventy-seventh American. Their losses were 750 killed and 4812 casualties from all causes. The following day the Third American Corps took over our sector, and the First Corps returned to La Ferté-sous-Jouarre after thirty-nine days in the line, during which a total of five American and two French divisions had served under its command.

Already the shifty Foch had struck elsewhere. On August eighth he passed the ball to Haig, and the English, Australians, Canadians, a regiment of the Thirty-third American Division and Debeney's First French Army, under Haig's tactical command, burst the western face of the Amiens salient. On the next day Humbert, with another French army, drove the German off the Lassigny plateau. The Amiens bulge vanished, the railroad was freed and the enemy was back on his general line of the summer of 1916. Foch had just begun.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by General Liggett and Mr. Stout. The fourth will appear in an early issue.

*Hampton Roads, Virginia*

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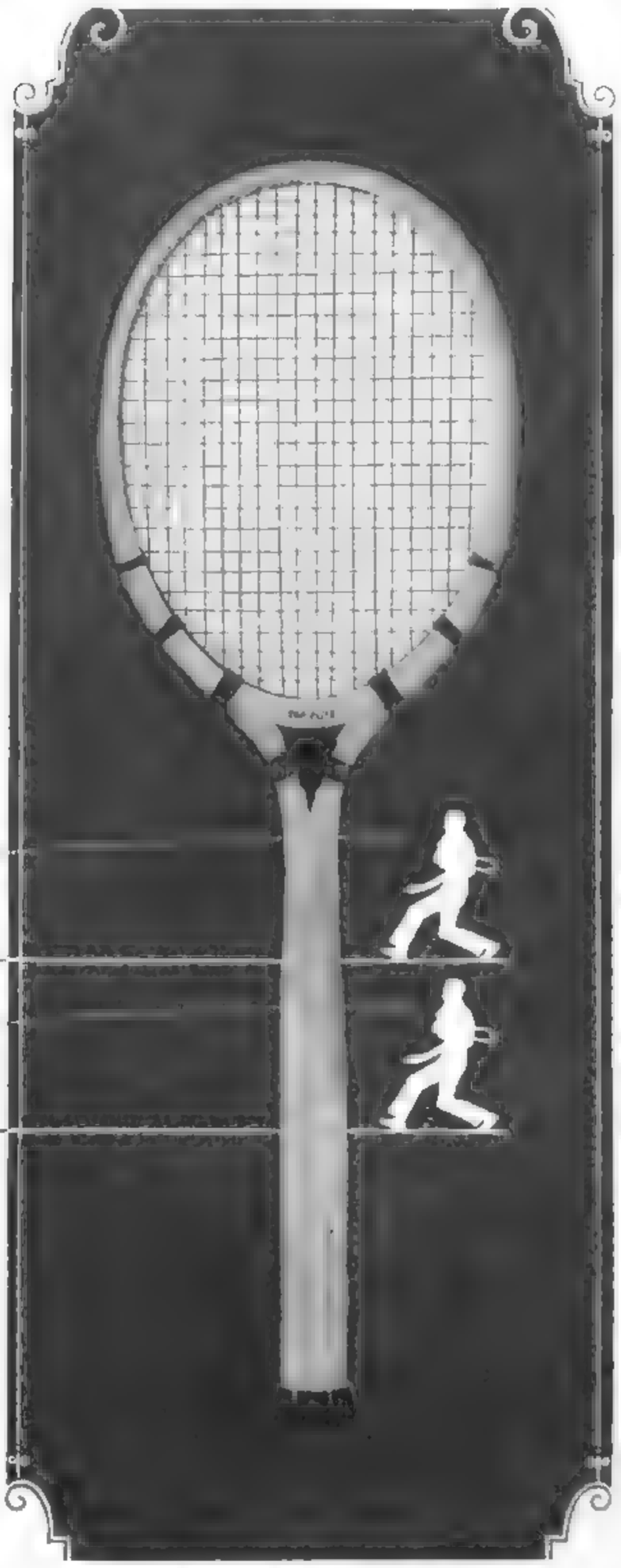


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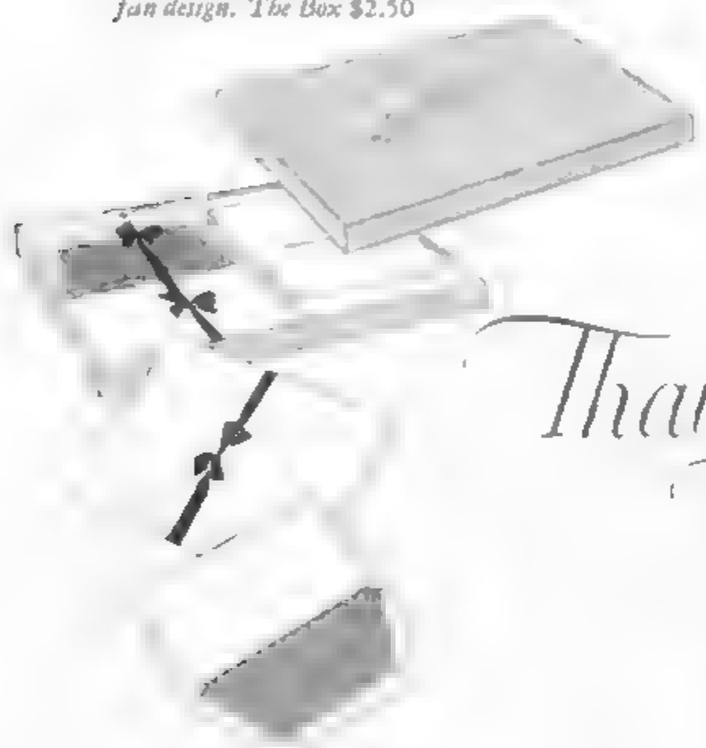

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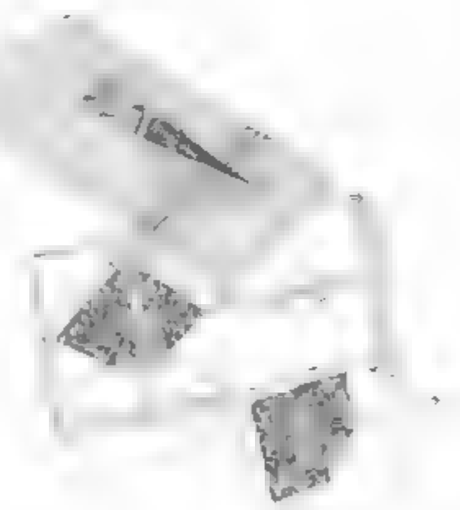

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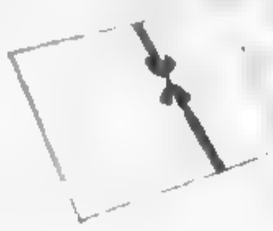

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# THE BEST CUSTOMER ON EARTH

(Continued from Page 33)

organized before 1914, and even the prolonged intermission of war could not ruin it.

Thus each of the countries in question discloses one or more industries about which the same general statements would be true. But when totals are struck for the whole mass of European industry amazing gaps in foreign trade are disclosed. For example, Russia, which was once a veritable gold mine for European exporters, now buys more manufactured goods in the United States than in any other country in the world, and even that purchase is ridiculously low. On February 13, 1927, an Associated Press dispatch from Moscow reported that for the first quarter of Russia's current operating year America sent $17,000,000 worth of manufactured goods to Russia. This was $1,000,000 greater than for the corresponding period of the preceding year, the dispatch discloses. Not much of an increase. Germany was a close second, England third, and Poland fourth.

The point to be made here, however, is not that the United States is first but that such a ridiculously low figure as $17,000,000 was first. Russia, as we learned in our school geographies, is an enormous country vastly larger in area than our own and with a much greater population. For Russia to report that its purchase of $17,000,000 worth of manufactured goods from any one country during three months gave that country first place in its foreign trade is comparable to telegraphing the news around the world that the state of Ohio had just closed a deal for a dozen eggs. Briefly, Russia is a part of the generally difficult situation that nearly all European industries confront. If they have a market within their own borders or very close to home or, for that matter, anywhere on earth where they had done business before the war and become entrenched, they are prospering; but if all or important parts of these markets are still inactive they attack new ones, aided by forces that make the competition extremely hard to meet. Their exchange rates are generally low, their currencies are for the most part far under par, and they pay wages in these depressed currencies. The net result, then, not only can be but frequently is about as follows: John Doe, a manufacturer, of Buffalo, New York, and 100 more like him, scattered here and there over the United States, put their money in the bank; the bank underwrites loans to European industries, feeling reasonably certain that nothing but good results can flow therefrom, because the industries in question are not competing in the American market with Mr. Doe and his fellow manufacturers; but not long thereafter this competition develops.

### For the Welfare of the World

By that time, however, there is no very easy way to cure the difficulty; the eggs have been scrambled, and thus far unscrambling processes have always failed. In some quarters there is a disposition to blame the banks very severely for this situation. The charge is made that they are looking after their own profits in these transactions, with callous disregard of American interests. I questioned two bankers on this subject. One replied that the complaints were made by very shortsighted business men and that the situation will clear up of its own accord with such rapidity that there is no need to give the matter undue importance. He is an optimist with regard to European rehabilitation and believes that it is already a tremendous and inspiring success. The other banker said that he could think of one loan that he wouldn't make now, if he had it to do over again; but that at the time his largest depositors would unquestionably have voted in favor of that loan, probably unanimously, because they heartily agreed with his opinion that this was the right course for the general welfare of the world. He was willing to admit that in at least one instance his hindsight was a good deal better than his foresight, but he also believed that that was true of everyone directly or indirectly concerned at the time the loan was made.

It is difficult to say just how many American industries are directly affected by this situation; the number probably changes from month to month. The following list, therefore, may not be complete; in fact, it is almost certain not to be complete, but it is representative and is offered as such: Wool, cotton and silk textiles; iron and steel; silk, cotton and leather gloves; wool; vegetable oils, butter, cheese and quite a long list of food products; tin plate, wooden goods of numerous sorts; cement, brick and some other building materials, certain grades of clothing, underwear and hosiery; toys.

### Cartel Competition

Obviously it would be impossible to take up in detail here the experience of each of these industries, nor can any one be selected on the ground that its problem is precisely that of all the others. Variations of detail are wide. In a general way, however, the problem of the American industries engaged in supplying building materials is typical of the abstract case as thus far outlined, without being precisely typical of each manufacturer's problem. Let us take cement as a convenient example. During the first ten months of 1926 the port of Boston received about 600,000 barrels of foreign cement, which, according to the Cement Information Bureau, of New York City, was about 60 per cent of the total normal consumption in that territory. Of this total, Belgium furnished 450,000 barrels. In Philadelphia during the same period and still quoting the same authority—Belgium delivered 404,128 barrels. Atlantic Coast seaports received during the period in question a total of nearly 4,000,000 barrels of foreign cement, nearly all of which were used in the immediate vicinity.

"In the year 1922," says this statement, "Belgium exported to the United States 10,682 barrels of cement. A year later it was 200,000 barrels; for 1924 1,000,000 barrels. In 1925 Belgian exportations nearly doubled those of 1924, reaching 1,911,745 barrels, and during the year 1926 Belgium exported to the United States more than 2,500,000 barrels. In 1920 American exports of Portland cement amounted to 3,000,000 barrels. These exports have now dropped below 1,000,000 barrels. Even exports to our own overseas territory have declined. In 1920 we exported 204,769 barrels to Hawaii; in 1925 exports to that territory amounted to only 37,815 barrels. In the same year we exported 229,633 barrels to Porto Rico, and in 1925 only 122,516 barrels."

Cement is selected partly because there is no complicating factor here with regard to tariffs. Cement is on the free list. And now let us continue with the statement previously referred to: "The Belgians, through their cartels, or *comptoirs*, are able to enter into every imaginable agreement having to do with control of production, pooling of credits, allotment of sales territory, price agreements, and so on, which Americans cannot employ in competition because of the laws of the United States. The Belgian Government, like other European governments, aids exporters by facilitating credits. Internal freight rates are a fraction of ours. Atlantic cargoes from the east to the west are return cargoes, taken at nominal rates, which are less than average freight rates from our inland manufacturing points to our coastal cities. The United States is not restricting imports or seeking unfairly to discriminate against the products of other countries. In the past fiscal year the total imports of all products to the United States were $4,466,613,821, an increase of 71 per cent since 1922."


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Bricks are also being brought from Europe in large quantities to Atlantic seaports. None of these heavy materials go very far inland, but when they share the largest urban markets with domestic manufactures they tend to force American producers to turn farther inland in order to find customers; thus the effect reaches much farther than the actual goods imported. To a person not familiar with that business it is amazing that shiploads of European brick can be sold in New York City, because the local supply also comes by water and under very favorable conditions. For the most part, the bricks are made along the Hudson River and not very far from the metropolis. They are loaded onto enormous barges and floated downstream, usually with just one tugboat to guide a whole fleet. Cheaper transportation is scarcely possible in this country, but the vastly increased difference between labor costs here and abroad since the World War overcomes the impressive advantages so long enjoyed by these favorably situated plants.

Cement, however, is an even more interesting example of this whole problem, because the commercial product, as we now know it, is an American invention, the manufacture of which is more highly developed here than anywhere else. For a quarter of a century, at least, virtually all of this industry's battles have grown out of internal competition, and they are very interesting. A competent authority, with twenty-eight years of executive experience in the business, informed me that the number of men employed to produce a ton of cement in the United States during the time he has been associated with the industry has declined 40 per cent because of the introduction of new inventions, mechanical devices and more efficient management. This was done not to fight Europe but because of rising labor costs and increasing domestic competition.

### *Europe's Ready-Made Market*

This is a young industry, as history counts time, and only a few years ago it was the custom for every cement plant to have watchmen and barbed-wire fences and high walls; no one was admitted without a pass signed by some high executive. Needless to say, no competitor ever got a pass. In spite of these precautions, however, the competitors mysteriously caught up with one another and, having done so, discovered interests in common. They had a relatively new product, one capable of indefinite improvement. Moreover, their market could be widened. It occurred to them that while competing on production costs and the general improvement of cement they might possibly coöperate in preaching the gospel of cement. They could tell the American public of new uses for their product; so they did that. As a result, this is today one of the world's greatest industries. But only because of the American market. Nowhere else is it one of the world's greatest industries. Wipe out the American market and it is back in its infancy. Naturally there is vast pride of achievement in the men who have done these things.

European manufacturers have never preached the gospel of cement on anything comparable to the American scale, not even in Europe, much less elsewhere. Several European countries are still experimenting to determine the value of cement as a road-building material. One American manufacturer who had observed some of these experiments informed me that he had personally offered to supply scientific data on that subject, compiled in this country more than ten years ago. He laughingly added that, so far as he could observe, the European manufacturers appeared to be strictly neutral with regard to the outcome of these tests.

"Their greatest assets," he continued, "are cheap labor, low ocean freight rates and depreciated currency. We can have every one of those elements on our side if we want them; I mean if the nation as a whole wants them. All we have to do is to let down the immigration bars, and there will be plenty of cheap labor. As for depreciating currency, that is a very simple trick. The two together would chase Europe out of the American market, but it would Europeanize us. We could then also go looking for foreign customers on equal terms. But that isn't the American idea.

"I want to take a sporting view of this problem, and I believe I do so; if they can beat us on anything like equal terms I'm willing to take my hat off to them and look for another job, but we not only beat them on methods, we also made this market. The American public did not come swarming into our offices to sign on the dotted line for trainloads of cement. We went out and sold it to them; we had to tell them what it was good for; among other things, we built roads to prove that it was a good material for road building. We made this market, and I think they ought to go out and make theirs. The merit of a product is not alone sufficient to sell it; the prospective buyers have got to be told about that merit."

### *Fostered by Governments*

I talked with another manufacturer who had recently returned from Europe. "The average wage in their plants," he said, "translating their currency into ours, at the present exchange rate, is about ninety cents a day. The average wage in our plants is $4.50 a day. This difference is what wipes out the margin in our favor on the score of better management, mechanical devices and inventions.

"The general assumption in the United States that Americans know approximately nothing about the art of exporting goods impressed me as not very sound after what I saw abroad," he continued. "The conclusion I reached is that there are few geniuses in this field anywhere. I'll admit that we haven't done enough to brag about as exporters, but I didn't see any occasion for taking off my hat to them, either. The English are pretty good exporters, and the Germans are just as good, but I believe that American exporters with experience are the equals of any of them.

"The general run of exporters over there don't begin to use the advantages that they have, and personally I'm mighty glad of it. I had always thought, before I saw them at close range, that they themselves invariably formed their exporting trusts, or cartels, as they call them. Well, in many cases they don't; the government sends agents around who induce them to organize, and very often these agents spend a lot of time arbitrating little disputes and keeping the cartel together even after it has been formed and is operating with great success. If our Government would let down the bars for us so that we could organize exporting trusts, Uncle Sam wouldn't have to send any lecturers to our board meetings to tell us what it meant; we'd understand."

Improved plant equipment is a main object of new industrial financing in several important European fields, notably the metal industries, mining and power production. Some of this money is obtained from the United States direct, usually by the sale of bonds, but a great deal more of

*(Continued on Page 213)*

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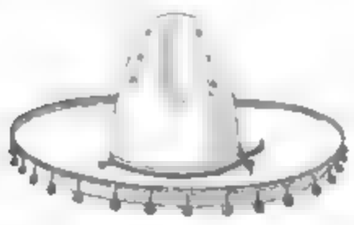

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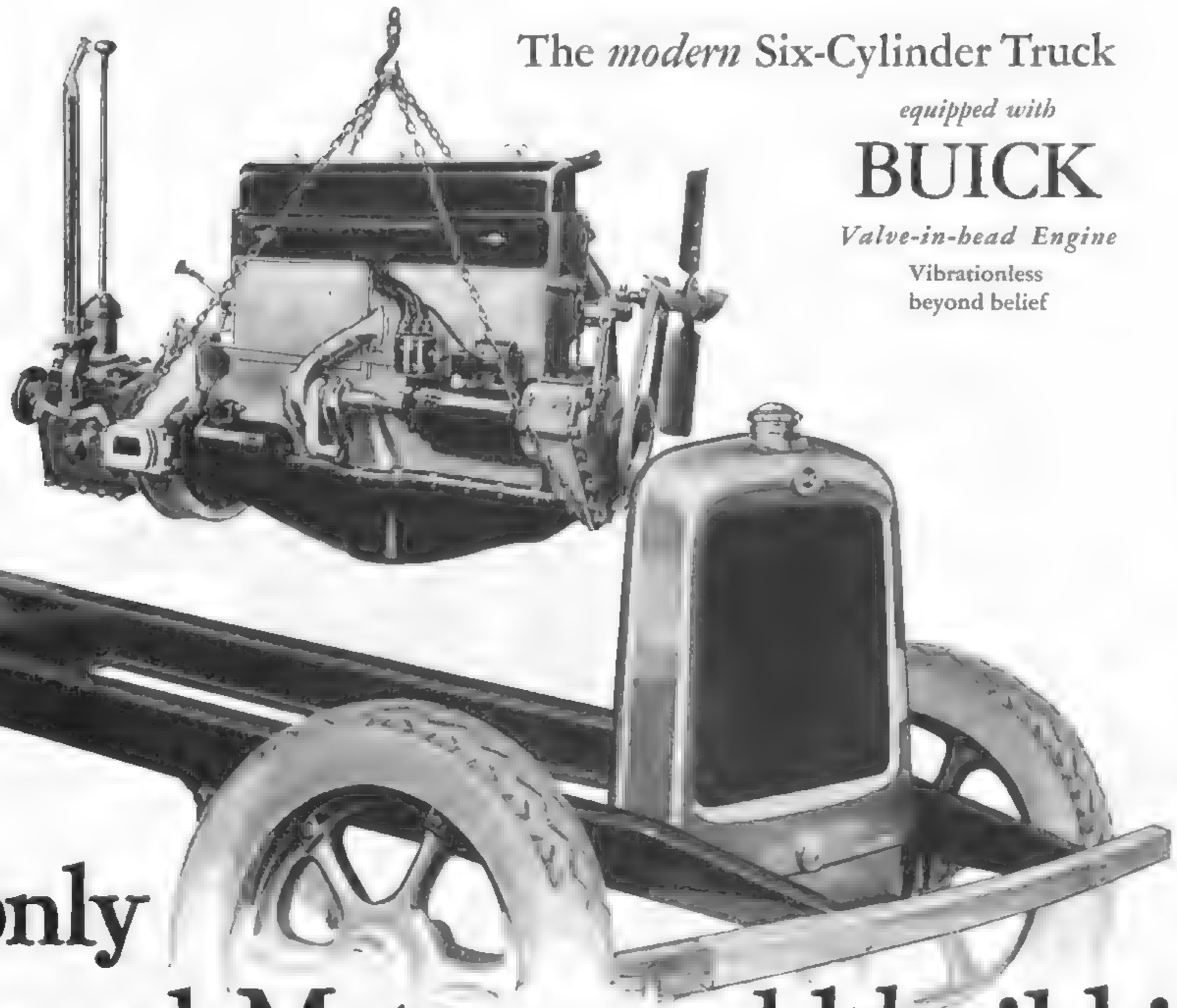

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GENERAL MOTORS
HEAVY DUTY
TRUCKS *and* TRACTORS
2½ to 15 Ton Capacities

# GENERAL MOTORS TRUCKS

(Continued from Page 210)

it is raised at home. Local capital, however, would probably be much more difficult to find but for the fact that governments, states, municipalities and public utilities, as well as the larger industries, are borrowing in this country. To separate these various accounts and state only the totals loaned to industrial corporations would really be misleading. Every borrower who sells securities abroad leaves that much more capital available at home.

A casual glance at the daily report of quotations on bonds traded in on the New York Stock Exchange will disclose the interesting fact that the space required for listing foreign bonds is now a little more than half that required for domestic bonds. The listing is alphabetical, and some impression of the enormous range of our foreign loans may be given by selecting just one for each letter of the alphabet: Department of Antwerp, State of Bavaria, City of Christiania, City of Dresden, Eastern Railroad Company, Fiat, German Central Agricultural Bank, Hungarian Consolidated Municipal Lines, Ilseder Steel—no *k*'s; all alphabets don't contain that letter—Japan Industrial Bank, City of Lyons, City of Marseilles, Kingdom of Norway, Oriental Development, Paris-Lyons-Mediterranean Railroad, State of Queensland, Rima Steel, Saxon Public Works, Toho Electric Power, Ujigwa Electric Power, Westphalia Electric and City of Yokohama. The letters *v* and *z* are not represented in the list.

The general theory behind virtually all of our loans to Europe is that that great workshop must be restored both to provide necessary markets for American products and for the welfare of the whole world. Substantially this theory remains, but not intact; there is a steadily increasing number of qualifying clauses. For example, though it is desirable that European industry should revive, it is absolutely necessary that the markets for European products also revive, and some of them seem to be stubbornly determined not to do so. The real meaning of the term, World War, is still becoming more and more plain nine years after the Armistice. No part of the earth failed to be affected in some degree, consequently many millions of potential buyers seem to be just as much in need of a sniff of smelling salts as those who used to sell to them.

### *Competition Falls Down*

The sellers are now eager to resume business at the old stands, and if all of the buyers were equally so disposed the theory of rehabilitation and restoration would be working perfectly, but entirely too many of the buyers are still nursing headaches, while others have gone to war on their own account. In those fortunate places where the will to resume business expresses itself in fundamentally sound proposals for loans, the money is obtained fairly easily, and immediately begins to send out ripples of good cheer. Therefore the suggestion is frequently made that the way to solve the whole problem is to attack it at the root and help the purchasing and consuming countries first of all, if not exclusively. Stimulate and encourage their development and the rest will take care of itself, is the gist of this theory.

But quite a few of them are not asking for such help, and some are openly hostile. Nationalism is flaming in new quarters, race consciousness becomes more acute, and world-wide readjustments so intricate that scarcely anyone understands them are now in progress. Thus the world of industry, although its own revival is coming far more slowly than was predicted in 1919, still seems to be ahead of the consumers' schedule. And American finance, which was to have solved the problem of European rehabilitation, appears now to have touched only one phase of it.

Discussing this obstacle and its consequences, a Massachusetts manufacturer said recently: "It reminds me of the case of my young nephew. He came to me to borrow a few thousand dollars so that he could buy an interest in a certain business and take a position with the firm. They were raising capital at the time to enlarge their plant. 'What position are you going to have?' I asked him, and he said he would be a salesman. That seemed rather an ambitious start, so I inquired jokingly as to what customers he had in mind. 'Well,' he said, 'I expected to look after your account principally.'"

The danger of strenuous European competition was much more feared in 1920 than at any time since. There was a great decline in the value of goods during that year and the year following. Frozen credits were thawed out in the course of a period of liquidation that entailed widespread unemployment. Even as late as 1922, predictions were freely made that the basic costs of production in this country would have to come down in order to meet world conditions, but this great readjustment did not take place. Instead, wages remained high and a period of great prosperity ensued, culminating in an unprecedented building boom. From time to time there were slight flurries of uncertainty, based principally upon an uneasy suspicion that such good times simply couldn't last, but they did and they still do. Many factors contributed to the soundness of this prosperity, and virtually all of them are common knowledge except, possibly, one—namely, European competition failed to materialize on anything even approximating the scale apprehended in 1920.

### *Disadvantages of a Creditor*

Many well-informed students of business conditions do not think that this competition will amount to a great deal even during 1927, but they also believe that it is on its way. Among those who entertain this opinion is George Woodruff, Vice Chairman of the National Bank of the Republic, of Chicago, who said recently: "We should not fail to realize that European competition is slowly gaining, and that while it can hardly hit us hard in 1927, it will doubtless be the factor that will ultimately bring about our next great period of business readjustment. If America were still a debtor country we might be able to maintain our prosperity on a basis of very high production costs for a long time to come, but the fact that we are now the greatest creditor nation in the world makes the cost of production in our country a decidedly serious matter. The world must henceforth pay large sums of money to America every year, and this can be done in but three ways: By sending gold, by sending goods or by sending stocks and bonds. We do not want more gold, and foreign countries do not possess sufficient gold to send. Stocks and bonds will doubtless come in large amounts, but this cannot go on forever. Goods then must come our way, and the force of competition will be felt by us in foreign trade and here at home."

Mr. Woodruff is among those who see the tariff as the most available remedy. "Only through the tariff," he concluded, "can we guide from our ports the goods that will do the greatest harm, and let in the things that will hit domestic output least."

Another view of the situation is that the United States, being now prosperous and very well supplied with gold, must necessarily prepare to receive vastly increased imports; that this would be economically sound and advantageous to all concerned. On this point President Coolidge, in his message to Congress, in December, 1926, said:

"Those who wish to benefit foreign producers are much more likely to secure that result by continuing the present enormous purchasing power which comes from our prosperity that has increased our imports over 71 per cent in four years, than from any advantages that are likely to accrue from a general tariff reduction."

The indications are that the tariff, as a political issue, will reappear in 1928 as vigorous as ever.

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Another proposed remedy is sharp limitation of additional foreign loans, but it seems to be much easier to say that this ought to be done than to formulate a definite program or procedure. Many private letters suggesting this course have been addressed to bankers, congressmen, senators, government officials, and associations of business men. Thus far they disclose more heat than statesmanship, at least that is true of the ones I have seen, but if the dangers against which they sound a warning note grow more ominous, their point of view will eventually have to be taken into account.

One of the most interesting remedies suggested is financial pressure to prevent what is alleged to be deliberate inflation, and consequently debasement of currencies. The principal burden and ultimate losses are inevitably borne by labor, according to those who advocate this remedy. Briefly, their argument is that debased currency simply offers a convenient means for reducing wages without apparently doing so, and sometimes even while apparently raising wages. I discussed this theory with an economist who has been in Europe, studying such problems for the past seven years.

"There can be no doubt that wages are easily and frequently clipped by these fluctuations in the value of money," he said. "Many shrewd persons take advantage of such opportunities, but labor is by no means the only sufferer; accumulated capital has also received some terrific jolts. However, European wage scales interest us more than the crumbling of ancient fortunes, so we'll stick to that phase of the matter. When the real or purchasing value of a currency declines wages almost invariably rise, but never simultaneously with the change in the value of money; consequently there is always a period of readjustment during which employers profit. This is precisely the problem I have been studying, and the conclusion I have reached is that the period of readjustment is regulated by the ratio between home-grown and imported food. The reason for this is that the farmers in a country whose money is fluctuating in value also suffer.

"In a highly industrialized, small European country that produces only enough food to supply itself for about two or three months out of the year, wages will begin to rise within two weeks after a decline in the value of the currency, which, I should say, is pretty quick action; but where the home-grown food supply reaches 30 or 50 per cent of the annual consumption, wage readjustments come much more slowly. Aside from its effect upon labor and agriculture, debasing the currency makes very little more than bookkeeping changes in industrial finances; for example, if an industry imports virtually all its raw materials and sells nearly all its products abroad, then the changes in the value of its local money are immediately reflected in foreign-exchange markets.

"Thus, if that industry buys American cotton and debases its currency 50 per cent, the price of cotton will immediately rise 50 per cent. This change in price is simultaneous with the changed value of the money. Also, the industry will receive more of its national currency for its product when sold abroad, but the additional currency will have no more real value than before. So far as I can see, it is approximately correct to say that labor and agriculture pay when the currency is debased, and this is simply another way of saying that such juggling with the medium of exchange really does cut wages, at least temporarily. But I do not think it is true that shrewd industrialists are the dominating factor in causing these fluctuations. In fact, there are so many factors that a volume would be required to explain all of them."

An American manufacturer who was present at this interview summed up the entire matter in the following comment: "There has got to be some sort of leveling process between labor shortage in one part of the world and too abundant labor elsewhere. Either they will be leveled up or we must inevitably be leveled down. We know well enough which side we're on in that kind of a struggle, so the only remaining question is whether the means we are using will serve our ends. Some of my associates think that success is already in sight, barring war or unforeseen disasters, and others believe we are making colossal fools of ourselves."

"What do you think?" I asked.

"That," he replied, "is a question I prefer to answer next year."

## GETTING ON IN THE WORLD

(Continued from Page 135)

Most of the large manufacturing companies—particularly those in the electrical field—maintain scouting corps of highly trained men who visit the leading technical schools and colleges for the purpose of spotting the most capable young students about to be released into industry. A young man about to be graduated from a leading technical institution made this confession:

"About every big electrical manufacturing company in the country sent a scout to our school. They already knew all about the school records of the students at the top of the list and this visit amounted to a personal inspection. I've always believed that if I made good in school I'd somehow find a desirable job afterwards—but I never flattered myself that I'd be shanghaied into a good position. I'm going with a big electrical company, and my school chum signed up with another. Talk about opportunity knocking but once—it seems to be grabbing these days, at least for technical men."

After the young man is initiated into the industrial fraternity he finds, however, that his schooling has only started. His training on the job becomes intensive—all to the end that he may do a better supervisory job and pass on to those under him a better brand of training. As one high authority puts it:

"This systematic combing of the technical schools and colleges for young men of marked promise, and the money afterwards spent in giving them intensive training on the job, indicate the concentration which industry is now giving to the work of securing higher quality in executive work. There can be no question that industry has concluded that it is more economical to employ a smaller number of highly trained men at higher salaries, than to keep a larger number of executives of lower ability and equipment at lower salaries."

A man who has supervision of the educational and training work of one of the largest electrical manufacturing companies of the United States has this to offer respecting recent changes in the situation of clerical workers:

"In recent years, industry has concentrated a great deal of attention upon improving productivity in the worker, in order that it might do more and better work with a smaller number of men. I do not think an equal amount of attention has been given to the clerical end of industry. That job is being tackled now. While there has been much office-training work in progress, it has been of a different type than that conducted on the production end and, seemingly, little thought has been given to the fact that the principles of production training will apply equally in office training. I look for much development in this field.

"The production foreman has received much training and attention, and still seems to be the keystone of the structure. But the man in the office whose position may be compared with that of foreman needs attention and training too. He has been rather neglected in the matter of intensive development. However, I think that this deficiency is now being met.

(Continued on Page 218)

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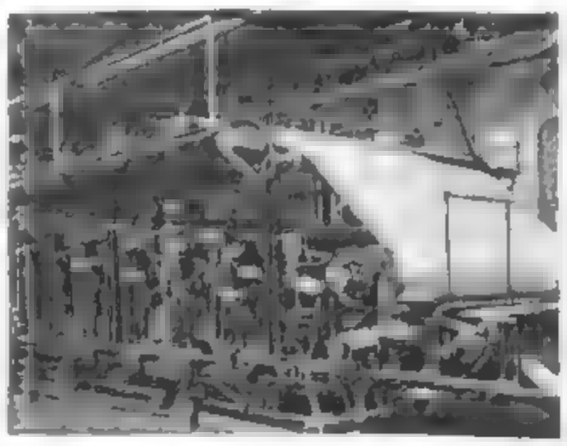

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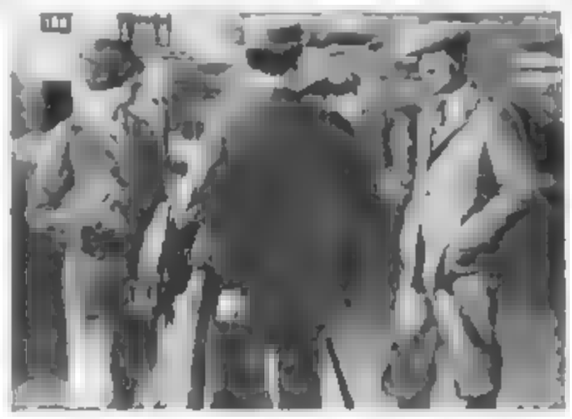

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# Cash For Your Spare Time


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THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF REFRIGERATORS FOR ALL PURPOSES

**For ELECTRIC Refrigeration**

McCray refrigerators may be used with any type of electric or mechanical refrigeration. All models are ready for immediate installation of the cooling unit. Remember your refrigerator is sold to you on the basis of service with either kind of machine

# Wherever FOOD *is* Sold *or* Served

FROM source to table the most perishable foods are kept pure and wholesome in their original freshness and flavor in McCray refrigerators.

Where food is sold—in stores, markets, delicatessen shops—McCray equipment keeps stocks crisp, tempting, salable; enables attractive display, increasing sales and profits.

Where food is served—in homes, hotels, restaurants, clubs, hospitals, institutions, —McCray refrigerators keep perishables perfectly until they are ready for the table, insuring wholesome, appetizing meals. The new all-metal exterior model for homes is illustrated above.

Used with ELECTRIC REFRIGERATION or ice, every McCray model insures *efficient, economical, enduring service.* For 37 years McCray refrigerators have been giving daily proof in service of the staunchness which marks every hidden detail of construction.

*Send Coupon* for details about refrigerators for your particular needs. Food merchants, ask about our easy payment plan.

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*Salesrooms in All Principal Cities (See Telephone Directory)*

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*for all purposes*

**Pure Corkboard Insulation**

PURE corkboard insulation, covered with waterproof insulating sheathing and sealed with hot hydrolene cement, insures perfect air-tightness in all McCRAY Refrigerators.

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Dept. F, Kendallville, Ind.

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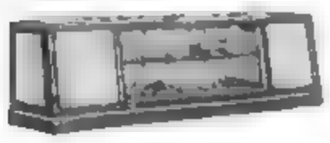
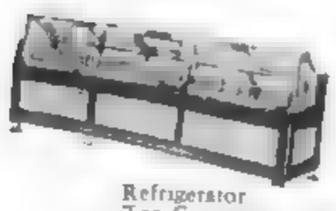
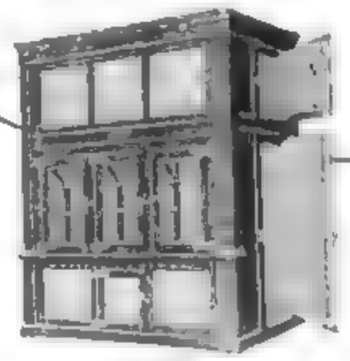
Street
City
State
[ ] for electric refrigeration [ ] for ice



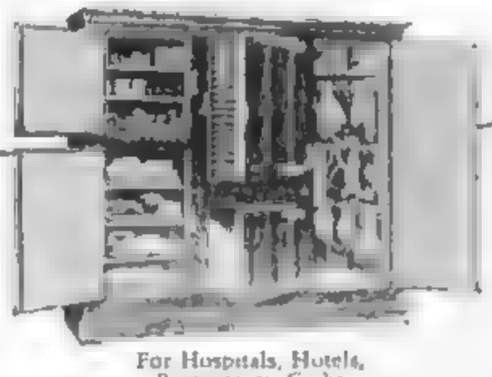
Refrigerator Display Case



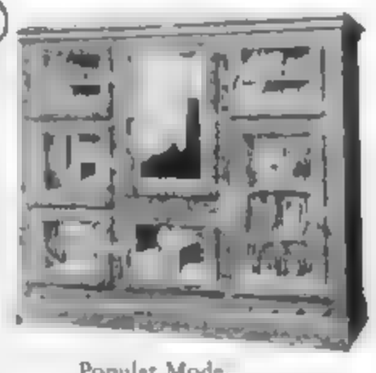
Refrigerator Top Counter



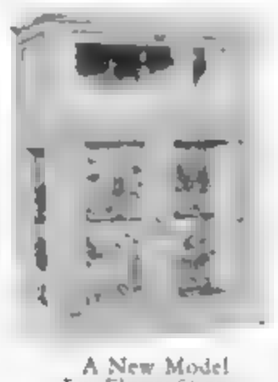
A Favorite in Meat Markets



For Hospitals, Hotels, Restaurants, Clubs



Popular Model For Grocery Stores



A New Model For Florist Shops

# Razors Can't Pull
## *with this saturated lather*

WHY do razors glide so easily with Williams lather? Simply because of this lather's remarkable beard-softening saturation. It's this way:

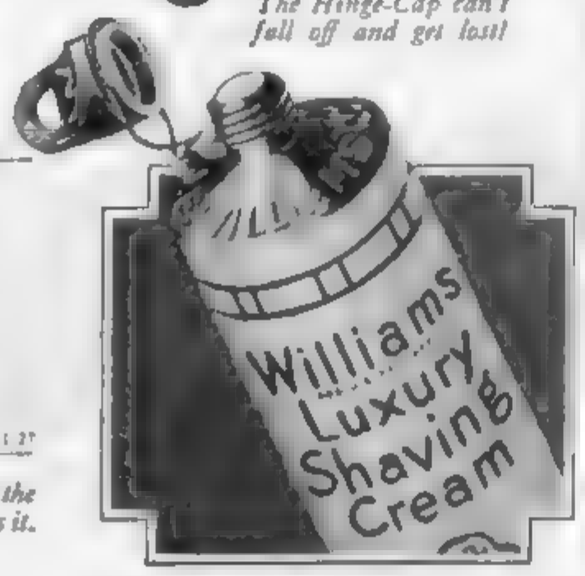
First, Williams takes the oil-film off the bristles so that they absorb moisture. Then the extra moisture in Williams bulky lather seeps into the beard. The stubble is drenched soft for smooth, even shaving. No half-cut hairs. No razor pull.

Williams leaves the face glove-smooth; makes it feel as if an expert barber had massaged it. No wonder each day new thousands turn to Williams for better shaves. Two sizes, 35c and 50c.

Try this saturated lather for a week—FREE. Send the convenient coupon below or a postcard, today, and we will send you a free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

**Williams Shaving Cream**

*The Hinge-Cap can't fall off and get lost!*




*FREE trial tube*—SEND COUPON

THE J. B. WILLIAMS CO., DEPT. 45C
Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A.
Canadian Address, 1114 St. Patrick St., Montreal
Please send me free trial tube of Williams Shaving Cream.

*Name* .....
*Address* .....
*City* ..... *State* .....

S E P 5-21-27

AQUA VELVA, *our new after-shaving liquid, keeps the face as comfortable as Williams Shaving Cream leaves it. Write Dept. 45C for generous test bottle.*


*(Continued from Page 214)*

Necessity is forcing it. In our company, in the more recent periods of curtailment, reductions in field forces have been paralleled by reductions in clerical forces. The utmost care was exercised in selecting those whose services would be retained.

"Our executives are giving a great deal of attention to locating individuals in the personnel at their proper levels. This is particularly true among men of the supervisory grade. One of the demands placed upon our training work is that it shall assist in this adjustment process. We are working to build up a more capable organization—better men at better pay in supervisory positions."

Here is impressive confirmation of this opinion. A man who, as the representative of a great capitalist, has the oversight of personnel and employment policies in more than two hundred large industrial corporations in which his principal is interested, made this statement immediately after attending a conference of men who represented, in a similar capacity, about a dozen of the largest corporations of the country:

"The job of training of executives and supervisors was the dominant subject of our discussion. We seem to be taking the matter of job training even more seriously than we did when we applied it almost exclusively to the blue-shirt workers during the wartime production peak. This is the keynote policy in virtually all large corporations today. I consider it as practically certain that the next five years are going to see a great advance in the intelligence used in executive and supervisory positions of all grades.

"This is not only to secure better sergeants, top sergeants, captains, majors and colonels as we can get them—but also much money will be invested in intensively training them for their jobs. The training methods lately developed do two big things for white-collar men: They improve the technic of these men, and they automatically set up means of gauging executive and supervisory results. In short, this training quite naturally creates a measuring stick which can be applied to results in white-collar work of all kinds as it has long been applied to direct-production labor.

"This has not happened before in the precise or microscopic way in which it is now happening. The push on job training for all grades of executive and supervisory men is the outstanding thing in the white-collar world today, and it will be tomorrow. The standard of white-collar performance is going up." —FORREST CRISSEY.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

*(More Than Two Million Six Hundred Thousand Weekly)*

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*Official Service Organization for*

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# Whether *to sharpen a pencil or skin a bear—a* STAINLESS STEEL *knife*

It stays *new* even when it is old,
stays bright while others rust,
stays clean while others stain.

EVERY boy is that much a man . . . and every man that much a boy . . . to have a deep and lasting pride in the possession of a thoroughly fine knife.

But in the days of plain steel—how difficult! Price would buy quality, indeed, but corrosion and rust, the salt of perspiration and the stain of a thousand whittlings, quickly ruined both beauty and edge.

This youthful man, or manly boy, finds heart's delight in a Stainless Steel Knife—equally right for gentle purposes, for heavy mechanical purposes, for the crucial work of big-game hunters to whom beauty means less than keenness and strength. Equally right for that young Kit Carson—the spirited boy, whose multiple knife is the kit of tools upon which his *work* so largely depends—not to mention his joyous pride of ownership!

Wherever you are—almost—you can have your choice of a common steel knife which rusts or a Stainless Steel Knife which never rusts and is in every respect a more faithful, beautiful, intrepid companion.

STAINLESS

# STAINLESS STEEL

*Genuine Stainless Steel is manufactured only under the patents of the*

AMERICAN STAINLESS STEEL COMPANY, COMMONWEALTH BUILDING, PITTSBURGH

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BABY had trouble with his food. A crying time followed closely on his feeding—regularly and to mother's distraction. She put Pet Milk in his bottle. Then, after feeding time, he went blissfully to sleep.

*Here's The Reason.* Pet Milk is more easily digested than ordinary milk.

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*Always Fresh and Sweet.* Because Pet Milk is always fresh and sweet, the whole day's feeding can be prepared at once. It will keep sweet through the day without the use of ice.

*Everywhere.* In the woods, at the seashore, or on the way, Pet Milk is available for baby's bottle—always the same pure, clean, rich milk—a guaranty always of health and happiness and wholesome growth.

*Do not confuse Pet Milk with milk preserved with sugar. In Pet Milk nothing is added to the pure milk.*

We will send free, on request, our booklet on infant feeding, "Baby's Milk."

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# Ask For It By Name. *The best flour for every baking purpose. Cuts baking failures in half, because it is "Kitchen-tested"*